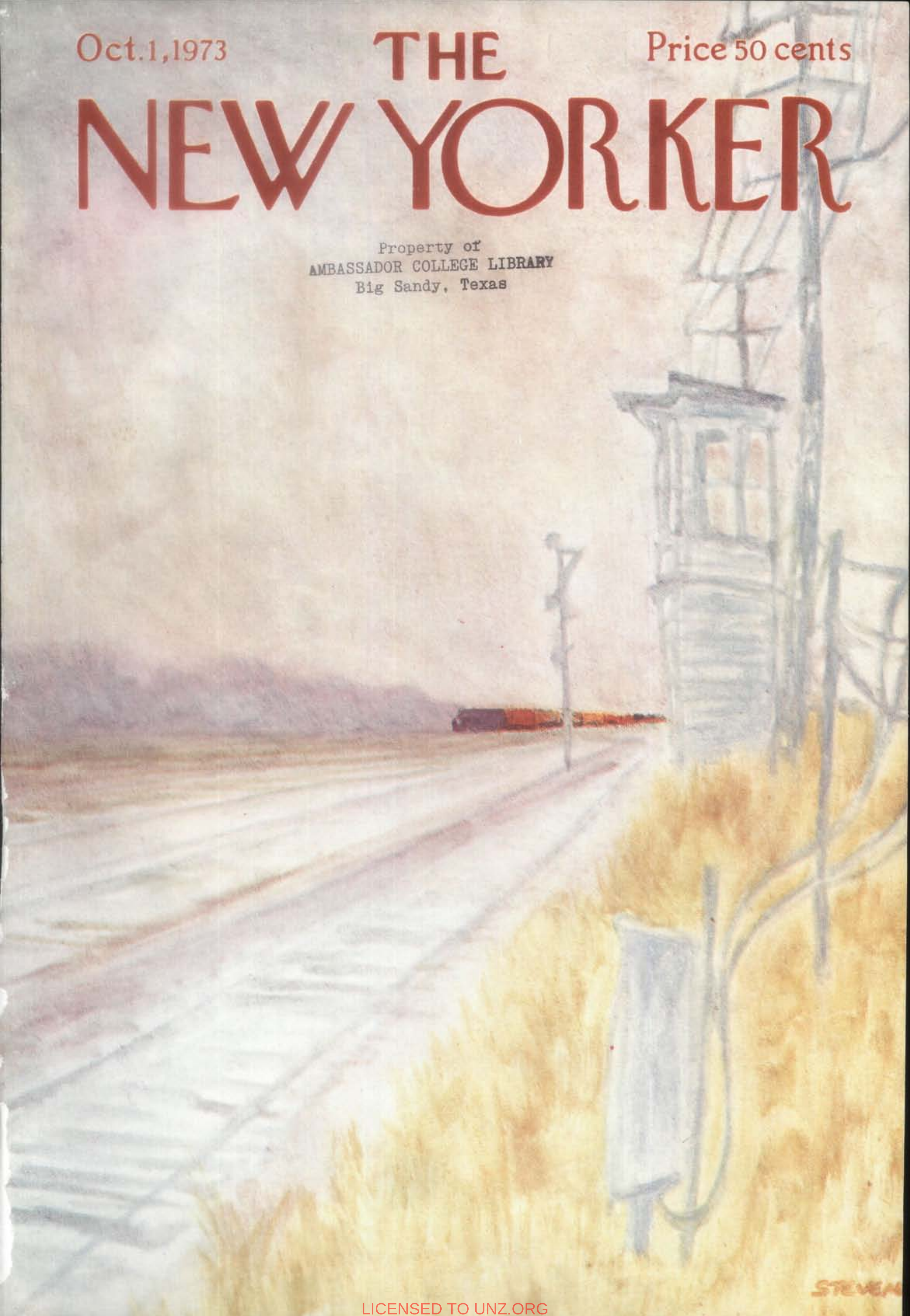
Oct. 1, 1973

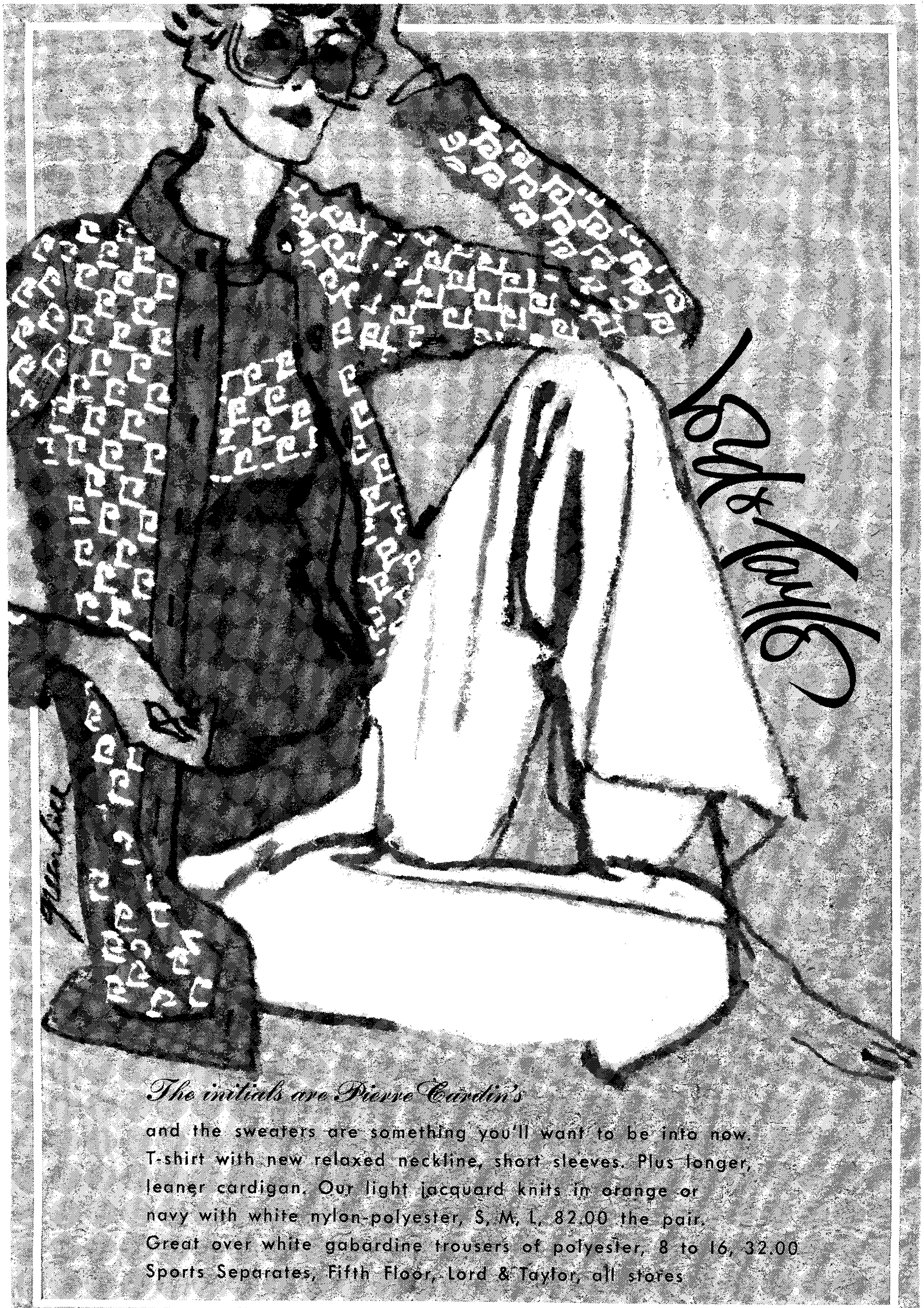
# THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



l'HEURE BLEUE-1913
MITSOUKO-1921
SHALIMAR-1925
VOL de NUIT-1933
CHAMADE-1970
GUERLAIN HAS BEEN DOING BEAUTIFUL THING
TO MEN AND WOMEN FOR A LONG TIME.
CHAMADE
SHALIMAR
GUERLAIN PARIS
Mitsouko
VOL DE NUIT



*The initials are Pierre Cardin's*

and the sweaters are something you'll want to be into now. T-shirt with new relaxed neckline, short sleeves. Plus longer, leaner cardigan. Our light jacquard knits in orange or navy with white nylon-polyester, S, M, L, 82.00 the pair. Great over white gabardine trousers of polyester, 8 to 16, 32.00 Sports Separates, Fifth Floor, Lord & Taylor, all stores

**Opening in October! Lord & Taylor, Woodfield — our second Chicago area store!**

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Crown Matrimonial**—A play by Royce Ryton, imported from London and starring Eileen Herlie and George Grizzard. Directed by Peter Dews. Previews through Monday, Oct. 1. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 2. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Faggot**—Al Carmines, resident pastor of the Judson Memorial Church, has applied his prodigious talent for music and lyrics to a humorous and merciful oratorio on the subject of homosexuality. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 674-8420. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**El Grande de Coca-Cola**—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Hot l Baltimore**—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic desiger Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**I Love Thee Freely**—A play, by Benjamin Bernard Zavin, based on the works of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Irene**—A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is charming and gifted, and the theatre itself is worth seeing. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**A Little Night Music**—As captivating a musical as you could hope to see and hear. Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**National Lampoon's Lemmings**—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon.* John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Nellie Toole & Co.**—Sylvia Miles and Stefan Gierasch in a play by Peter Keveson. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Seesaw**—A reworking, in musical-comedy form, of William Gibson's sentimental play "Two for the Seesaw." The big production numbers work, but the sentiment doesn't. Starring Michele Lee and John Gavin, who get much help from a lively young man named Tommy Tune. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Sisters of Mercy**—A musical conceived (and directed) by Gene Lesser, and taken from the verse, novels, and songs of Leonard Cohen. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A Streetcar Named Desire**—The production of Tennessee Williams' play, seen last season at Lincoln Center, will reopen on Broadway. Lois Nettleton heads a cast directed by Jules Irving. Previews Friday through Wednesday, Sept. 28-Oct. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 4. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Waltz of the Toreadors**—A somewhat too American, somewhat too slapstick version of the charming Anouilh play, in which we are made to see how sad and comic it is that we grow old without growing up. With Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?**—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs—don't bother me, i can't cope:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . 29
"GABBY" . . . . . . . . . . *Joseph Epstein and Gerald Graff* 34
"MOTHER GOOSE" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . *Jill Hoffman* 35
"VISITORS TO A CASTLE" . . . . . . . . . . *Sylvia Townsend Warner* 36
"DYING" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . *Anne Hussey* 38
"PORT OF CALL" . . . . . . . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 41
PROFILES (THE BANANA) . . . . . . . . . . *Berton Roueché* 43
THE THEATRE . . . . . . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 59
FOOTBALL . . . . . . . . . . *J. W. L.* 60
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (THIS AND THAT) . . . . . . . . . . *K. F.* 62
A REPORTER AT LARGE (HEROIN IN GREAT BRITAIN—II) . . . . . . . . . . *Horace Freeland Judson* 70
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 113
THE RACE TRACK . . . . . . . . . . *Audax Minor* 121
REFLECTIONS (THE PRESIDENCY AND THE PRESS) . . . . . . . . . . *Richard Harris* 122

COVER: *James Stevenson*

DRAWINGS: *Everett Opie, James Mulligan, Henry Martin, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Donald Reilly, Robert Day, Lee Lorenz, Al Ross, William Steig, J. B. Handelsman, Charles E. Martin, James Stevenson, Robert Weber, William Hamilton, Ed Fisher*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

---

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; Milton Greenstein, vice-president; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. XLIX, No. 32, October 1, 1973. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1973 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. *Subscription rates: In* U.S. and possessions, one year, $15.00; two years, $25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $17.00. Other foreign, $19.00.

Diamonds from The Crown Jewellers of England

As you would expect, quite superb. Stones of the very highest quality, exquisitely set. The craftsmanship is flawless too.

Jewellery at its finest, classic or contemporary in style, is waiting to enchant you in the Jewel Room at Garrard.

Should you be unable to make a personal visit, the Garrard Gifts Brochure is yours – just for the asking.

*BY APPOINTMENT TO*
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
GOLDSMITHS & CROWN JEWELLERS,
GARRARD & CO. LTD., LONDON.

GARRARD
The Crown Jewellers

112 REGENT STREET LONDON W1A 2JJ TELEPHONE: 01-734 7020

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,582 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 2:30.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon's laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Gabriel Dell and Rosemary Prinz. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 29.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10.) ... **THE RIVER NIGER:** Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Curt Dawson in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 13.)... **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Albertson and Sam Levene are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

### DANCE PROGRAMS

**KRASNAYARSK DANCE COMPANY OF SIBERIA**—Eighty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Sept. 28, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 2:30.)

**BAYANIHAN PHILIPPINE DANCE COMPANY**—A troupe of thirty-nine musicians, singers, and dancers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 6:45; Friday, Oct. 5, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 6, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 7, at 2:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**ICE SHOW**—"Ice Follies of 1974," with Janet Lynn. Opens Thursday, Sept. 27, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 7. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2.30, and 8; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

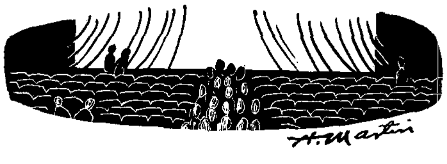
## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

**RON CARTER**—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Bass, with a pianist, through Saturday, Sept. 29, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. ... ¶ Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). With a guitarist, starting Tuesday, Oct. 2, from nine to one.



| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

**JACK ELLIOT**—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Guitar, singing blues and folk songs, Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 27-29, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

**GIL EVANS**—Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804). Leading a small group, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 3. At nine and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

**STAN GETZ**—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, at nine and eleven-thirty, beginning Thursday, Sept. 27.

**CHICO HAMILTON**—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quartet, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 4-6, from ten to three.

**EDDIE HEYWOOD**—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, nightly, except Sundays, from eight to one.

**FREDDIE HUBBARD**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, leading a sextet, Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine.

**ELVIN JONES**—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, leading a combo Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

**HANK JONES**—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with bassist George Duvivier and guitarist Remo Palmier. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

**JONAH JONES**—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading a quartet that includes drummer Cozy Cole. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to one-thirty.

**GRETA KELLER**—Rembrandt Room, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800). Singing at dinner and supper, through Saturday, Sept. 29.

**RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and many other instruments, leading a sextet, through Sunday, Sept. 30, at ten.

**CLEO LAINE AND JOHN DANKWORTH**—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Jazz vocals and saxophone, respectively, with Dankworth's band. At nine-fifteen and eleven, except Sundays.

**ELLIS LARKINS**—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus an all-Cole Porter program on Sunday, Sept. 30, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five.

**YUSEF LATEEF**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Flute, leading a quartet, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 2, at ten.

**JUNIOR MANCE**—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 27-30, from ten until three.

**BOBBY SHORT**—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday and Monday.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

**ANGRY SQUIRE,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaworthy enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. The John Foster trio entertains the passengers, who vary from jazz patrons to local Chelsea folk. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty Fridays and Saturdays only. Dinner.

**ARTHUR'S TAVERN,** 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

**BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Connected rows of grammar-school-type desks (no more comfortable now than they were then) border three sides of a small stage occupied by Sopwith Camel, a group that came straight from Haight-Ashbury in the late sixties. They'll play through Monday, Oct. 1. Gil Evans—arranger, composer, sage—brings in a small group on Wednesday, Oct. 3. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

**BOOMER'S,** 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The white-brick walls flaunt a strange collage of photo clips and no fewer than two blown-up musings by R. D. Laing about Jack and Jill and R. D. Laing. There are, however, always the succulent collard greens and one of the most distinguished juke boxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who play here from time to time. Reedman George Coleman will lead a trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—In spite of its appearance—just another animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar—this place can be as reassuring as the Guggenheim's permanent collection. Venerated bassist Ron Carter plays with a pianist through Saturday, Sept. 29, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Guitarist Sam Brown and pianist Dave Matthews begin a collaboration on Monday, Oct. 1. On Sundays, Al Haig, a fine soloist who once worked with Charlie Parker, is at the piano with bass accompaniment between nine and one.

**CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—This scene (getting trendier every year) has been going on for quite some time. Long before Bianca Jagger became Style, Bobby Short was steeping himself and his fortunate audience in the once-upon-a-time world of Cole Porter. Bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan amply support Mr. Short's proficiency and enthusiasm nightly at nine-forty-five, except Sundays and Mondays. Dinner and supper.

**CHURCHILL'S,** 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9021)—A small, bright restaurant with an exuberant crowd and two musicians who hold its attention—pianist Brooks Kerr and trombonist Mathew Gee. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. Dining.

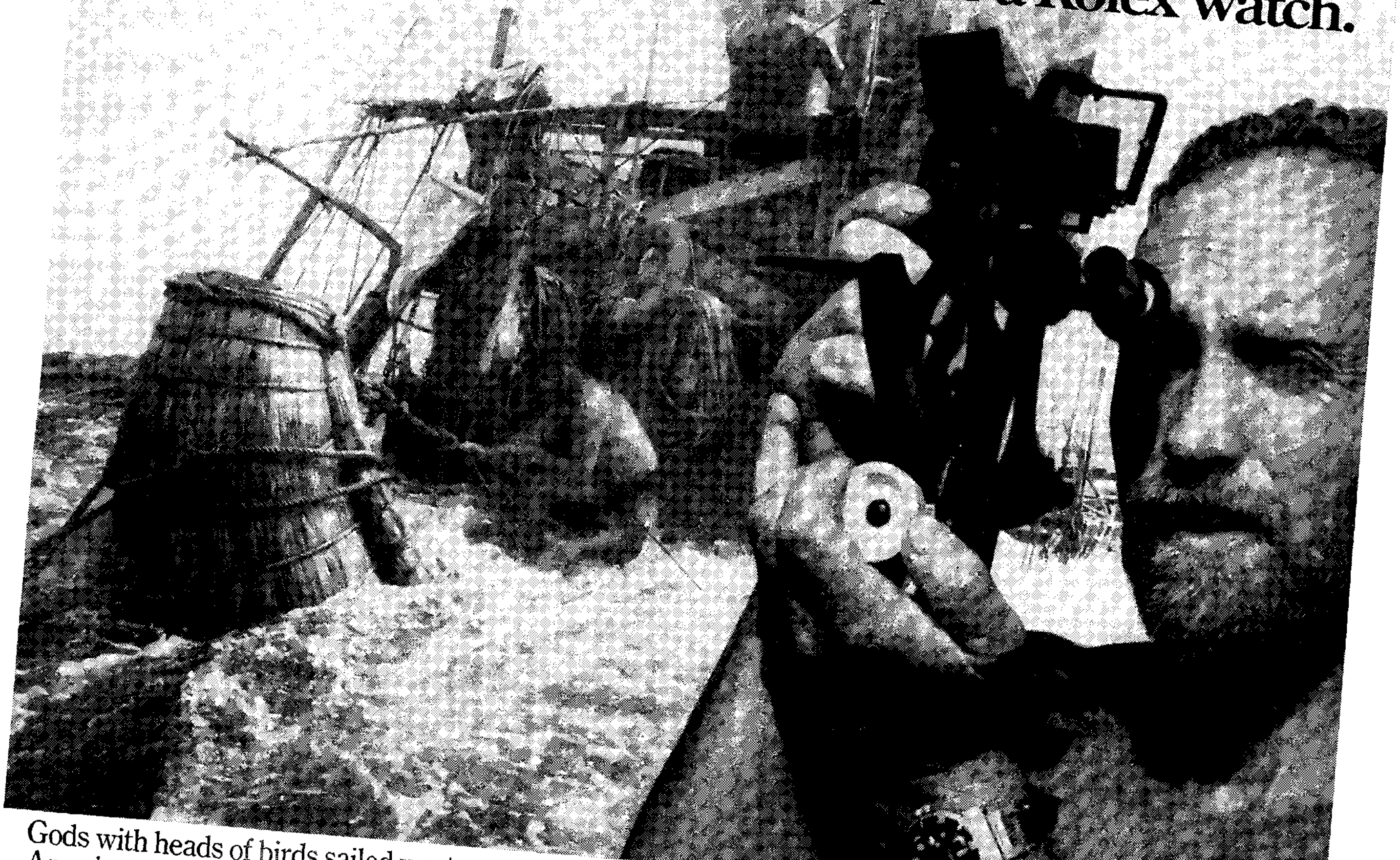
**COOKERY,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Widely experienced pianist Eddie Heywood plays nightly, except on Sundays when Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

**FOLK CITY,** 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-backroom comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Sounds from nine. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Closed Mondays.

**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts of the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, and his bassist, Al Hall, play together Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. They'll concentrate on Cole Porter's music on Sunday, Sept. 30, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five. Norma Shepherd sings at the piano on Mondays, and Tad Bruce takes over from six to nine Mondays through Fridays. Snacks.

**GUITAR,** 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—This guitarists' pleasure dome has reopened in the ground floor of a modern apartment house. Umbrellaed tables are scattered just outside the door, and the interior is relatively unadorned—molded-metal chairs, hanging white-metal lamps, plastic butcher-block tables, and lots of space. Guitarist Paul

# 3,270 miles across open ocean. A cruel test for a papyrus boat. An easy trip for a Rolex watch.



Gods with heads of birds sailed westward to America ages ago in prototypes of Ra II. When Kon-Tiki's master Thor Heyerdahl set about retracing those timeless routes, he built Ra II of papyrus reeds, in the style of Mesopotamian and Egyptian mariners.

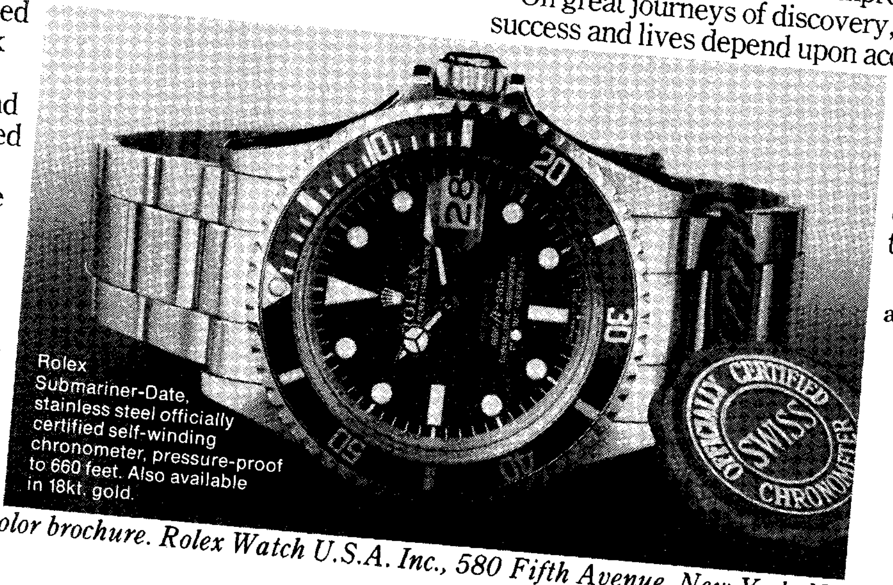
His goal: to show that pre-Columbian culture might have ancient Mediterranean sources, by crossing the Atlantic in an archetypal papyrus raft. His course: a 57-day voyage of 3,270 miles from Africa to Barbados. His watch: a Rolex Oyster Perpetual Chronometer.

Ra II's drenched hull sank to deck level in gale-wracked seas, and barnacles sprouted 'round her mast. But her crew, like their forebears, discovered papyrus topsides were stronger wet than dry. And their landfall has linked New World idols with Phoenicia and the Pharaohs.

Skipper Heyerdahl's Rolex, pressure-proof in any weather, and to extreme depths of inner space, was fit shipmate for this epic sail. Carved from a single block of surgical stainless steel, its pressure-proof Oyster case guards a superb self-winding movement, officially certified as a chronometer.

Integral to the seamless Oyster case is the new Triplock winding crown, which screws down like a submarine hatch to form an impregnable seal.

On great journeys of discovery, like that of Ra II, success and lives depend upon accurate, rugged gear. That's why Thor Heyerdahl and his entire crew chose the Rolex timepiece.



Rolex Submariner-Date, stainless steel officially certified self-winding chronometer, pressure-proof to 660 feet. Also available in 18kt. gold.

**Owning one is almost as satisfying as making one.**

**ROLEX**

*Write for free color brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A. Inc., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036. Dept. E3.*

Metzke and bassist Midge Pike share the facilities through Saturday, Sept. 29. On Sunday and Monday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Mike Gari and Dave Shapiro do the guitar-bass honors. Bassist Ron Carter turns up here to work with a guitarist beginning Tuesday, Oct. 2. The strings vibrate from nine to one. Dinner selections are listed on a blackboard.

**Half Note,** 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—It's hard to imagine sitting back and relaxing in this sombre, modern, almost Tati-inspired setting. (The waiters stand around stiffly, as grim-faced as subscribers to "Casket and Sunnyside.") Nevertheless, the double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables. Freddie Hubbard heads up a sextet that alternates with drummer Ray Alexander's quartet through Saturday, Sept. 29, and with the singing, smiling duo of Jackie Paris and Ann Marie Moss from Monday, Oct. 1. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sunday musical offerings begin at ten.

**Jacques,** 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard nightly, and he is joined by bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays. Wednesday piano duties are taken on by Jim Roberts. Nine-thirty to three.

**Jazzboat,** 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—A long, narrow bar-and-backroom with an atmosphere that is faintly submarine and amplifiers that are not so faint. Pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Sam Jones, drummer Billy Higgins, and reedman Jimmy Spaulding exchange ideas through Sunday, Sept. 30. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Trumpeter Herman Autrey (sitting in for Roy Eldridge) and regular bandsmen Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley play from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

**Jimmy's,** 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Some solidly grounded jazz emanates from the bar (which is as round as a quoit); i.e., Barry Harris is on piano with Lawrence Evans on bass Mondays through Fridays, from eight until one. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **52nd street room,** the polished Stan Getz quartet plays opposite the fanciful Ahmad Jamal quintet at nine and eleven-thirty, beginning Thursday, Sept. 27. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

**Kenny's Castaways,** 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Intended to resemble a ship, the ropes, riggings, and crowded tables recall instead the ambience of a circus or country fair—all in all, an improvised air of make-believe. The blues reside here through Sunday, Sept. 30, in the form of Little Brother Montgomery and David Pomerantz. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Music starts at nine-thirty. Snacks.

**Max's Kansas City,** 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—More humid than the jungles of Borneo, more crowded than the Sistine Chapel, this enterprise nonetheless usually offers sturdy, reliable entertainment. Danny O'Keefe sings his own compositions through Sunday, Sept. 30. He will be followed by the Fabulous Rhinestones, a solid urban blues band, starting Wednesday, Oct. 3. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. The entertainment is upstairs, above the street-level steak-and-lobster palace. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

**Metro,** 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an overly solicitous wine list, this newly established club has become another Village haven for folk, rock, and the like. Jack Elliot, Flatbush's most famous cowpoke, ambles around these parts Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 27-29, grunting folk and blues in his kindly way. Starting Thursday, Oct. 4, guitarist Pat Martino and singer-guitarist Richard Johnson share the bill. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Wednesdays provide a showcase for new talent, from nine.

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns, along with a certain number of cats. Hank Jones, the composing-pianist member of the Jones family (Thad arranges for his big band and Elvin writes for his quintet), works with bassist George Duvivier and guitarist Remo Palmier from nine to one. On Mondays, deadpan clarinetist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. These quarters accommodate the funky sounds produced by the Junior Mance trio Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 27-30. Chico Hamilton galvanizes his young and talented quartet beginning Thursday, Oct. 4. Music from ten until three. Dining.

**Rembrandt Room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800)—Greta Keller will be delivering her Viennese songs, at dinner and supper, through Saturday, Sept. 29.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret of unimpeachable demeanor. Singer Peter Allen alternates with French singer Sylvie St. Clair through Saturday, Sept. 29, and with pop singer Leata Galloway, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 2. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. Pianist Lewis Friedman and guitarist Tiger Haynes play from eight-thirty to two between shows. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Soerabaja,** 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Bucky Pizzarelli, a guitarist with a strong local following, solos opposite singer-pianist Diane Leslie, who finishes up on Saturday, Sept. 29. Music from nine-thirty until one, except on Sundays and Mondays.

**Stryker's,** 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters will be occupied by the Bobby Capers quartet Sept. 28-29, and by vibraharpist David Friedman's trio Oct. 5-6. Music Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—All the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. Bu Pleasant, who sings at the organ, takes charge of a trio nightly, except Mondays. Thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones (upholding the Joneses' reputation for musical industry) drops in with his group Fridays and Saturdays. Music from ten.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A murky red-walled basement of a night club that keeps tabs on the best jazz around. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a reed section all by himself, leads his sextet, the Vibration Society, through Sunday, Sept. 30. On Tuesday, Oct. 2, spiritual flutist Yusef Lateef arrives with his quartet. The twenty-piece Collective Black Artists Ensemble will perform, under the leadership of composer-saxophonist Frank Foster, on Monday, Oct. 1. The entertainment begins at ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Undistinguished soul food.

**West End Café,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This wooden-and-brick-walled gathering place for Columbia students has recently revived poetry readings during the daylight hours and installed a music room for nighttime diversion. Jake and the Family Jewels, a bouncy bunch sometimes exhibiting more good feeling than musical talent, romps here through Saturday, Sept. 29. Music from nine-forty-five until two. Dinner.

### CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus. The owner of the tavern is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old mace. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Mr. D. will be away Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 26-27. Closed Sundays.

**Improvisation,** 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but, then, what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays and Mondays.

### BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **royal box,** the Jonah Jones quartet alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio for dancing, from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**Château Madrid,** Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The easy road to learning Basic Latin; namely, the crew of Spanish dancers and singers known as Los Solera. The soprano of the occasion is Cuban singer Celia Cruz. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning at eight-thirty and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **café** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late. No music Sundays or Mondays.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **palm court,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu provides violin music.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky. Cleo Laine dazes her listeners with her husky-voiced interpretations of works by Gershwin, Shakespeare, and her talented composing husband, John Dankworth. This impressive British jazz partnership is aided by Mr. Dankworth's quartet twice a night, except Sundays. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—From this sixty-fifth-floor height, every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile. The piano duo of Whittemore and Lowe are presenting their repertoire of musical-comedy numbers Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **maisonette,** still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by singer Lorna Luft. The dance band is Anthony Terini's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **la boite russe,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers violin-and-piano music as well as a Russian singer named Aelita, from eight to one, every night but Monday. A Russian menu.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Singer Lainie Kazan is holding court in the **empire room** at dinner and supper. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

## ART

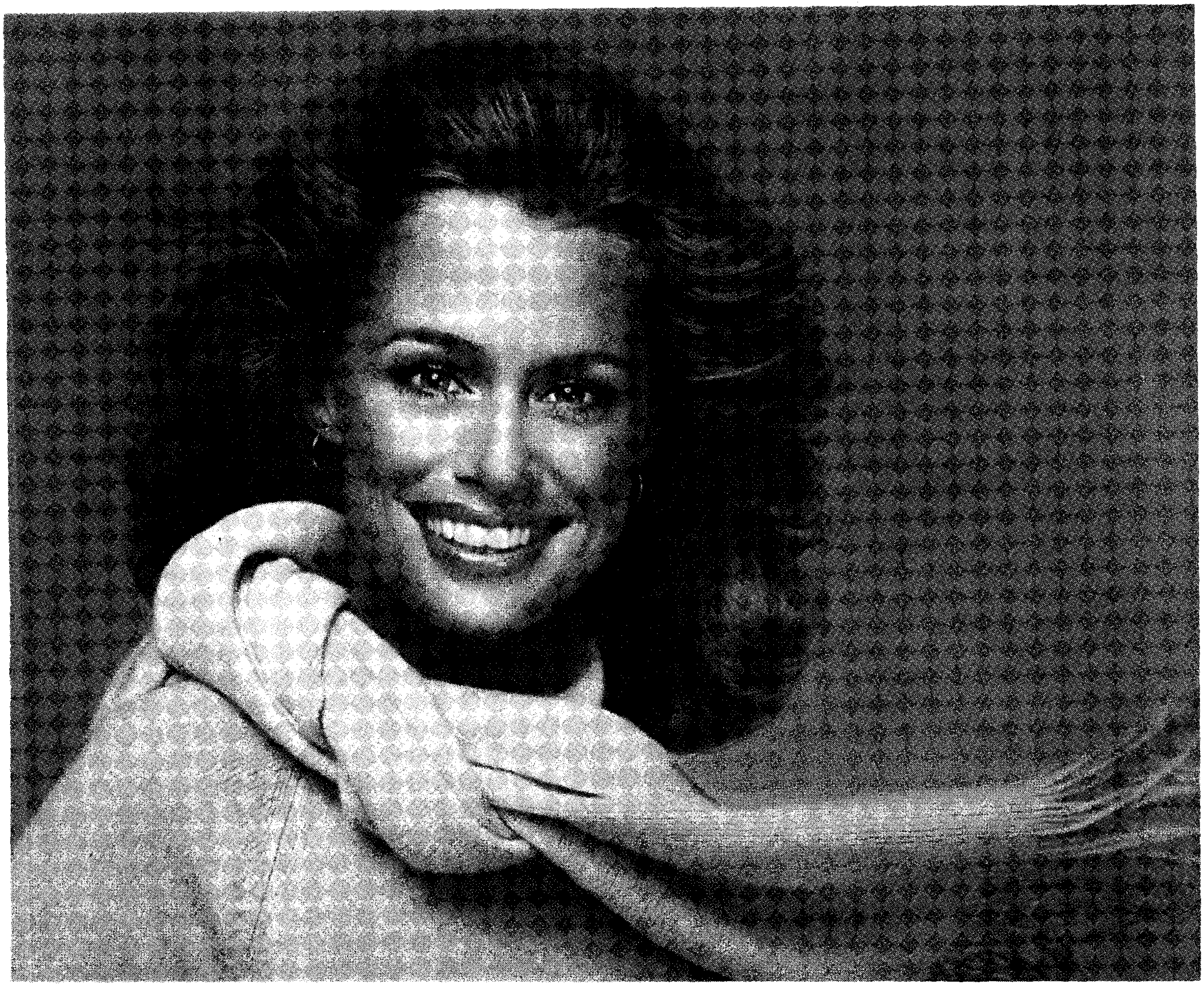
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Pierre Alechinsky**—Paintings, watercolors, and ink drawings, from 1950 to the present, by

C.H.R. CONCENTRATES.

THE FIRST BEAUTY TREATMENTS IN THE WORLD WITH EXCLUSIVE COLLAGEN 100.



Collagen is a basic substance present in firm, young skin. And only C.H.R. Concentrates from 'Ultima' II bring you collagen in soluble form—100% natural, pure and stabilized.

As a result, they are uniquely effective in the way they encourage a young look and a supple texture for skin that's beginning to lose its resiliency.

Your skin can receive their benefits 24 hours a day: C.H.R. Creme Concentrate, C.H.R. Moisture Concentrate and C.H.R. Hand Creme Concentrate.

'ULTIMA' II CHARLES REVSON

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

a Belgian member of the "Cobra" group. Through Oct. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Karel Appel**—Early oils, gouaches, collages, drawings, and ceramics by a *Dutch* member of the "Cobra" group. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Oils, paintings with wood relief, watercolors, and ceramic sculptures. Through Oct. 9. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Arnold Belkin**—A series of figure paintings. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 2. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**Arthur G. Dove** (1880-1946)—Landscape paintings, watercolors, and drawings by the pioneer American abstractionist. Through Oct. 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Alan Gussow**—Landscapes by the author of "A Sense of Place: The Artist and the American Land." Starts Tuesday, Oct. 2. (Washburn, *820 Madison Ave., at 68th* St.)

**James Havard**—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Floyd Johnson**—Paintings on unstretched canvas. Through Oct. 27. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Giacomo Manzù**—Bronzes by an artist known for his ecclesiastical figures. Through Saturday, *Oct. 6. (Weintraub, 992* Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Donn Moulton**—Enamelled, molded fibre-glass apples. Through Oct. 18. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Alice Neel**—Paintings by a veteran New York portraitist. Through Oct. 13. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Emil Nolde** (1897-1956)—Paintings and graphics by a leading German Expressionist. Through Oct. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Marianne Schnell**—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John Stockdale**—Paintings on unstretched canvas by an atomic physicist. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (*Stone, 48 E. 86th St.*)

**D. W. Tereshko / Michael Biddle**—Surrealist paintings and drawings. / Figurative etchings with the theme of "victims." Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**Gerald van de Wiele**—Landscapes. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**Stuyvesant Van Veen**—A triptych, cartoons for the triptych, five paintings, and forty studies by a veteran fantasist. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**John von Wicht** (1888-1970)—Semi-abstract paintings and gouaches by a German artist who came to America in 1923. Through Oct. 13. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Tobi Zausner**—Six large canvases and small works on paper by a young neo-Surrealist; first solo show here. Through Oct. 13. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Peruvian artists from 800 B.C. to 1700 A.D. Through Nov. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **esman**, 24 E. 80th St.: Drawings by Avery, Stuart Davis, de Kooning, Hofmann, and Motherwell. Through Oct. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **fairtree**, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Craft objects in ceramic, metal, glass, wood, papier-mâché, and fabric by various New York craftsmen. Through Oct. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Watercolors and drawings by Léger, Feininger, Klee, Miró, Giacometti, Matisse, and others. Through Oct. 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Pastels, watercolors, and drawings by twentieth-century Americans, such as Burchfield, Glackens, Marin, Sloan, and Twachtman. Through Oct. 13. . . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Eighty American landscapes of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **solomon**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A dozen posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, together with etchings, lithographs, and linoleum cuts by Picasso. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **weyhe**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Watercolors and drawings by Ganso, Maurer, Lachaise, Matulka, and others. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century Americans as Avery, Burchfield, Calder, Lipchitz, and Maurer. Through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

## GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Alexander Archipenko** (1887-1964)—Thirty sculptures, plus drawings. Through Oct. 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Paul Feeley** (1910-66)—Paintings, watercolors, and sculptures. Through Tuesday, Oct. 2. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Chuck Forsman**—Realistic paintings of interiors, some with figures; first one-man show here. Through Thursday, Oct. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Carl Gliko**—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Rube Goldberg** (1883-1970)—Comic sculptures of people and animals by the celebrated cartoonist. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

**Nathan Hale**—*Welded figurative* sculptures, plus drawings. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Clinton Hill**—Abstract paintings that emphasize texture. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Hans Hofmann** (1880-1966)—Twenty works on paper from the fifties. Through Oct. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Linda Lindeberg** (1915-73)—A memorial exhibition of figurative and abstract drawings. Through Thursday, Oct. 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John Moore**—Realistic still-lifes; first one-man show here. Through Oct. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Georges Schreiber**—Oils, watercolors, and drawings of musical performers, some from the thirties and some more recent. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

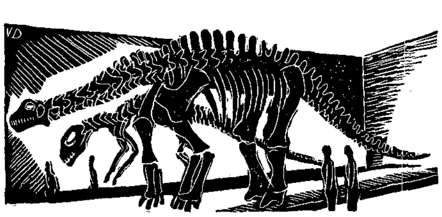
**Steve Urry**—A room-sized inflatable sculpture made of plastic. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Ceramic sculptures by four California artists. Through Oct. 27. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: The gallery celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with an exhibition of paintings and sculptures on loan by artists ranging from Picasso to Dubuffet and from Brancusi to Giacometti. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 2. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Isabel Bishop, William Palmer, Paul Cadmus, William Thon. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **rizzoli**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Over a hundred drawings, watercolors, prints, and posters by such artists as Picasso, Chagall, Braque, and Moore, depicting the world of entertainment. Through Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to midnight.)

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Franz Gertsch/William Geis**—Extra-large Photo-Realist paintings, evocative of vacation snapshots, by a Swiss artist; first one-man show here. / Small sculptures of glass, wire, wood, and other materials; first one-man show here. Through Oct. 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Warren Owens**—Massive sculptures made of industrial materials. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)



**Robert Pittenger**—Landscapes and cityscapes. Starts Friday, Sept. 28. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**Edwin Ruda**—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 17. (*Cooper, 100 Prince* St. Closed Mondays.)

**Kimber Smith**—Paintings by an early Abstract Expressionist. Through Tuesday, Oct. 2. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **meisel**, 141 Prince St.: As Robert Scull unloads his Pop Art collection (it will be auctioned at Sotheby Parke Bernet on October 18), Stuart M. Speiser emerges as the Lorenzo de Medici of the Pop-derived Photo-Realist movement. The twenty-five Photo-Realist paintings on view here—by such established figures as Richard Estes, Ralph Goings, and Audrey Flack, as well as by some less well-known toilers in the field—were all commissioned by Mr. Speiser, a pilot in the Second World War and now a lawyer specializing in aviation law, who asked only that each picture "in some way touch on the theme of aviation" but hastened to assure the invited artists (we quote from a printed statement by Louis K. Meisel, the gallery's owner, distributed at the show) that "ANY PAINTING they presented would be accepted." None of the artists imposed on Mr. Speiser's good nature, though some touched on aviation very lightly: Jerry Ott did a pair of nude girls holding model airplanes, and Richard McLean resorted to the same dodge in his picture of a girl on horseback and a kid holding a toy plane in the foreground. The majority of the artists adhered literally to the subject, and pictures of planes in flight, airline offices, airfields, helicopters, and racing planes dominate the collection, which illustrates the surprisingly wide variation that is possible within the Photo-Realist canon. The paintings are available for future loan to museums here and abroad, shipping expenses to be underwritten by the infinitely obliging Mr. Speiser. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays.) . . . **cuningham ward**, 94 Prince St.: Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych. Through Oct. 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **weber**, 420 West Broadway: Flavin, Haacke, Snelson, and others. Through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Group Shows**—At the **city university graduate center**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Large paintings by seven women artists (Loretta Dunkelman, Natalie Edgar, Gabriele Roos, and Therese Schwartz, for example). Through Oct. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6.) . . . **glass**, 315 Central Park West, at 91st St.: Collages and pen-and-ink drawings by Benny Andrews, Marcelin Cardinal, Zoltan Hecht, Alice Neaman, and Judith Shahn, and sculptures by Bea Goldfrank and Dorothy Robbins. Starts Saturday, Sept. 29. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**William Anastasi**—The ten large black-and-white photographs in this exhibition all look alike on first sight. Each shows a white wall and a pair of gallery spotlights focussed on it, with some parquet flooring at the bottom and a bit of old-fashioned tin ceiling at the top. Closer scrutiny shows slight variations in the photographs. Then, suddenly, the light bulb appears in the cloud over one's head: one realizes that each photograph is a replica of its own location in the gallery. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Berenice Abbott**—A retrospective of the seventy-five-year-old master photographer's career, which includes portraits of James Joyce, John Sloan, Atget, Djuna Barnes, Janet Flanner, and Edna St. Vincent *Millay made in Paris* in the twenties; New York street scenes taken in the thirties; and compositions illustrating physical laws done in the fifties. The impeccable prints were made for the show by Miss Abbott herself. Through Oct. 20. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

**André Kertész**—Recent and seldom seen works by the inimitable eighty-year-old modern

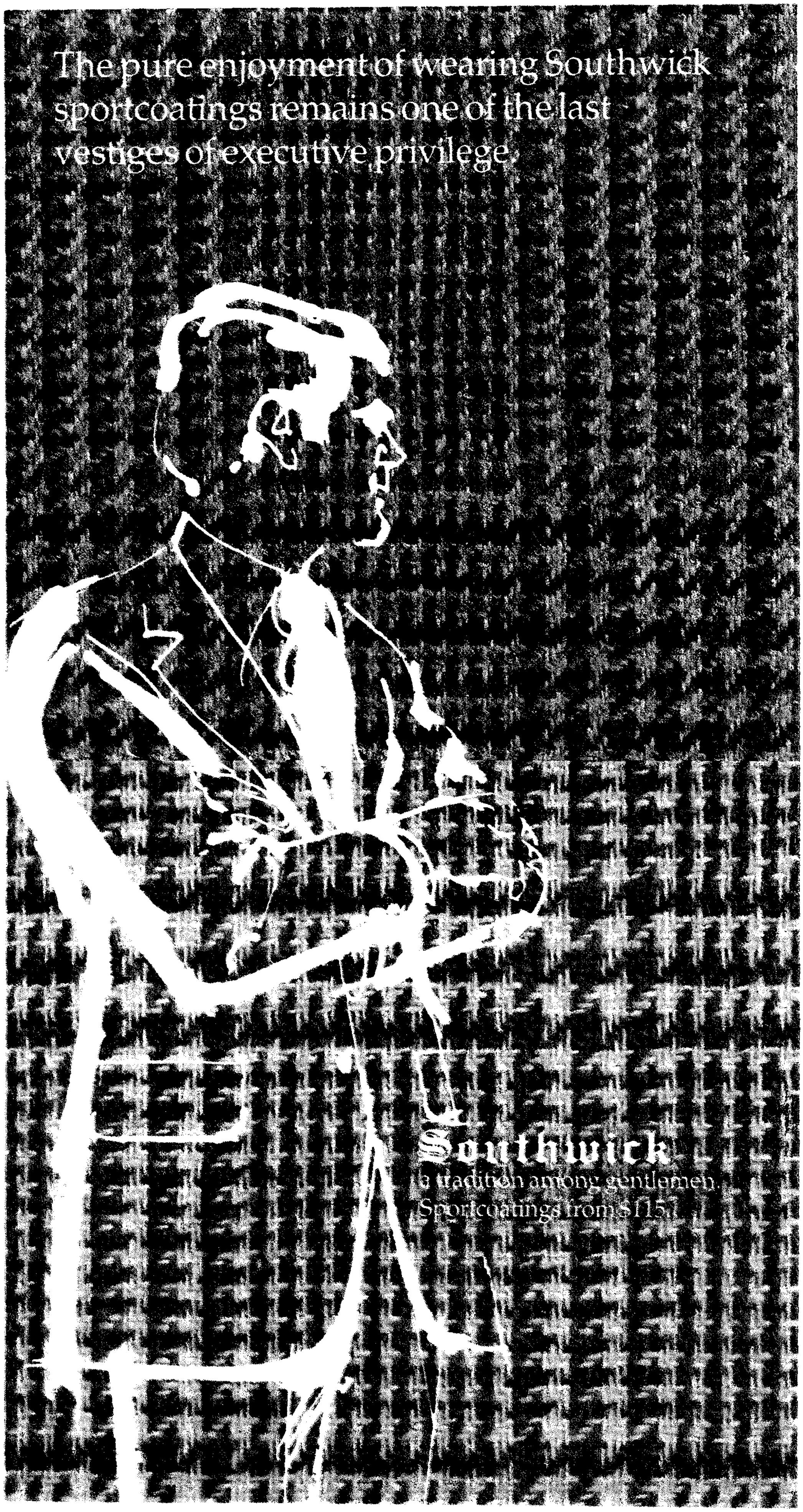
# Southwick

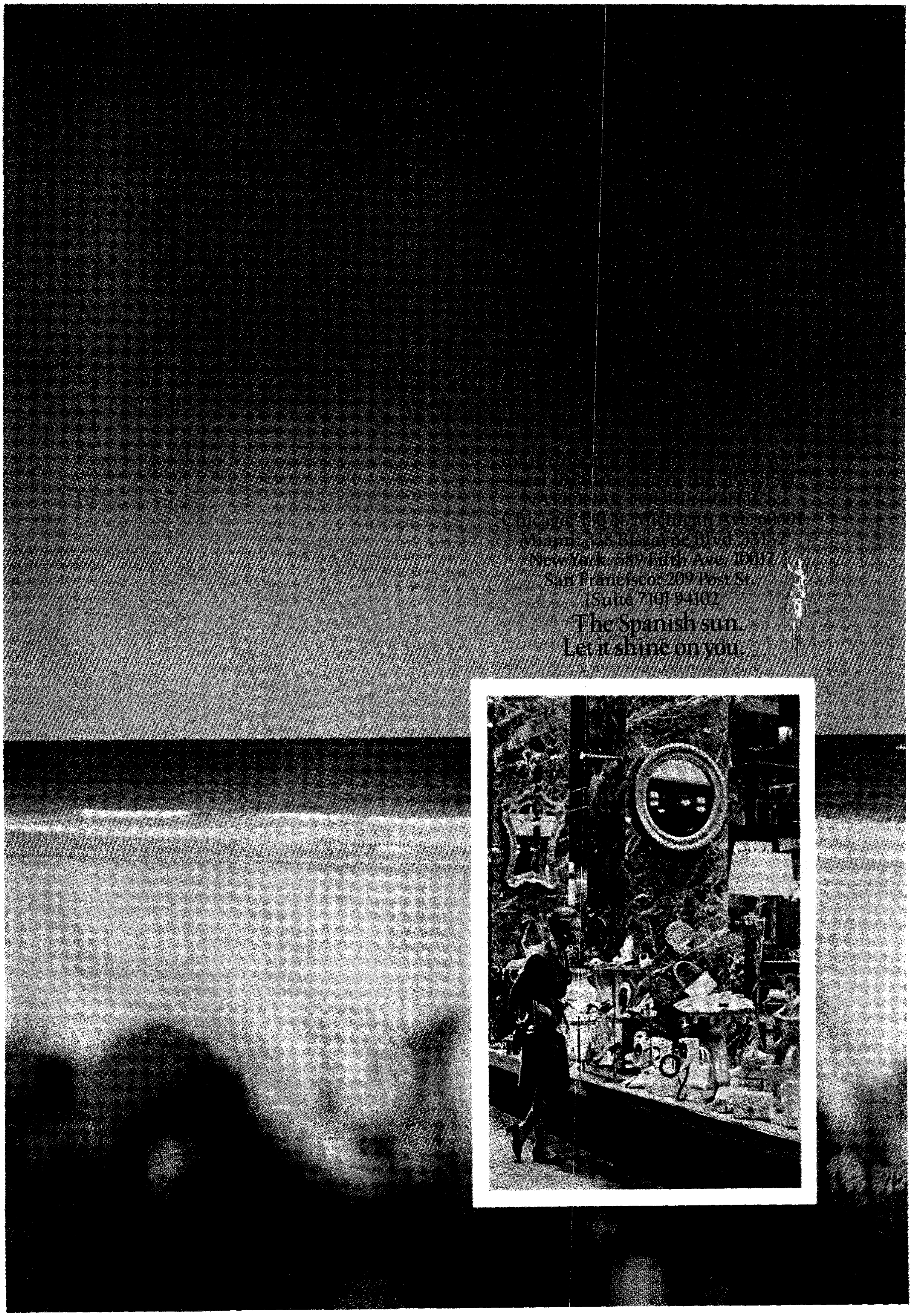
by Grieco Brothers

## DIRECTORY OF STORES

| | |
|---|---|
| NEW YORK, N.Y. | Paul Stuart, Inc. |
| LOS ANGELES, CAL. | Lew Ritter & Co. |
| Albany, N.Y. | Dall's Ltd. |
| Allentown, Pa. | Gentry, Inc. |
| Amherst, Mass. | House of Walsh |
| Atlanta, Ga. | H. Stockton-Atlanta |
| Asheville, N.C. | Bell's Traditionals |
| Augusta, Ga. | The Oxford Shop |
| Baltimore, Md. | Eddie Jacobs, Ltd. |
| Bethlehem, Pa. | Tom Bass |
| Berkeley, Cal. | George J. Good |
| Birmingham, Ala. | Sons & Harwell |
| Birmingham, Mich. | Claymore Shop |
| Boston, Mass. | Arthur L. Johnson Co. |
| Buffalo, N.Y. | Peller & Mure |
| Charleston, S.C. | Jack Krawcheck |
| Charlotte, N.C. | Jack Wood, Ltd. |
| Charlottesville, Va. | The Young Men's Shop |
| Charlottesville, Va. | Ed Michtom's |
| Chattanooga, Tenn | The Gentry, Ltd. |
| Chevy Chase, Md. | Arthur A. Adler |
| Chicago, Illinois | Brittany, Ltd. |
| Cincinnati, Ohio | Burkhardt's |
| Clarksburg, W. Va. | Kaites, Ltd. |
| Clayton, Mo. | Boyd's |
| Cleveland, Ohio | Bunce Brothers |
| Colorado Springs, Colo. | London Shop |
| Columbia, S.C. | J. Patrick Treadaway, Inc. |
| Columbus, Ohio | The Union |
| Dallas, Texas | Varsity Shop |
| Dayton, Ohio | D.H. Peer, Ltd. |
| Denver, Colo | Homer Reed, Ltd. |
| Des Moines, Iowa | Reichardt's |
| Detroit, Mich | Claymore Shop |
| Flint, Mich. | James, Inc. |
| Fort Wayne, Ind. | Heider, Ltd. |
| Fort Worth, Texas | Clyde Campbell |
| Fresno, Cal. | Hodge & Sons |
| Grand Rapids, Mich. | MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe |
| Greensboro, N.C. | Younts-DeBoe Co. |
| Greenwich, Conn | Van Driver |
| Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich. | Carl Sterr |
| Harrisburg, Pa. | C.J. Crego & Son |
| Hempstead, N.Y. | Edward Miller |
| High Point, N.C. | Arnold Craven Clothiers |
| Houston, Texas | William Richard |
| Huntington, N.Y. | Marsh's |
| Indianapolis, Ind | L. Strauss & Co. |
| Jacksonville, Fla. | May Cohens |
| Jackson, Miss. | Owens, Ltd. |
| Kalamazoo, Mich | James Beal, Ltd |
| Kansas City, Mo. | Jack Henry |
| Knoxville, Tenn. | M.S. McClellan & Co. |
| Lake Forest, Ill. | Robertson's |
| Lancaster, Pa. | Filling's |
| Lawrence, Mass. | Kap's |
| Little Rock, Ark. | Bauman's |
| Los Angeles, Cal | Lew Ritter & Co. |
| Louisville, Ky. | Schupp & Snyder, Inc. |
| Lynchburg, Va. | S.H. Franklin Co. |
| Madison, Wisc | MacNeil & Moore |
| Manchester, N.H. | Jim's Oxford Shop |
| Manhasset, N.Y | David-Barrato |
| Memphis, Tenn. | Alfred's |
| Miami, Fla. | Burdine's |
| Milwaukee, Wisc. | MacNeil & Moore |
| Minneapolis, Minn. | Sims, Ltd. |
| Mt. Kisco, N.Y. | Harry Ketchel |
| Newport, R.I. | Narragansett Clothing Co. |
| Newport Beach, Cal. | Atkinson's |
| Newport News, Va. | Beecroft & Bull, Ltd. |
| New Britain, Conn. | N.E. Mag & Sons |
| New London, Conn | Benoit's |
| New Orleans, La. | Terry & Juden |
| New York, N.Y | Paul Stuart, Inc. |
| New York, N.Y. | Walker & Florio |
| Norwood, Mass | Joseph's |
| Palo Alto, Cal. | Tearney's |
| Pasadena, Cal. | Atkinson's |
| Peoria, Ill. | Howard A. Heller |
| Philadelphia, Pa. | Morville |
| Philadelphia, Pa | John Wanamaker |
| Phoenix, Ariz. | Mills-Touche |
| Pittsburgh, Pa. | Hughes & Hatcher |
| Pittsfield, Mass. | 1886 Shop |
| Portland, Ore. | Albert, Ltd. |
| Portland, Ore. | Ray Bolger |
| Providence, R.I. | Hillhouse, Ltd. |
| Raleigh, N.C. | Womble's |
| Reading, Pa. | John Mazzo |
| Red Bank, N.J. | Roots |
| Richmond, Va. | Nelson & Gwatkin |
| Ridgewood, N.J. | MacHugh, Inc. |
| Roanoke, Va. | Davidson's |
| Rochester, N.Y. | The Red Barn |
| Rocky Mount, N.C. | Rosenbloom-Levy |
| Sacramento, Cal | Irwin Clothing Co. |
| St. Louis, Mo | Boyd's |
| San Diego, Cal. | John Horan |
| San Francisco, Cal. | Tearney's |
| San Marino, Cal | Bill Winn |
| Santa Ana, Cal | Guy Livingston |
| Savannah, Ga. | Men's Quality Shop |
| Seattle, Wash. | Albert, Ltd. |
| Springfield, Ill. | Roberts Brothers |
| Springfield, Mass. | A.O. White |
| Stamford, Conn. | Van Driver, Inc. |
| Summit, N.J. | Roots |
| Swampscott, Mass. | Judd |
| Tarrytown, N.Y. | John Charles, Ltd. |
| Tucson, Ariz. | Mills-Touche |
| Washington, D.C. | Arthur A. Adler |
| Wellesley, Mass. | Ara's |
| West Hartford, Conn. | Allen Collins |
| Westfield, N.J | MacHugh, Inc. |
| Williamsburg, Va. | Beecroft & Bull, Ltd. |
| Wilmington, Del. | Mansure & Prettyman |
| Wilton, Conn. | The Suburbanite |

For stores in other cities write
Southwick
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10019


The pure enjoyment of wearing Southwick sportcoatings remains one of the last vestiges of executive privilege.
Southwick
a tradition among gentlemen.
Sportcoatings from $115.



[illegible] SPANISH
NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE:
Chicago: 180 N. Michigan Ave. 60601
Miami: 338 Biscayne Blvd. 33132
New York: 589 Fifth Ave. 10017
San Francisco: 209 Post St.,
(Suite 710) 94102
The Spanish sun.
Let it shine on you.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |

*master—mostly views of buildings and landscapes.* Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Gina Lollobrigida**—Black-and-white and color photographs taken in Italian cities and in the Italian countryside by the movie actress. Through Friday, Sept. 28. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Photographs taken in Egypt and the Holy Land between 1848 and 1870 by Maxim Du Camp, Francis Frith, Auguste Salzmann, Felix Teynard, and Frank Good, among others. Through Nov. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibition of forty-eight recent acquisitions that reflect the preference of John Szarkowski, curator of photography, for what he calls photography's "functional tradition" over its "fine-art tradition." Through Oct. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **EASTMAN KODAK**, 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: Photographs, films, and memorabilia of national events and preoccupations from the early days of the century to the present. Through Nov. 5. (Closed Monday mornings.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The retrospective here of the British avant-garde artist Richard Hamilton begins with some tasteful and handsome drawings done in 1949 as studies for a projected (never published) illustrated edition of Joyce's "Ulysses," and is brought up to the present with a series of lurid pastel paintings, each called "Soft Pink Landscape," that parody the romantic advertisements for toilet paper that were popular in the early sixties. In between, there are things like an assisted "readymade," composed of a Braun electric toothbrush on whose tip a set of oversize false teeth are poised (the title is "The Critic Laughs," and the Braun name has been changed to Hamilton); a satiric work called "Portrait of Hugh Gaitskell as a Famous Monster of Filmland;" a mystifying series of paintings and plastic reliefs in various colors of the Guggenheim Museum; a large painting of an orange button that says "Slip It to Me;" a painting based on a negative of a photograph of Bing Crosby and called "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" (in which he looks black—get it?); and the celebrated collage of 1956 called "Just What Is It That *Makes Today's Homes So Different, So Appealing?*," which was one of the earliest of Pop works and is regularly cited as one of Pop Art's seminal events by historians of the movement. But Hamilton is not really a Pop artist. Pop Art, as Andy Warhol has accurately defined it, "is liking things," and Hamilton likes ideas. His long association with the late Marcel Duchamp and his Englishness are the keys to his art, and perhaps also to the curious impression of brilliance and flatness that it projects. Through Nov. 4. ...¶ Five model airplanes that Alexander Calder has painted with red-yellow-black-and-blue abstract designs in preparation for the job, to be executed this fall, of decorating an actual DC-8 belonging to Braniff International. Through Oct. 7....¶ Paintings and sculptures from the museum's collection (by Xceron, Bauer, Albers, Bissier, Calder, Cornell, Miró, Michaux, Herbin, and Brancusi). Through Oct. 7....¶ Works in many mediums by kids who participated in the museum's program in the arts for inner-city children. Through Oct. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Few of the sixty-nine American Impressionist paintings on view here lack the fragrant felicity of color and composition that the style extracts from even its mediocre practitioners. But the best of American Impressionism (with the exception of Mary Cassatt) pales in contrast to its French counterpart, and paleness is the quality that this show exudes more than any other. The vividness and juiciness of French Impressionism is absent from the American paintings (the colors are muted and sometimes almost muddy), and the tame and genteel pleasures celebrated by Hassam, Chase, Weir, et al.—of motherhood, of lawn tennis, of looking at girls in white dresses, of eating breakfast outdoors—contrast with the robuster pleasures celebrated by Renoir, Monet, Gauguin, and Bonnard. In his catalogue essay, Moussa M. Domit, acting director of the North Carolina Museum of Art, who selected the works in the show, says that American Impressionism should be judged on its own merits rather than in relation to its French models, and the same case, we suppose, could *be made* for New York State champagne. Through Nov. 12....¶ A retrospective of the work of Jules Olitski, the color-field abstractionist, ranging from the late fifties to the present. Through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)...¶ In the museum's new downtown branch, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St., about twenty paintings by twentieth-century Americans. Through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About a hundred specimens of early Renaissance sculpture from northern Italy, on display—and looking as if they belonged there—in the Blumenthal Patio from the Castle of Vélez Blanco. Through Nov. 30....¶ About a hundred prints and drawings of landscapes, biblical and mythological subjects, and studies of farm workers by Abraham Bloemaert (1564-1651). Through Nov. 4.... ¶ A show of photographs of Egypt and the Holy Land; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—About fifty paintings, sculptures, and wood reliefs, plus twenty-five collages and drawings selected from twenty-four years of work by Ellsworth Kelly. Through Nov. 4....¶ Tapestries based on photographs by Helena Hernmarck. Through Oct. 10....¶ An exhibition of forty-eight recently acquired photographs; see above, under "Photography." (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., will be open, free, Friday through Sunday, Sept. 28-30, from 6 to 11, for the final times this season. A belly dancer (thought to be a form of sculpture, no doubt) will perform on Friday and Saturday at 8.

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred and seventy Egyptian reliefs, statuary, and other objects dating from 1378-1362 B.C., the period of Akhenaten and Nefertiti. Through Nov. 25. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Needlepoint designs by Nora F. Camman alongside the museum's Indian artifacts on which she based her work. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Morgan Library**, *29 E. 36th St.—Printed books,* from 1455 to 1955, reflecting achievements and changes in the art of typography. Through Dec. 2....¶ European and Persian manuscript leaves from the twelfth century through the seventeenth. Through Dec. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Institute of Arts and Letters**, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by artists eligible for a purchase award, among them Isabel Bishop, John Heliker, Fairfield Porter, Paul Sample, and Robert Vickrey. Through Saturday, Oct. 6. (Daily, except Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Cultural Center**, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifty-six works surveying contemporary Japanese printmaking. Through Oct. 28....¶ Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and films by about forty black artists. Starts Thursday, Sept. 27....¶ Seventy-five paintings by four contemporary French artists who specialize in trompe-l'œil. *Through Sunday, Sept. 30. (Daily, except* Mondays, 11 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall [formerly Philharmonic Hall] TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday evening, Sept. 26: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and William Walker; conducted by Henry Lewis.... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 27: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy; James Levine....¶ Friday evening, Sept. 28: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Robert Nagy, Norman Mittelmann, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; James Levine....¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 29: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 29: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Theodor Uppman, Ezio Flagello, Morley Meredith, and Nico Castel; Peter Maag....¶ Monday evening, Oct. 1: "Rigoletto," with Mady Mesple, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Louis Quilico, Raymond Michalski, and Edmond Karlsrud; Serge Baudo....¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 2: "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag. ...¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 3: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Theodor Uppman, Ezio Flagello, Morley Meredith, and Nico Castel; Peter Maag....¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 4: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Robert Nagy, Norman Mittelmann, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; James Levine....¶ Friday evening, Oct. 5: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy; Jan Behr.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 6: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and William Walker; Henry Lewis. ...¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 6: "Madame Butterfly," with Leontyne Price, Nedda Casei, Stuart Burrows, Robert Goodloe, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**New York City Opera**—*The company's labor* problems having been resolved, performances will resume as follows: Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8: "La Traviata," with Marisa Galvany, Beverly Evans, Roger Patterson, and Richard Fredricks; conductor to be announced.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 30, at 1: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Alan Titus, and Thomas Jamerson; John Nelson....¶ Sunday, Sept. 30, at 7: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Janice Yoes, Margaret Yauger, Harry Theyard, and John Darrenkamp; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Michele Molese, Adib Fazah, and David Holloway; Giuseppe Morelli....¶ Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 7: The New York première of Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Hilda Harris, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-4700, Ext. 256.)... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Carol Neblett, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel....¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Diane Curry, Harry Theyard, and Samuel Timberlake; Giuseppe Morelli. ...¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 2: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Pamela Hebert, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Thomas Jamerson, and Richard T. Gill; John Nelson....¶ Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8: The New York première of Frederick Delius's "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Patricia Wells, Rose Wildes, John Stewart, and Thomas Jamerson; Mario Bernardi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

### ORCHESTRAS

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall (formerly Philharmonic Hall)—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 28, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 7:30 (all

Cross ventilation
for our princess

Airy crochetwork starts off
this soft little dress, bouclé knit for
the rest. At ease, day or night.
In ice blue, acetate and nylon, for
8 to 14 sizes, $110. Prices
slightly higher on the West Coast.
Fifth Avenue Shop. 611 Fifth
Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Julius Baker, flute). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting and acting as narrator on Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 5, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 7:30 (all with John Cerminaro, French horn).

## RECITALS

**Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic**—Pierre Boulez conducting the first in a series of four programs of contemporary chamber music. The performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Sept. 28. For information about tickets, call TR 4-2424.)

**Noël Lee**—Piano, in the first in a series of five recitals of Schubert sonatas. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Robert Smith**—Harpsichord, in the first of two all-Couperin recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

**Manhattan Percussion Ensemble**—Paul Price conducting a program of music by Latin-American composers. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**Raspberries and Stories**—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 8.

**Dr. John and Freddie King**—Avery Fisher Hall (formerly Philharmonic Hall). Sunday, Sept. 30, at 8.

**Mikis Theodorakis**—Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Oct. 1, at 8 and 11.

**Interludes**—The first offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **ELLY STONE** on Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 5:45.

**Jazz: The American Invention**—"Gospel and Contemporary Black Music," with the Max Roach Sextet and members of the J. C. White Singers. The first in a series of five concert/lectures. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 8. For information about tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call 598-2028.)

**Slade and Blue Oyster Cult**—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

**Baseball**—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Montreal, Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 28, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, at 2.

**Basketball**—Exhibition games—Knicks vs. Nets. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 7:30.). . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks. (Nassau Coliseum. Thursday, Oct. 4, at 7:35.)

**Boxing**—Ten or eleven bouts between members of the Irish National Boxing Team and the New York Golden Gloves champions. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Monday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

**Dog Shows**—Westbury Kennel Association. (C. W. Post College, Brookville. Sunday, Sept. 30.). . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Radnor Hunt Club, Malvern, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 6.)

**College Football**—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 29**: Army vs. California, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Bucknell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Drexel, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 6**: Boston College vs. Navy, at Chestnut Hill, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Seton Hall, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Massachusetts, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

**Hockey**—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Monday, Oct. 1, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 7:35.

**Polo**—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

**Racing**—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 13. The Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 26; the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 29; the Fall Highweight Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 3, and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.). . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 24. The United Nations Handicap, Thursday, Sept. 27.

**Track**—New York City Marathon, starting at 11 in Central Park, opposite Tavern-on-the-Green, at West 67th St., on Sunday, Sept. 30.

**Trotting**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 16.

## FOR CHILDREN

**Operettas**—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"Ruddigore," Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Oct. 6, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

**Junior Museum**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"In Beauty It Is Begun: Native American Children's Art." The native American children—at least in this exhibit—are American Indian children. Through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Hayden Planetarium**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "The Invisible Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

## ET ALIA

**United Nations**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

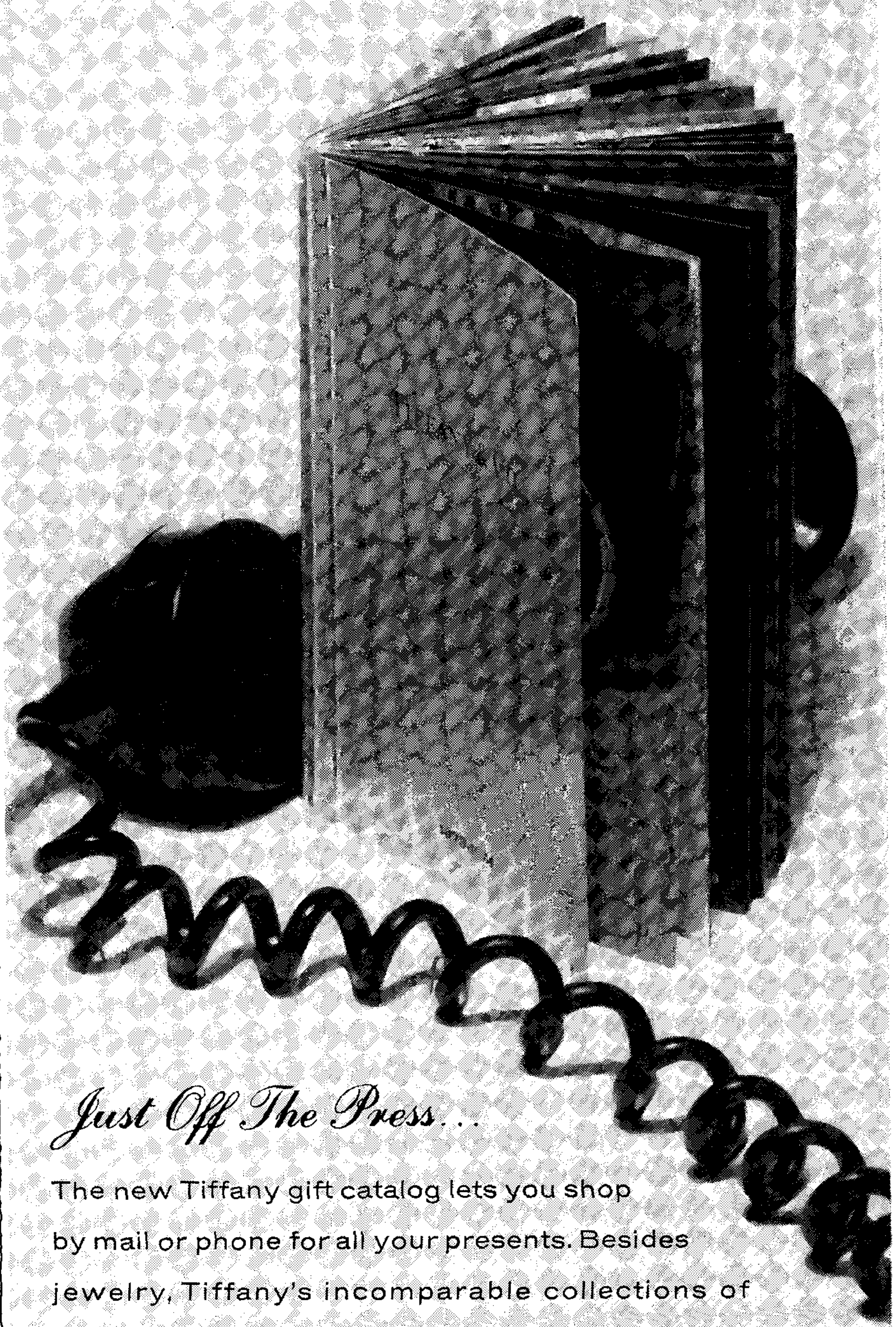
**New York Film Festival**—The first programs in a sixteen-day series of international films—At **AVERY FISHER HALL**, formerly **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424). Friday, Sept. 28, at 9: "Day for Night" (France). . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911). Saturday, Sept. 29, at 4, and Thursday, Oct. 4, at 9:30: "Ritorno" (Italy). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 6:30, and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 9:30: "Illumination" (Poland). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 9:30, and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 6:30: "Kid Blue" (United States). . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 30, at 4, and Saturday, Oct. 6, at 6:15: "History Lessons" (West Germany/Italy). . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 1, at 6:15, and Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 9:30: "Réjeanne Padovani" (Canada). . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 1, at 9:30, and Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 6:15: "A Doll's House" (Great Britain). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 2, at 9:30, and Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 6:15: "Mean Streets" (United States). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 4, at 6:15, and Friday, Oct. 5, at 10:30: "La Rupture" (France/Italy/Belgium). . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 5, at 6:15, and Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8:45: "The Mother and the Whore" (France).

**Coinage of the Americas**—An exhibition of monies used in the Western Hemisphere from the early days of the Spanish explorers to the twentieth century. Through Jan. 31. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

**Auctions**—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Sept. 28, at 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 2-3, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese prints, paintings, and screens; from the collection of Grace F. Wickes and Gertrude Wickes Snellenburg and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 27.

**ELECTION REGISTRATION**—The registration dates for the Nov. 6 elections are Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 3-4, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.; and Saturday, Oct. 13, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

**FILM LIBRARIES**—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 26 at noon: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 2: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford and Jack Carson. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 5:30: "God Is My Co-Pilot" (1945), directed by Robert Florey, with Dennis Morgan and Raymond Massey. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 2: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 5:30: "Big Jim McLain" (1952), directed by Edward Ludwig, with John Wayne and Nancy Olsen. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 8: "Mission to Moscow" (1943), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Walter Huston and Ann Harding. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 2: "Across the Pacific" (1943), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 5:30 and Sept. 29 at noon: "The Battle of Midway" (1942), directed by John Ford; "Memphis Belle" (1944), directed by William Wyler; and "The Battle of San Pietro" (1945), directed by John Huston. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 3: "In This Our Life" (1942), directed by John Huston, with Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 5:30: "Air Force" (1943), directed by Howard Hawks, with Gig Young and John Garfield. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2: "Sergeant Rutledge" (1960), directed by John Ford, with Jeffrey Hunter and Constance Towers. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 5:30: "The Constant Nymph" (1943), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Joan Fontaine and Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2: "Action in the North Atlantic" (1943), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Humphrey Bogart and Ruth Gordon. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 5:30: "White Heat" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney and Virginia Mayo. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 2: "The Devil's General" (1955), in German, directed by Helmut Kautner, with Curt Jurgens. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 5:30: "Confidential Agent" (1945), directed by Herman Shumlin, with Charles Boyer and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at noon: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 5:30: "The Devil's General" (1955). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2: Warner Brothers trailers, cartoons, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 5:30: "Caged" (1950), directed by John Cromwell, with Eleanor Parker and Agnes Moorehead. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 8: "The Old Maid" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Sept. 26: "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945), directed by Irving Rapper, with Joan Leslie and Robert Alda. . . . ¶ Sept. 27: "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim" (1946), directed by George Seaton, with Betty Grable and Dick Haymes. . . . ¶ Sept. 28: "Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street" (1972), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Glenn Corbett and Christa Lang. . . . ¶ Sept. 29: "Girl Crazy" (1943), directed by Norman Taurog, with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. . . . ¶ Sept. 30: "An American in Paris" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. . . . ¶ Oct. 3: "Delicious" (1931), directed by David Butler, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ Oct. 4: "The Goldwyn Follies" (1938), directed by George Marshall, with Zorina and Adolphe Menjou. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 3, 5, and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Cocteau, Dreyer,



*Just Off The Press...*

The new Tiffany gift catalog lets you shop by mail or phone for all your presents. Besides jewelry, Tiffany's incomparable collections of watches, silver, china, crystal and stationery are illustrated in over one hundred color pages. Unusual small gifts are featured, too. Many are priced between five and one hundred dollars. For your copy send one dollar.

**TIFFANY & CO.**

**NEW YORK** 5TH AVE. & 57TH ST. • ZIP: 10022 • TEL: (212) 755-8000

*Dear Tiffany,*
*Please send me the new Tiffany Gift Catalog.*
*I enclose one dollar.*

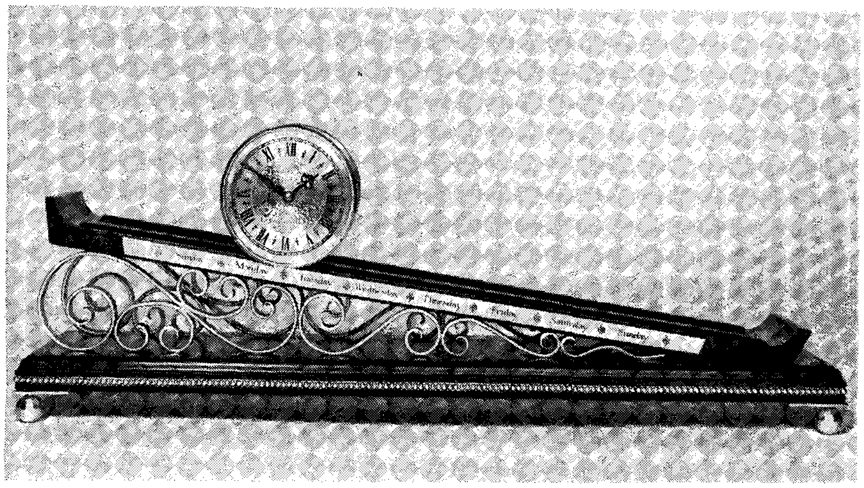
Name________________________________________

NY-3

Address______________________________________

City____________________ State________________ Zip__________

We wake an uncommon idea from a sleep of centuries



This is our re-creation of the gravity-driven Inclined Plane Clock, conceived by an Oxford cleric in 1684. Only a few originals slumber in collections today.

Noting the growing appreciation for exquisite craftsmanship, we feel the time has come to wake this incomparable timepiece for you. We're doing so in a strictly limited edition of 500. The price: $2,500.

Thwaites & Reed Ltd., of London, have been clockmakers to Royalty since 1740. To this re-creation we bring the same love, skill, pain and patience that distinguish our clocks at Fortnum & Mason, Horse Guards, the west face of Westminster Abbey, the Smithsonian Institution and other world-famous museums.

A 16-page color brochure describes the Inclined Plane Clock in detail. History and horology, of course. But also our full Re-purchase Guarantee, which may interest those who seek capital appreciation.

Write our American office: Mr. N. E. West
Thwaites & Reed Ltd., Station Square Three, Paoli, Pa. 19301.
Or call (215) 647-4688.

Clock size: 5" (dia.) x 4"
Base: 29" x 7"
Weight: 10 lbs.
*Each clock numbered and dated*

Thwaites & Reed
BOWLING GREEN LANE
LONDON ENGLAND

*Clockmakers to Royalty since 1740*

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dovzhenko, Cornell, Flaherty, Eisenstein, Frampton, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Sept. 29 and Oct. 4) at 10. No Mondays. On Friday, Sept. 28, at 6 and 8, special screenings of a film by Robert Beavers. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 3: Peter Bogdanovich's "Directed by John Ford." Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 5:45, 7:30, and 9:15 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

## THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

**Jazz on the River**—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 7:30: The Collective Black Artists Ensemble and the Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 3, at 7:30: Joe Newman's quintet and Robin Kenyatta. (Slip 5, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

**Walking Tours**—"The Classical at Dockside: The Custom House and the Cunard Building," a conducted tour, will take place on *Sunday, Sept. 30. Meets at the north side of* the Custom House, at Bowling Green, at 2:30. For reservations, call 838-7262.

**Bus Tours**—Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, the Culture Bus Loop is in operation from ten in the morning until six in the evening. Buses make twenty-two stops, serving virtually every museum and cultural institution of note in Manhattan, and ticket holders may get on or off at any point along the route. For information about tickets and bus-stop locations, call 852-5000, Ext. 4960. . . . ¶ Sundays, at 12, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (where riders may also board at 12:50, 2:20, and 3:50), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the Museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555.

**Flea Market**—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

## COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

**Professional Basketball**—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: *Oct. 9 (Detroit), Oct. 13* (Houston), Oct. 16 (Buffalo), Oct. 20 (Chicago), Oct. 23 (Capital Bullets), Oct. 27 (Philadelphia), Nov. 8 (Boston), and Nov. 10 (Cleveland). . . . ¶ The Nets at the NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Oct. 7 (Boston, exhibition game), Oct. 12 (Virginia), Oct. 19 (Memphis), Oct. 21 (Utah), Oct. 26 (San Antonio), and Nov. 2 (Kentucky).

**Professional Football**—SUNDAY, OCT. 7: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 14: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at the Yale Bowl. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 21: Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 28: Jets vs. Denver Broncos, at Shea Stadium.

**Hockey**—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on Oct. 10, 14, 17, 21, and 28, and Nov. 7. Golden Blade games on Oct. 11, 14, 18, 21, 24, 25, and 28, and Nov. 10. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Islander games on Oct. 13, 16, 20, 25, and 27, and Nov. 1 and 3.

**Horse Show**—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 30-Nov. 6.)

**Racing**—At AQUEDUCT: Oct. 15-Dec. 29. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Oct. 22-Dec. 31.

**Sports-Car Racing**—Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Oct. 7.)

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Oct. 17-Dec. 15.

**Music**—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 20. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL**, formerly **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 18. . . . ¶ Opening performances here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Seiji Ozawa conducting, Oct. 10 and 12. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Sviatoslav Richter, piano, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 28. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Boston Symphony, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 18 and Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra, Oct. 25-26 and Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Oct. 31. . . . David Oistrakh, violin, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Sviatoslav Richter, piano, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ London Bach Society, Nov. 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Elly Ameling, soprano, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 19 and 21. . . . ¶ Anne Perret, mezzo-soprano, and Rodrigo de Zayas, lute and vihuela, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Marie-Françoise Bucquet, piano, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 5. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Belgrade Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Slovak Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Carlos Barbosa-Lima, classical guitarist, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Clive Lythgoe, piano, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Warsaw Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 28. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Garrick Ohlsson, piano, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ The English Sinfonia and Nicanor Zabaleta, harp, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Alexander Slobodyanik, piano, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Ani Kavafian, violin, Nov. 5. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Lili Kraus, piano, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. 27 and Nov. 3 and 10-11.

**BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS**—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Oct. 10-Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Utah Repertory Dance Theatre, at the Hunter College Playhouse, Oct. 11-20. . . . ¶ Ivo Lola Riibar Yugoslavian National Folk Ensemble, at the Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Oct. 30-Nov. 11. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 13-Feb. 17.

**THEATRE**—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Raisin," a musical taken from Lorraine Hansberry's play "A Raisin in the Sun." Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg wrote the book, Judd Woldin the music, and Robert Brittan the lyrics, and the cast includes Virginia Capers, Joe Morton, and Ernestine Jackson. . . . ¶ A play by Jerry Devine, "Children of the Wind," in which James Callahan, Sarah Hardy, Barry Goss, and Ann Thomas will appear. . . . ¶ Ira Levin's new thriller, "Veronica's Room," with Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy in the leading roles. . . . ¶ Kay Ballard is Molly in a musical called "Molly" based on characters from "The Goldbergs" by Gertrude Berg. The book is by Louis Garfinkle and Leonard Adelson, the music by Jerry Livingston, and the lyrics by Mr. Adelson and Mack David. . . . ¶ The only play by the late Erich Maria Remarque, "Full Circle," adapted by Peter Stone and starring Bibi Andersson and Leonard Nimoy. . . . ¶ The initial presentation by the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center will be a play by David Rabe, "In the Boom Boom Room;" Madeline Kahn, Julie Newmar, Charles Durning, Charlotte Rae, and Robert Loggia head the cast. . . . ¶ An English revue, "Good Evening," created by Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, who make up the entire cast. . . . ¶ Alfred Drake, Agnes Moorehead, Maria Karnilova, Daniel Massey, and Karin Wolfe in "Gigi," a new musical version of any number of film, stage, and literary predecessors.

**OTHER DATES**—Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Antiques Fair and Crafts Show, at the Coliseum, Oct. 8-14. . . . ¶ National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 20-28. . . . ¶ Veterans Day is Monday, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ The Chrysanthemum Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 6.

**EMERIC PARTOS** designs The Coat as a constant companion—daytime to evening . . . anywhere. Processed brown Silver Safari®Cape fur seal*, touched with tip-dyed Russian sable. Exclusively in the Fur Salons at Bergdorf Goodman and Neiman Marcus.

*All fur products labeled country of origin.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | |

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Last Tango in Paris."

**Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 29: "Stagecoach" and "The Long Voyage Home."
Sept. 30-Oct. 2: "No Man of Her Own" and "My Man Godfrey."
From Oct. 3: "I Married a Witch" and "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid."

**St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Oct. 2: "Slaughterhouse-Five," "Jimi Plays Berkeley," and "Heat."
From Oct. 3: To be announced.

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Monsieur Verdoux" and "King of Hearts."

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 2: "The Sound of Music."
From Oct. 3: "The Heartbreak Kid" and "César and Rosalie."

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 30: "Let the Good Times Roll" and "Godspell."
From Oct. 1: "Kid Blue."

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"A Touch of Class."

**Eastside Cinema**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Cops and Robbers."

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"American Graffiti."

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 2: "Last Tango in Paris."
From Oct. 3: "The Second Gun."

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Le Sex Shop."

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Sept. 29: "Cabaret" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
From Sept. 30: "A Tear in the Ocean."

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Touch of Class."

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Oct. 2: "Electra Glide in Blue."
From Oct. 3: "What?"

**East 59th Street I**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Sisters."

**East 59th Street II**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Oct. 2: "40 Carats."
From Oct. 3: "Night Watch."

**Ciné Malibu**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"O Lucky Man!"

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Bang the Drum Slowly."

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Visions of Eight."

**First Avenue Screening Room**, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Sept. 26: "Arnold's Wrecking Co."
From Sept. 27: "Corky."

**Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 2: "Siddhartha."
From Oct. 3: "The Last American Hero."

**Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Hireling."

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Save the Children."

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cops and Robbers."

**Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Jeremy."

**72nd Street East**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 2: "The Heartbreak Kid."
From Oct. 3: "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."

**Juliet I**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"A Doll's House."

**Juliet 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Spook Who Sat by the Door."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 2: "Last Tango in Paris."
From Oct. 3: "Electra Glide in Blue."

**U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 2: "Thunder Kick."
From Oct. 3: "Electra Glide in Blue."

**Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Hit!"

**Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Enter the Dragon."

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Jesus Christ Superstar."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Sisters."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Slams."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
To be announced.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 2: "The Nelson Affair" and "Women in Love."
From Oct. 3: "The Harder They Come."

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 2: "Ciao! Manhattan."
*From Oct. 3: "Phantom India."*

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 2: "A Doll's House" and "Save the Tiger."
From Oct. 3: To be announced.

**Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 2 at one or another of the theatres: "Godspell" and "Let the Good Times Roll"/"Chloé in the Afternoon" and "Claire's Knee"/"The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Women in Revolt"/"Casablanca" and "Passage to Marseilles" (through Sept. 29)/"The Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "Key Largo" (Sept. 30-Oct. 2).
From Oct. 3: To be announced.

**Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 2: "The Betty Boop Scandals of 1974" and "Reefer Madness" (1936).
Oct. 3: "The Seven Samurai."
From Oct. 4: "The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."

**23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
To be announced.

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 2: "The Day of the Jackal."
From Oct. 3 (tentative): "Playtime" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Sept. 26: "Night Watch."
From Sept. 27: "From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler."

**Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Romeo and Juliet."

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Oct. 4 (tentative): "Harry in Your Pocket."

**Playboy**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"L'Amour" and "Heat."

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Grande Bouffe."

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

**Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Play It Again, Sam," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," and "Take the Money and Run."

**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 2: "Last Tango in Paris."
From Oct. 3: "Electra Glide in Blue."

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 2: "Anna Christie" and "Gaslight."
From Oct. 3: To be announced.

**Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 2: "The Heartbreak Kid" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
From Oct. 3: "The Last of Sheila" and "The Thief Who Came to Dinner."

**Beacon**, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Oct. 2: "Deadly China Doll" and "They Only Kill Their Masters."
From Oct. 3: To be announced.

**Loews 83rd St.**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Oct. 2: "40 Carats."
From Oct. 3: "Night Watch."

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 27: "Throne of Blood" and "The Drunken Angel."
Sept. 28-29: "The Life of O'Haru" and "Rashomon."
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "The Bad Sleep Well" and "I Live in Fear."
Oct. 2-3: "The Idiot" and "Downtown."
From Oct. 4: "Red Beard."

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 2: "Scarecrow" and "Scorpio."
From Oct. 3: To be announced.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 26: "A Separate Peace" and "If . . ."
Sept. 27: "Carnal Knowledge" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
From Sept. 28: "A Doll's House."

**Riverside**, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Cleopatra Jones."

**Riviera**, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through Oct. 2: "Harry in Your Pocket."
From Oct. 3: To be announced.

**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 2: "Godspell" and "Let the Good Times Roll."
From Oct. 3: "The Heartbreak Kid" and "The Effect of Gamma Rays."

**Note:** A few specialist film houses—**THE THOUSAND EYES**, 425 W. 43rd. (541-5282): Postwar Westerns. Daily except Wednesdays starting at six, sometimes five. . . . **BIJOU THEATRE**, 209 W. 45th. (757-8455): Japanese films, with English subtitles. Daily. . . . **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Fridays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily. . . . **LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS**, Lincoln Center. (799-2200, Ext. 248): Finnish film festival, with English subtitles. Wednesday through Saturday at 4 and 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 29.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

**American Graffiti**—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing, because the figures aren't treated as creatures of easy nostalgia. (Sutton.)

**L'Amour**—With Michael Sklar, directed by Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey. (Playboy.)

**Anna Christie** (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Regency; through Oct. 2.)

**Arnold's Wrecking Co.**—Directed by, and with, Steve De Souza. (First Avenue Screening Room; Sept. 26.)

**The Bad Sleep Well** (1960)—Kurosawa takes on the theme of corruption in business and government in this melodrama about how Toshiro Mifune tries to track down the men responsible for murdering his father. He finds them, all right, but here's the Japanese twist on a basically American-type story: Mifune is eliminated and business goes on as usual. It's a strangely mixed movie—an attempt at social significance but with several borrowings from "Hamlet" that take bizarre forms: a giant wedding cake in the shape of an office building serves the plot function of the play within the play in "Hamlet." (The groom's father had committed suicide by jumping from a window of an office building.) The cast includes Masayuki Mori and Takashi Shimura. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

**Bang the Drum Slowly**—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris

She's busy and successful
and, incidentally,
sometimes she wears wigs.
That's why we're delighted
to have you meet
Cara Duff-MacCormick, one of

# The Big Wigs

*Name:* Cara Duff-MacCormick. *Home:* New York City.
*Profession:* Actress. Was nominated for a Tony for her performance in "Moon Children" last year. Starred in Tennessee Williams' "Outcry" on Broadway.
*Hobbies:* Painting, sewing and studying theatre.
*Her feelings about wigs:* "They're absolutely necessary for the theatre. The easiest way to become someone else is to wear a different hair style. I also like to wear different style wigs for different moods in my personal life too."
*Her favorite wig:* This one by Kenneth with the Elura® mark of quality.

®Monsanto trademark for approved wigs and hairpieces of its modacrylic fiber.

This hangtag tells you you're getting an Elura® wig.

elura.
quality hairgoods of modacrylic fiber
by Monsanto

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Cinema I.)

**The Betty Boop Scandals of 1974**—A cross-section of the animated films of the Max Fleischer studio, including such series as Out of the Inkwell, Talkartoons, Bouncing Ball shorts, and Betty Boop. (Elgin; through Oct. 2.)

**Cabaret** (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Plaza; through Sept. 29.)

**Carnal Knowledge** (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

**Casablanca** (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Quad Cinema 3; through Sept. 29.)

**César and Rosalie**—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Gramercy; starting Oct. 3.)

**Chloé in the Afternoon** (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of non-sexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 2.)

**Ciao! Manhattan**—The story of Andy Warhol's superstar Edie Sedgwick, who died at the age of twenty-eight. Directed by John Palmer and David Weisman. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Oct. 2.)

**Claire's Knee** (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 2.)

**Cleopatra Jones**—The first swashbuckler to star a fighting superwoman. Beautiful amazon Tamara Dobson, who doesn't take herself any more seriously than Errol Flynn used to, is a black Robin Hood out to get the dope dealers (led by Shelley Winters as "Mommy"). Good-humored, non-racist entertainment (whites can have a pleasant time at it). With Bernie Casey, the ravishing Brenda Sykes, and Albert Popwell and Caro Kenyatta. Directed by Jack Starrett. (Riverside.)

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | | |

**The Cocoanuts** (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Elgin; starting Oct. 4.)

**Cops and Robbers**—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life as survived by middlingly well-off suburbanites with a lot of kids, a life of boozed barbecues and floating in pools the size of chicken-runs, and loud statements full of false bonhomie and unsteady syntax. (Eastside Cinema, and 68th St. Playhouse.)

**Corky**—With Robert Blake, directed by Leonard Horn. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Sept. 27.)

**The Day of the Jackal**—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by cabinet ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (Guild; through Oct. 2.)

**A Doll's House**—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting Sept. 28.)

**Downtown** (1955)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Yasuki Chiba. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Oct. 2-3.)

**The Drunken Angel** (1948)—Early Kurosawa (and a masterwork if you respond to him) about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written with a liquid sense of shape (by Kurosawa, in collaboration). Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through Sept. 27.)

**The Effect of Gamma Rays**—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Olympia; starting Oct. 3.)

**Electra Glide in Blue**—One of those youth movies about Americana in which the sky looks turquoise blue, though this is not to deride the generally fine photography of Conrad Hall. Story of a motorcycle cop in the West who is clobbered by the corruption and newfangled times around him. Robert Blake plays a Vietnam veteran who is psychologically wobbly but who helps to clinch the movie's veracity. The old tale of the do-gooder lawman in a preening new guise. Directed by James William Guercio. (Coronet; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th, U. A. East, and Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 3.)

**Enter the Dragon**—With Bruce Lee and John Saxon, directed by Robert Clouse. (Loews Ciné.)

**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex** (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Paramount.)

**40 Carats**—Based on the Broadway play, with Liv Ullmann, Edward Albert, Gene Kelly, and Binnie Barnes. Directed by Milton Katselas. (East 59th Street II, and Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 2.)

**The Friends of Eddie Coyle**—With Robert Mitchum and Peter Boyle, directed by Peter Yates. (72nd Street East; starting Oct. 3.)

**From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler**—With Ingrid Bergman, directed by Fielder Cook. (Music Hall; starting Sept. 27.)

**The Garden of the Finzi-Continis** (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza; through Sept. 29.)

**Gaslight** (1944)—Enjoyable, expensively produced pseudo-Victorian thriller. Ingrid Bergman, who won an Academy Award for her performance, is the cherubic bride terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. The Patrick Hamilton stage success was toned up for this version, directed by George Cukor. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, the teen-age Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. (Regency; through Oct. 2.)

**Godspell**—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. Show-biz religiosi-

Ride with
English dignity,
German precision,
Italian flair,
and
American practicality.

When you ride in an Audi 100LS you'll be impressed with the following:

An aura of dignity because the car has just about the same headroom and legroom as England's Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

An uncanny feeling of precision because it has the same type of reliable ignition system as Germany's Porsche 911. And the same kind of efficient heating and ventilation system as her Mercedes-Benz 280SE.

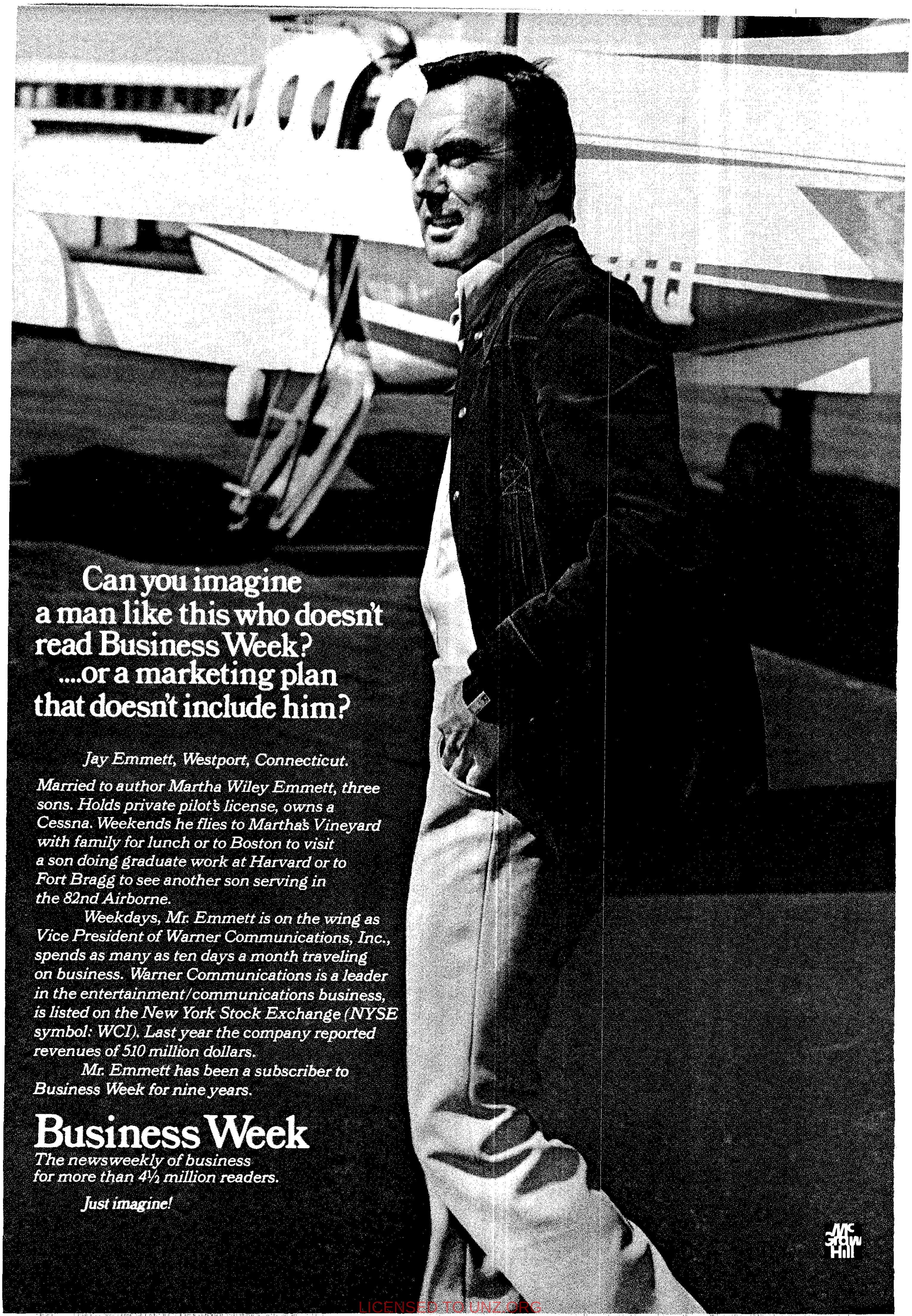
A flair for handling because it has the same type of steering system as Italy's racing Ferrari.

And astonishing practicality because it has the same trunk space as America's Lincoln Continental Mark IV. And front-wheel drive like her Cadillac Eldorado.

When you ride in an Audi you get the best England, Germany, Italy and America have to offer.

**The $4,385* Audi**
**It's a lot of cars for the money.**

*Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. for 100LS. West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.
Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.



**Can you imagine a man like this who doesn't read Business Week? ....or a marketing plan that doesn't include him?**

*Jay Emmett, Westport, Connecticut.*

*Married to author Martha Wiley Emmett, three sons. Holds private pilot's license, owns a Cessna. Weekends he flies to Martha's Vineyard with family for lunch or to Boston to visit a son doing graduate work at Harvard or to Fort Bragg to see another son serving in the 82nd Airborne.*

*Weekdays, Mr. Emmett is on the wing as Vice President of Warner Communications, Inc., spends as many as ten days a month traveling on business. Warner Communications is a leader in the entertainment/communications business, is listed on the New York Stock Exchange (NYSE symbol: WCI). Last year the company reported revenues of 510 million dollars.*

*Mr. Emmett has been a subscriber to Business Week for nine years.*

**Business Week**

*The newsweekly of business for more than 4½ million readers.*

*Just imagine!*

Mc Graw Hill

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ty; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. (Murray Hill; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Oct. 2.)

**THE GRANDE BOUFFE**—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

**THE HARDER THEY COME**—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 3.)

**HARRY IN YOUR POCKET**—With James Coburn and Michael Sarrazin, directed by Bruce Geller. (Riviera; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Festival; through Oct. 4, tentative.)

**THE HEARTBREAK KID**—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (72nd Street East, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Olympia; starting Oct. 3.)

**HEAT** (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Playboy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 2.)

**THE HIRELING**—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (Columbia II.)

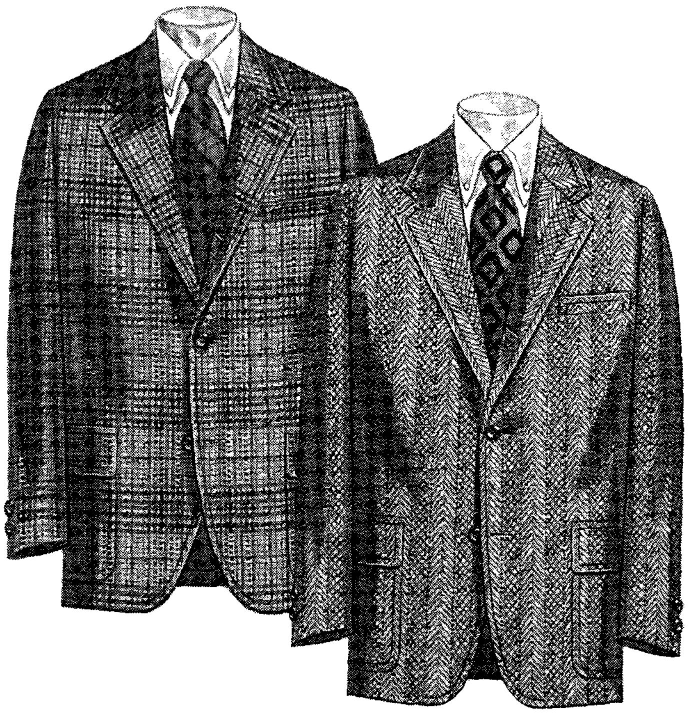
**HIT!**—With Billy Dee Williams and Richard Pryor, directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Loews Orpheum.)

**THE IDIOT** (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (New Yorker; Oct. 2-3.)

**IF . . .** (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Thalia; Sept. 26.)

**I LIVE IN FEAR**—In 1955, Kurosawa made this noble picture about fear of the H-bomb. Mifune plays a factory owner trying to sell out and leave with his family for Brazil. A tribunal that includes his dentist finds that he is upsetting the psychic order of society, and thereupon sends him mad. The picture praises worry with a script of high literary quality (by Kurosawa himself, as usual, with two collaborators). In Japanese. (New Yorker; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

**I MARRIED A WITCH** (1942)—Moderately amus-



ESTABLISHED 1818

**BROOKS-TWEED**
**our exclusive blend of two superb**
**Scottish wools—in new Fall sport jackets**

Soft Shetland wool and the more rugged fleece of Scotland's Black Face sheep are blended and woven exclusively for us in these most popular of our own make sport jackets. Tailored in our own workrooms on our 3-button model, they come this season in Glenurquhart plaids of grey with wine, gold or rust colorings, herringbones in greys or lovat mix...and barleycorn patterns alternating with diagonals on blue or brown grounds. $155

Price slightly higher west of the Rockies.

*We accept the American Express Money Card.*

ATLANTA
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
HOUSTON
LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO
WASHINGTON, D.C.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10006
696 WHITE PLAINS ROAD, SCARSDALE, N.Y. 10583

PECK & PECK

Leave it to Vera to turn out one of the prettiest ways to cruise into warmer climes. Vivid plum blossoms branch across the polyester knit pant top; plum/lilac/brown on white, 26.00 The Ban-Lon® pants of 100% nylon, with pull-on styling and stitched-in crease; plum or brown bark, 16.00 Both, 10 to 18 sizes. Fifth Avenue and branches.

Mail orders to 521 Fifth Avenue.
Add applicable tax plus 1.25 handling
beyond delivery area. Sorry, no c.o.d.'s.

ing romantic fantasy, with Veronica Lake at her prettiest (and getting the full star treatment) as a witch burned in Puritan days who comes back in modern times and discovers that "love is stronger than witchcraft." René Clair directed, and the cast includes Fredric March, Robert Benchley, Cecil Kellaway as a warlock, and Susan Hayward as a bitch. From Thorne Smith's "The Passionate Witch." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 3.)

**Jeremy**—Softhearted love film about two peculiarly old-seeming teen-age lovers played, very respectfully, by Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor. The film somehow submits to us a heavy feeling of love in a geriatric ward. Written and directed by Arthur Barron. (Loews Tower East.)

**Jesus Christ Superstar**—So-called, though Christ looks more like a blushing starlet. Mod and muscular version of Jesus' last seven days, directed by Norman Jewison, with doggerel words that would lower the tone of a subway. Ted Neeley is the blond superstar. Everyone between sixteen and sixteen and a quarter will no doubt respond to the general look of bemused and incommunicable messianism. (86th St. East.)

**Jimi Plays Berkeley** (1970)—The late Jimi Hendrix in concert. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 2.)

**Key Largo** (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Quad Cinema 3; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

**Kid Blue**—With Dennis Hopper and Warren Oates, directed by James Frawley. (Murray Hill; starting Oct. 1.)

**King of Hearts** (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Village.)

**The Last American Hero**—With Jeff Bridges, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Columbia I; starting Oct. 3.)

**The Last of Sheila**—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac played by James Coburn. His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably paradoxically accessible to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 3.)

**Last Tango in Paris**—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Art. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th, and Cinema Studio; through Oct. 2.)

**Let the Good Times Roll**—A film about the fifties, and so not, well, about the best of times, but still. The film documents musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (Murray Hill; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Oct. 2.)

**The Life of O-Haru** (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant fallen from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Sept. 28-29.)

**The Long Voyage Home** (1940)—One of the finest of all the movies that deal with life at sea, and one of the most successful of all attempts to put Eugene O'Neill on film—perhaps because the director, John Ford, and the adapter, Dudley Nichols, were so free in their approach to O'Neill's material. The young Mildred Natwick has a memorable scene in a café with John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald's return to the ship is a truly great moment. Gregg Toland did the cinematography (which includes some early experiments in deep focus); with Thomas Mitchell, Wilfrid Lawson, Ward Bond, John Qualen, and Joe Sawyer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 29.)

**Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid** (1948)—William Powell, and Ann Blyth with a lot of scales on her dress. So-so, and that's putting it generously. Irving Pichel directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 3.)

**Monkey Business** (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Elgin; starting Oct. 4.)

**Monsieur Verdoux** (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye, as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (Cinema Village.)

**My Man Godfrey** (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful, rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too silly and good-natured to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

**The Nelson Affair**—Written by Terence Rattigan, who seems to relish almost exclusively Emma Hamilton's boozing, her swearing, and the loss of her figure. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies. Nelson is played by Peter Finch, who must get some of the lousiest film parts any great actor ever had. Glenda Jackson belts bravely into the foolishly written role of Lady Hamilton. Margaret Leighton, looking beautiful, imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. James Cellan Jones, a Welshman trained mostly in TV, directs the vulgar-minded business, which is to be trusted chiefly on details of rigging. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 2.)

**Night Watch**—Elizabeth Taylor in a stereotyped thriller directed by Brian Hutton. The one about a rich woman who won't be believed, even by her best friend (Billie Whitelaw), in the middle of a nasty plot. Worth a miss. (Music Hall; Sept. 26. . . . ¶ East 59th Street II, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 3.)

**No Man of Her Own** (1932)—Carole Lombard and Clark Gable: O.K. together, but they don't exactly ignite the screen (though they were married some years later). It's a comedy, but Lombard hadn't yet discovered the no-holds-barred daffy personality that made her irresistibly likable in the mid-thirties. Wesley Ruggles directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

**O Lucky Man!**—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Ciné Malibu.)

**Passage to Marseille** (1944)—Bogart plays Matrac, a French journalist escaped from Devil's Island. He was arrested on a false charge of murder and treason because of his opposing appeasement over Munich; the story is very much of 1944, when the film was made, but Bogart's witty, tired-eyed skepticism stands like steel. (Quad Cinema 3; through Sept. 29.)

**Phantom India** (1972)—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film, previously shown in segments, runs close to seven hours in all, and is now being presented in two parts by the 5th Ave. Cinema. Parts 1-4 Oct. 3-6, and Parts 5-7 Oct. 7-9.

**Play It Again, Sam** (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Paramount.)

**Playtime**—Jacques Tati's film of 1968, made in 70 mm. and only just released in the United States for the first time publicly, in a 35-mm. version. "Playtime" is this brilliantly funny and painstaking director's most innovative film. M. Hulot is still here—high-strung trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody (and, of this film, perhaps the décor most of all). He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (Guild; starting Oct. 3, tentative.)

**Rashomon** (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Sept. 28-29.)

**Red Beard** (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested by such resolute and uncommendable saints. The style of the film is flowing and full of high attack. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 4.)

**Romeo and Juliet** (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Ziegfeld.)

**Save the Children**—Filmed at the Black Exposition held in Chicago by Operation PUSH, with such singers as Marvin Gaye, the Jackson Five, the Staple Singers, the Temptations, and others. (Beekman.)

**Save the Tiger**—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Greenwich; through Oct. 2.)

**Scarecrow**—A story of two loners lurching across the United States, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, two identifiably good actors who deserve better scripts than this. (Symphony; through Oct. 2.)

**Scorpio**—A tale of double agents and triple crosses, with Burt Lancaster and Alain Delon. Directed by Michael Winner. (Symphony; through Oct. 2.)

**The Second Gun**—Ted Charach's probe of the

The most valuable part of Gübelin jewelry is free.

The idea.

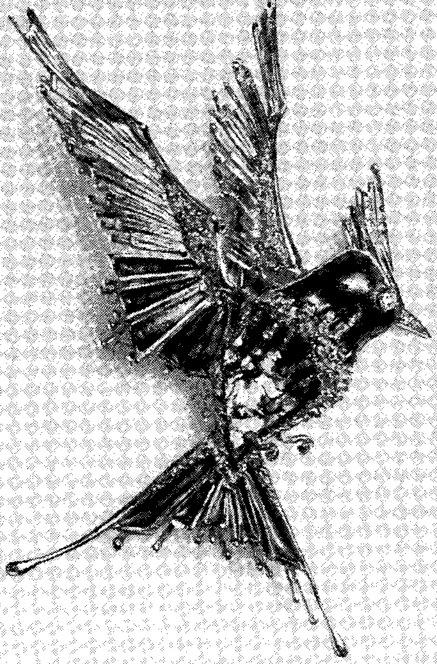
You can take the costliest and loveliest jewels and stick them in a substantial 18-carat setting. Goes to make a splendid investment, but not necessarily jewelry by a long shot.

You might think it was a matter of course that precious materials should always be worked with the utmost care by the best artists. But take a look at some of the jewelry you see people wearing; it's a fair shame when you consider what might have been made of the materials.

On the other hand you have Gübelin, whose designers keep winning international prizes for jewelry and watch design. (Diamonds-International Award, Golden Rose, Golden Loupe, Golden Shell.) And not just today or yesterday; it's the result of over a century's consistent policy, with design and workmanship always equally vital.

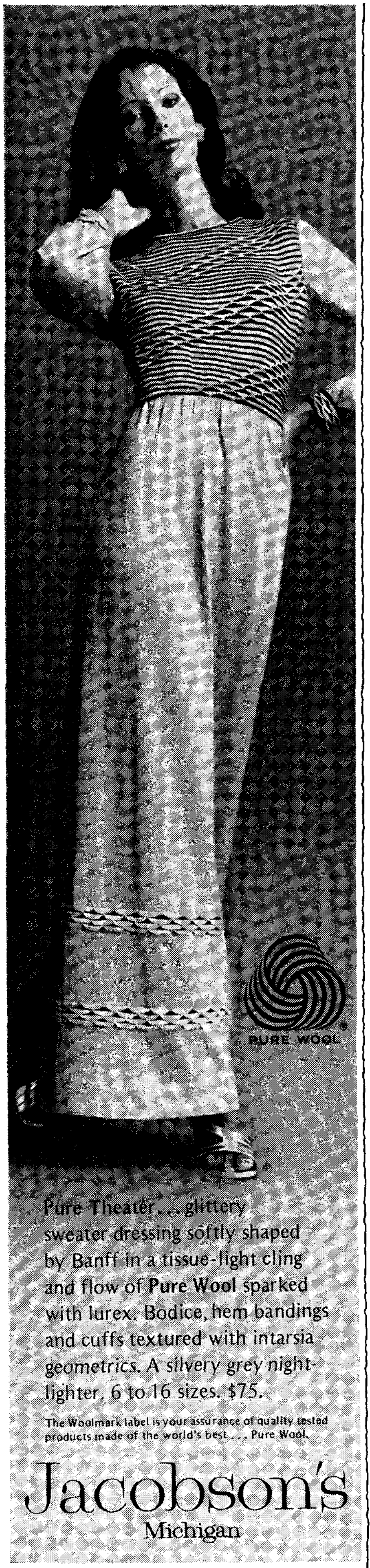
Which is why Gübelin today has not only its own gemological laboratory and its own watch factory, but its own designers in the shop who are always a couple of years ahead of the current fashion.

Granted, they can do this only because Gübelin's clientele has the courage (and the money) to wear avant-garde jewelry and make a new fashion of it. The most precious part of the jewelry is something Gübelin has earned over the decades: a clientele that can grasp ideas.



GÜBELIN
745 Fifth Avenue, New York
American Express card accepted.
PATEK PHILIPPE OMEGA Ω AUDEMARS PIGUET
GGK

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN


Pure Theater... glittery sweater dressing softly shaped by Banff in a tissue-light cling and flow of Pure Wool sparked with lurex. Bodice, hem bandings and cuffs textured with intarsia geometrics. A silvery grey night-lighter. 6 to 16 sizes. $75.

PURE WOOL

The Woolmark label is your assurance of quality tested products made of the world's best . . . Pure Wool.

Jacobson's
Michigan

For mail orders: Grosse Pointe, Michigan Zip 48230. Please add 75¢ for handling.

assassination of Robert F. Kennedy. Filmed by Gerard Alcan. (Trans-Lux East; starting Oct. 3.)

**A Separate Peace** (1972)—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think that conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Thalia; Sept. 26.)

**The Seven Samurai** (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Elgin; Oct. 3.)

**Le Sex Shop**—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (Fine Arts.)

**Siddhartha**—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Columbia I; through Oct. 2.)

**Sisters**—With Margot Kidder, directed by Brian De Palma. (East 59th Street I, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

**The Slams**—With Jim Brown, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

**Slaughterhouse-Five** (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 2.)

**The Sound of Music** (1965)—With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. Gigantic sniffles. (Gramercy; through Oct. 2.)

**The Spook Who Sat by the Door**—With Lawrence Cook and Paula Kelly, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Juliet 2.)

**Stagecoach** (1939)—Perhaps the greatest of all Westerns, and a Grand-Hotel-on-wheels movie that has just about everything—adventure, romance, chivalry. John Ford directed, from a script by Dudley Nichols, based on a story by Ernest Haycox; the cast includes John Wayne (at his most appealing), Claire Trevor, Louise Platt, John Carradine, George Bancroft, Thomas Mitchell, Andy Devine, Donald Meek, and Tim Holt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 29.)

**Sunday Bloody Sunday** (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 2. . . ¶ Thalia; Sept. 27.)

**Take the Money and Run** (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Paramount.)

**The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe**—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Paris.)

**A Tear in the Ocean**—Directed by, and with, Henri Glaeser. In French. (Plaza; starting Sept. 30.)

**Ten from Your Show of Shows**—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Guild; starting Oct. 3, tentative.)

**They Only Kill Their Masters**—With James Garner and Katharine Ross, directed by James Goldstone. (Beacon; through Oct. 2.)

**The Thief Who Came to Dinner**—A new factory version of old Hollywood-factory movies. As a gentleman-swinger jewel thief, Ryan O'Neal turns on the charm; he's got it, all right, but he's so assured that he looks spoiled. As his sexy socialite girl friend, Jacqueline Bisset is so soft and curvy and lusciously passive she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. The movie is faintly diverting, but the vacuity becomes oppressive. With Warren Oates, Austin Pendleton, and Jill Clayburgh. Bud Yorkin directed, from a script by Walter Hill, who also wrote "The Getaway" on the same formula. He should go into the sausage business. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 3.)

**Throne of Blood** (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, which is one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through Sept. 27.)

**A Touch of Class**—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. The girl here is prototypical Woman as seen by the Male Chauvinist Pig—brainy, too alert, de-manning—and the man in the film is women's lib's prototypical Man: expecting working women to do their jobs without talking about them and to get on with the cooking. Mild, muddled fun; interesting thesis material. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

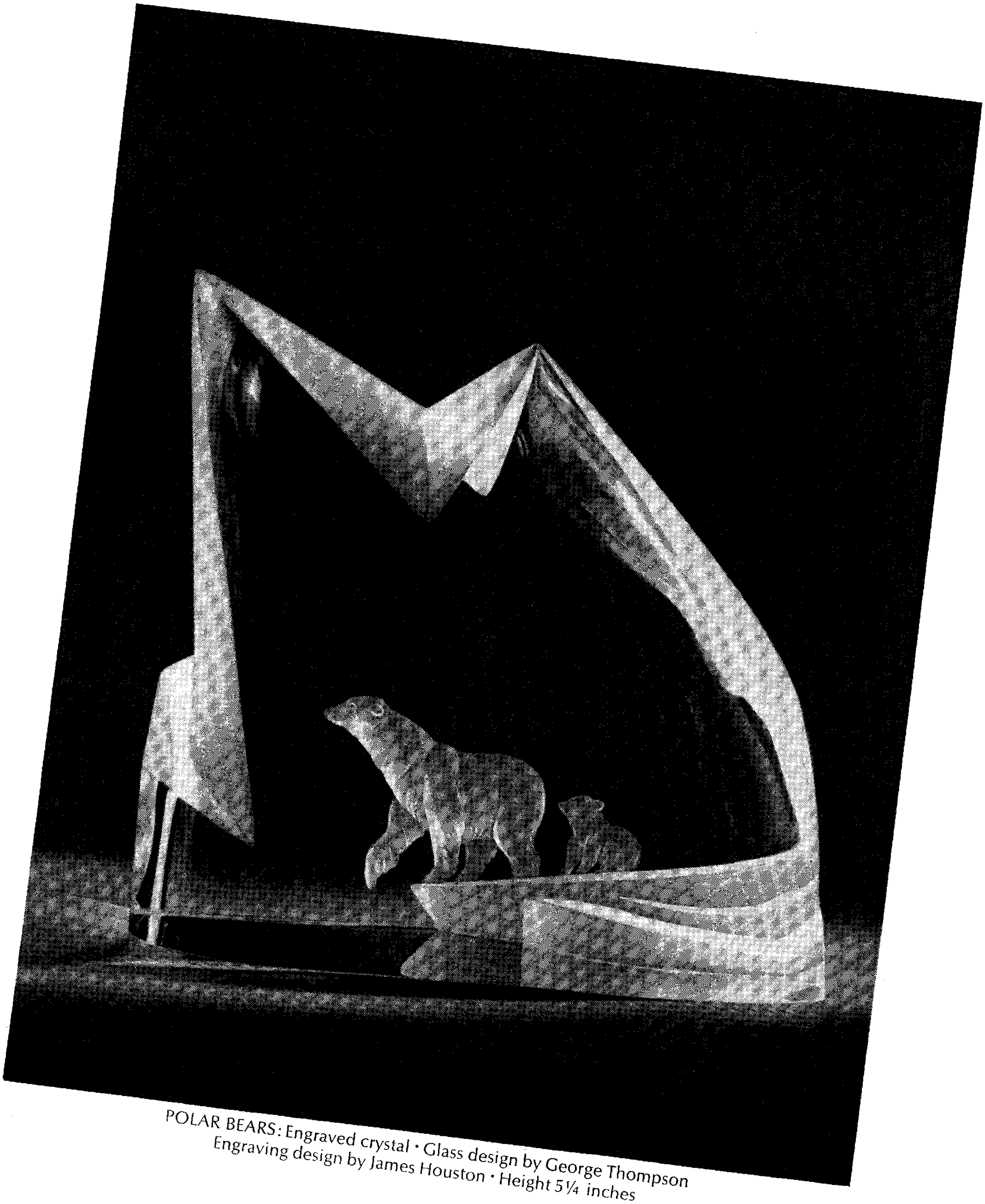
**The Treasure of Sierra Madre** (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston is the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt is a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director himself appearing as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (Quad Cinema 3; Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

**Visions of Eight**—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleghar, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (Cinema II.)

**What?**—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Roman Polanski. (Coronet; starting Oct. 3.)

**Women in Love** (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 2.)

**Women in Revolt** (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno-burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the junk fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars." (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 2.)



POLAR BEARS: Engraved crystal • Glass design by George Thompson
Engraving design by James Houston • Height 5¼ inches

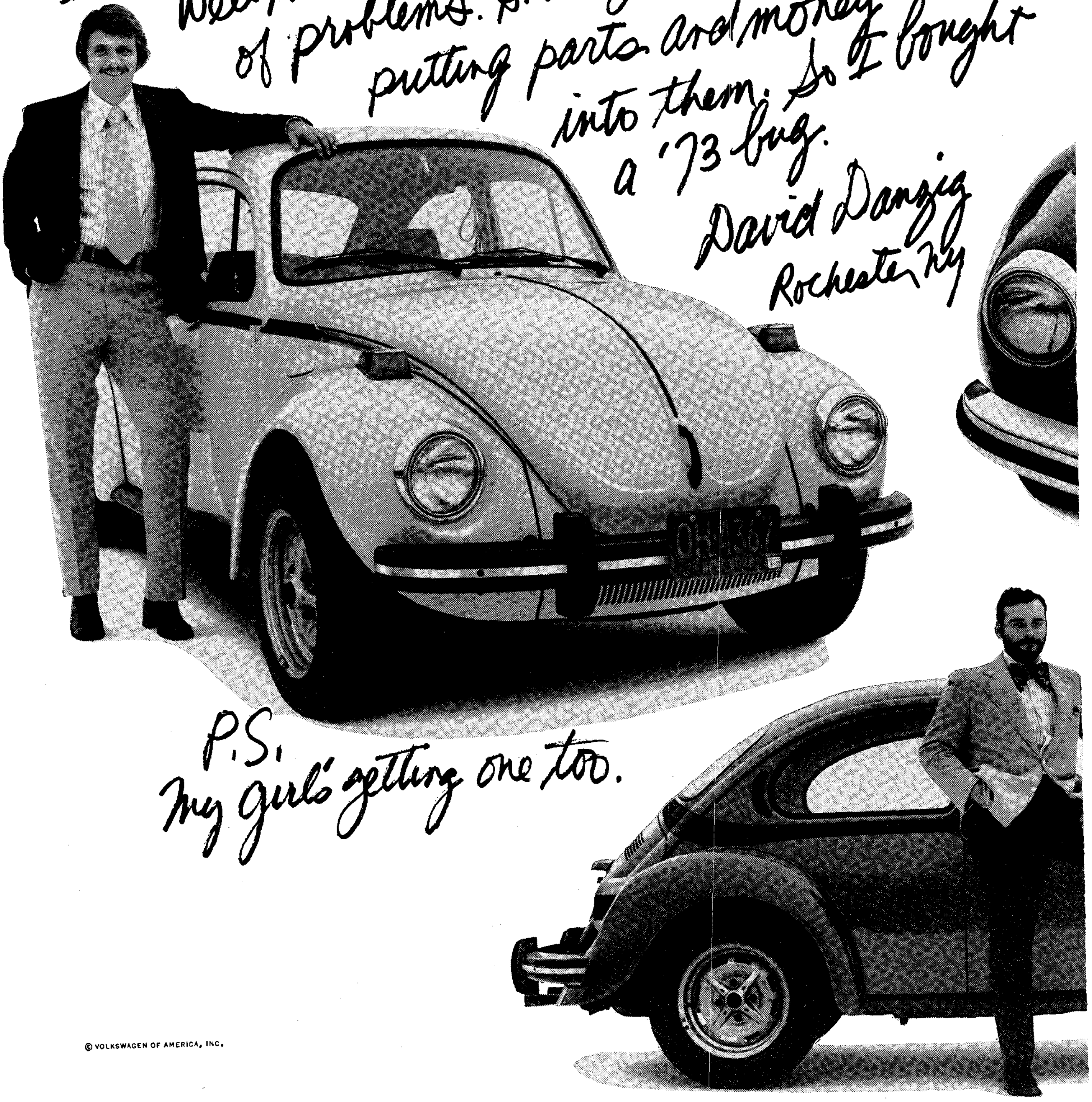
STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022 • (212) 752-1441
CORNING GLASS CENTER, CORNING, NEW YORK 14830 • (607) 962-1060

# They got the

In '68 I sold my VW.
Well, with American cars I had a lot of problems. And I just got disgusted putting parts and money into them. So I bought a '73 bug.

David Danzig
Rochester, NY



P.S.
My girl's getting one too.

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

# bug again.

I left basically for looks. About all it had was looks. I was stranded about four times in the first month or two. So I went back to Volkswagen. (Even if I had another three or four thousand to spend, I wouldn't have bought another car.)

Kathy Deiber,
Mt. View, Calif.

I started making money so I figured I'd try something a little flashier than my bug, Well, every time I turned around I had to pull it in for something. It nickeled and dimed me to death. So I decided to get another Volkswagen.

William D. Allright
Phila. Pa.

Fur-touched leather in a beautiful translation from the French A big, flouffy dyed lamb shawl collar and cuffs. A neatly shaped leather coat that's so soft it might be silk. Color it all a deep, dark brown and you're a walk-away hit on either side of the Atlantic. 8 to 14. 160.00. *Sport Coats, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.*

Fur origin: U.S.A.

B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

"NO well-ordered republic should ever cancel the crimes of its citizens by their merits; but, having established rewards for good actions and penalties for evil ones, and having rewarded a citizen for good conduct who afterward commits a wrong, it should chastise him for that wrong without regard to his previous merits. And a state that properly observes this principle will long enjoy its liberty; but if it does otherwise, it will speedily come to ruin. For if a citizen who has rendered some eminent service to the state should add to the reputation and influence which he has thereby acquired the confident audacity of being able to commit any wrong without fear of punishment, he will in a little while become so insolent and overbearing as to put an end to all power of the law."—Niccolò Machiavelli.

## *Culture*

THE Culture Bus Loop—the experimental bus route that the Transit Authority started a few weeks ago—has been breaking even financially. Officials of the Authority say that riders' comments have been enthusiastic and that numerous suggestions have been heard for adjusting the loop and adding new loops. Although the basic idea of the route seems to have become fairly well known, the details are complicated and need some explaining. The Culture Bus Loop operates only on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, from ten in the morning until six in the evening. Its buses make twenty-two stops, which serve almost every museum and cultural institution of note in Manhattan. For a dollar, a person can buy a ticket that lets him ride any number of times, from ten to six that day, not only on the Culture Bus Loop but on any crosstown bus between Forty-second Street and Ninety-sixth Street. He must buy the ticket in one of two ways—with coins or tokens on a Culture Bus, or with any form of money no larger than a five-dollar bill at one of a number of subway booths in midtown. No tickets are sold on the crosstown buses. The crosstown buses are the same ones that were running on those routes before the experiment, but the buses on the Culture Bus Loop are all borrowed from weekday express routes: they have forward-facing, upholstered seats and clean windows.

The other Saturday, we took an exploratory ride on a Culture Bus. It was the first Culture Bus of the morning, and we caught it at its first stop—Eighth Avenue and Thirty-first Street, in the shadows of Penn Station and Madison Square Garden. Twenty-six people were aboard, and most were more alert-looking than people usually are at ten o'clock Saturday morning. They included Mrs. Cornelius Stuy, of New Milford, New Jersey; her eleven-year-old son, Timothy; Mr. and Mrs. Russell E. Stallings, of Houston; and half a dozen New Yorkers, all of whom declined to give their names. Mrs. Stuy told us that the loop gave her and her son a chance to visit the Museum of the City of New York, which they had never done, and Mr. Stallings said that he and his wife were simply going to take a quick look at the city before flying on to Spain for a vacation.

The bus started up. It went along Eighth Avenue and made a stop at Fortieth Street, outside the Port Authority Bus Terminal. A young woman in jeans was standing on the curb. "This is the Culture Bus," the driver said. "Yeah, I know," she said, and she got on and paid the fare. The bus went on, turned right at Fiftieth Street, and stopped at Fiftieth Street and Seventh Avenue—the theatre district. Here there was some more dialogue—this time between the driver and a man in a red jacket who was standing on the curb:

"Where are you going?" the man asked.

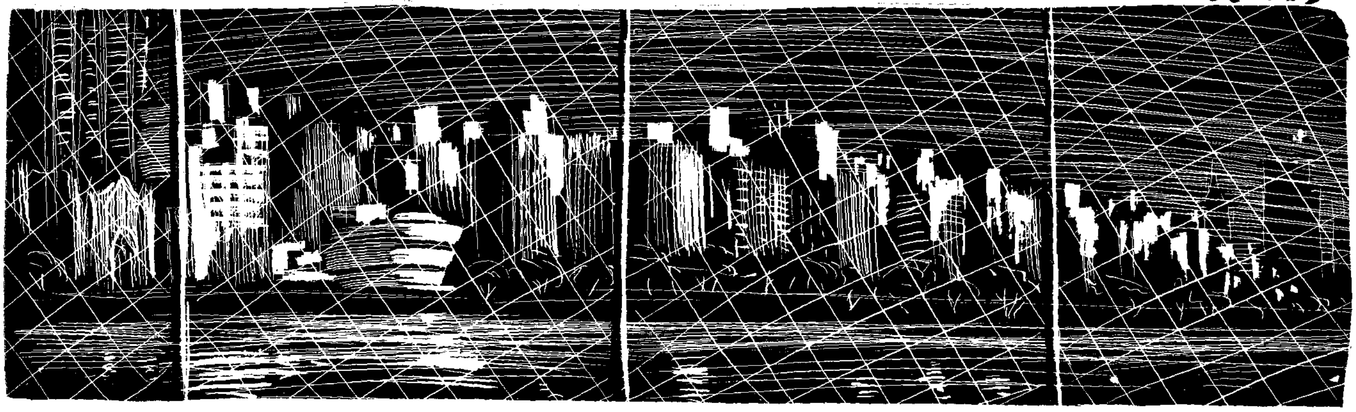
"This is the Culture Bus," the driver said.

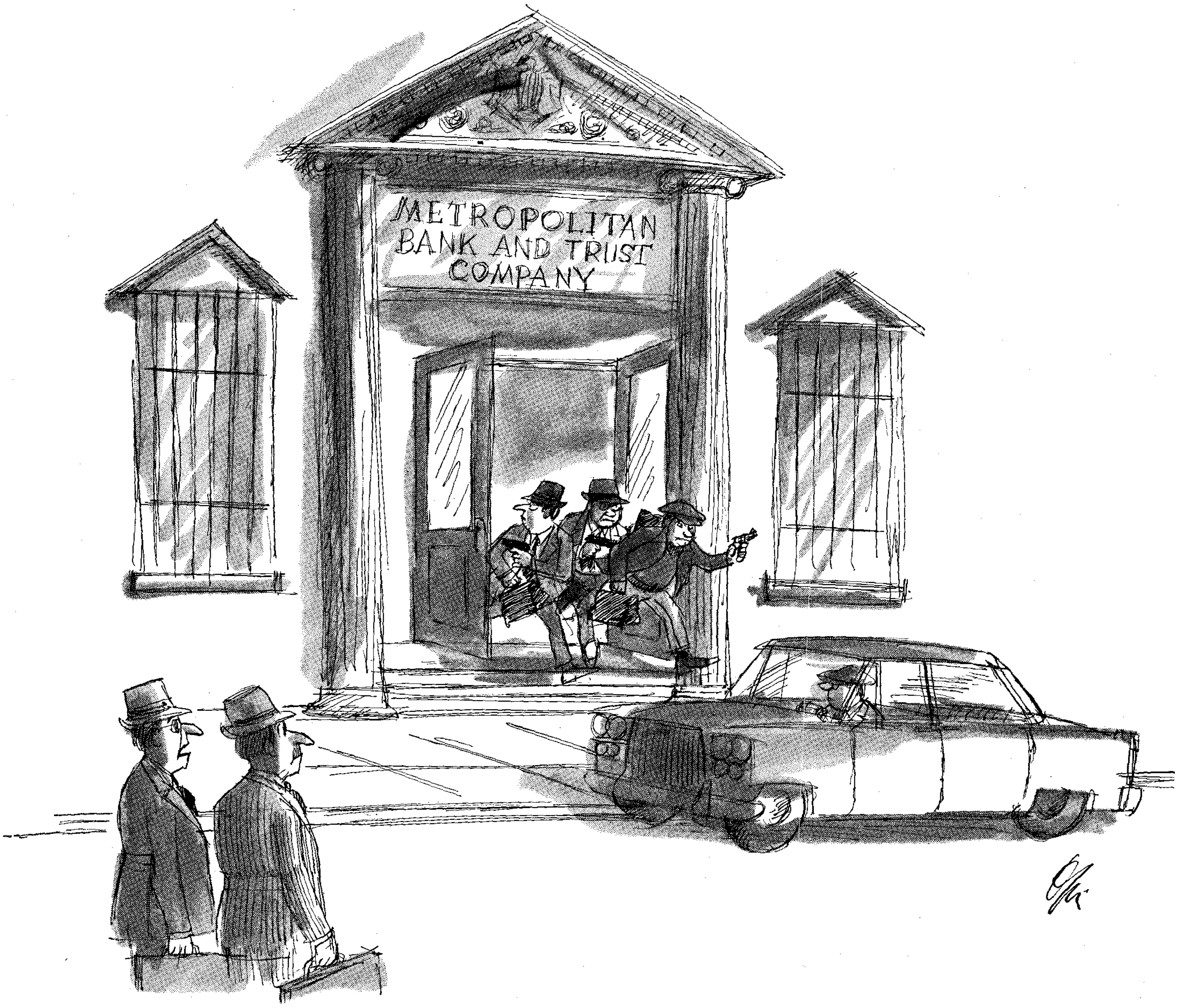
"Where are you going?"

"All over. I don't have time to tell you."

"Where?"

"You look like you want to go cross-





*"It's nice to see* *some* *people still appreciate the value of a dollar."*

• •

town. I'm not going there." The driver started to close the door.

"You're a wise guy, aren't you," the man said, and he waved the bus away.

"One of the nicer citizens in New York," the driver said to the passengers. He turned left at Sixth Avenue and stopped at Fifty-third Street—close by half a dozen museums and Rockefeller Center. From there, the route was up Sixth Avenue to a stop at Central Park South. We noticed that each stop was marked by a small blue "Culture Bus Loop" sign. The next three stops were Columbus Circle (opposite the Coliseum and the New York Cultural Center), Lincoln Center, and Central Park West and Seventy-ninth Street. At this stop, the driver began to make random, erratic announcements over a public-address system. "This is the Hayden Planetarium, I believe," he said. The Museum of Natural History and the New-York Historical Society were there as well. "The next stop will be 120th Street and Riverside Drive." The bus went up Central Park West to Eighty-sixth Street, west on that street, and then uptown on Riverside Drive. By passing along the edges of Central Park and Riverside Park, the route made New York seem very green. "This, I believe, is the cathedral—Riverside Cathedral," the driver said as he pulled up to Riverside Church. Grant's Tomb was across the street. The bus went on to 155th Street and Broadway—the site of the Hispanic Society of America, the Museum of the American Indian, and Trinity Parish Cemetery—and then turned back downtown. Amsterdam Avenue and 112th Street was the next stop, near Columbia University and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. "On your left will be John Divine's Church," the driver called out when he arrived there.

Only a few people had got on or off so far. The bus went east on Cathedral Parkway and then made eight stops on Fifth Avenue—at 104th, Ninetieth, Eighty-first, Seventy-second, Sixty-fourth, Fifty-ninth, Fifty-first, and Forty-second Streets. Handfuls of well-dressed East Siders boarded the bus at these stops, which served the Museum of the City of New York (where Mrs. Stuy and Timothy got off), the Guggenheim Museum, the Jewish Museum, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Frick Collection, the Central Park Zoo, the Plaza Hotel, the General Motors Building (which the driver called the Chrysler Building), Rockefeller Center, St. Patrick's Cathedral (which the driver announced correctly), and the New York Public Library. At Forty-second

Street, the bus turned left and went on to Grand Central Station, where fifteen people were waiting. One was a young Australian woman named Rita Sewald, who had arrived in New York that morning and was carrying a big brown knapsack. The bus continued along Forty-second and stopped at the United Nations. Then, after quite a bit of roundabout driving, it made one more stop—at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street—before it returned, an hour and fifty minutes after it had started, to Eighth Avenue and Thirty-first Street. Thirteen were aboard at the end.

We asked the driver some questions. "I can't give you my name, but you can take my badge number," he said. "This is the first time I've driven this route. I'll get to know it pretty soon. In fact, I think I know it right now."

Three days later, we called Mrs. Stuy. "Well, after we left the City of New York Museum we went to the Frick Collection," she said. "I had been there many years ago, and I had almost forgotten what it's like. Then we got on another Culture Bus and went to Grand Central Station and had lunch at a Howard Johnson's near there. Then we got back on a bus and visited the United Nations. Then we got on *another* bus and went all the way around to Grant's Tomb. We looked at that and caught another bus to 155th Street, and we got off and took a Broadway bus to the George Washington Bridge Bus Terminal. Then we caught another bus to come home. It was very, very good, and I hope they make the experiment permanent."

•

OVERHEARD at a lunch counter on West Forty-fourth Street, secretary to secretary: "All I need fundamentally is a basic to wear with the pearls, so I can look like a person."

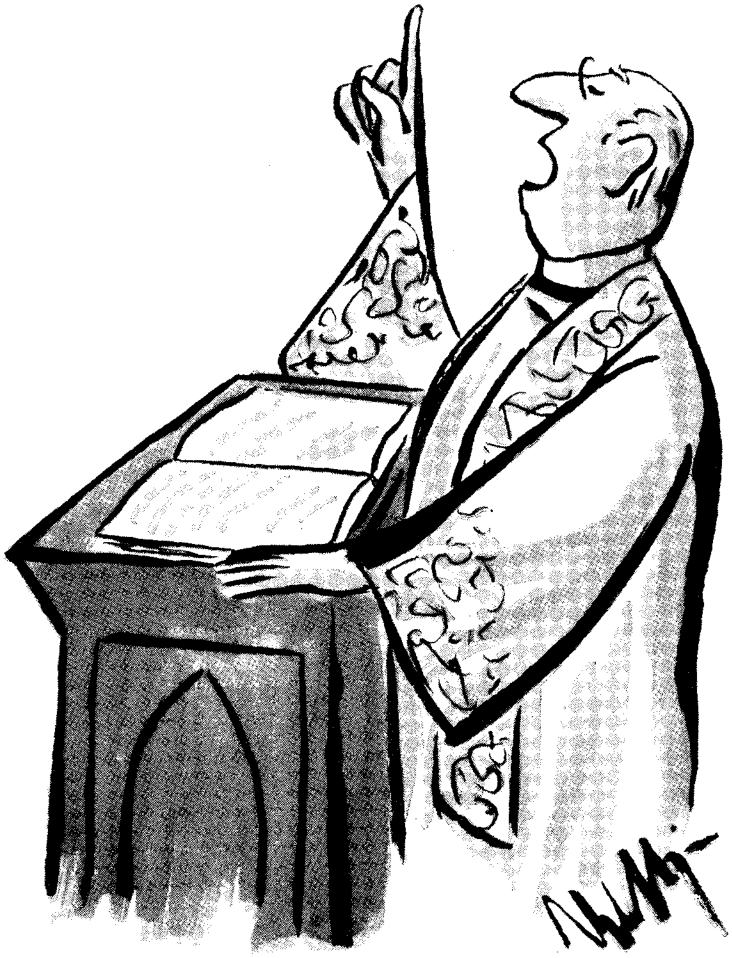
## *Niche*

TWO and a half years ago, Ely Landau had an idea—something about a national theatre on film—and his own abilities as a salesman and entrepreneur, which abilities are as ample as his girth. Mr. Landau set to work raising money, making telephone calls, lining up talent, and putting together an organization, the American Film Theatre, that he confidently hopes will launch "a new era in motion pictures." (Mr. Landau loves phrases like "a new era in motion pictures.") The American Film Theatre has eight movies ready to go for its first season. We saw bits and pieces of them at a recent trade screening, and they looked promising. They are "A Delicate Balance," by Edward Albee, directed by Tony Richardson, starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair; "Rhinoceros," by Eugene Ionesco, directed by Tom O'Horgan, starring Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Karen Black; "The Homecoming," by Harold Pinter, directed by Peter Hall, starring Cyril Cusack, Ian Holm, Michael Jayston, Vivien Merchant, Terence Rigby, and Paul Rogers; "The Iceman Cometh," by Eugene O'Neill, directed by John Frankenheimer, starring Lee Marvin, Fredric March, the late Robert Ryan, Jeff Bridges, and Bradford Dillman; "Luther," by John Osborne, directed by Guy Green, starring Stacy Keach; "Three Sisters," by Anton Chekhov, directed by Laurence Olivier, starring Olivier and Alan Bates; "Lost in the Stars," by Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson, directed by Daniel Mann, starring Brock Peters, Melba Moore, and Raymond St. Jacques; and "Butley," by Simon Gray, directed by Harold Pinter, starring Alan Bates. No wonder they looked promising.

Making good movies out of good plays by using good directors and good actors is an unusual idea but not a new one. What *is* new is the way Mr. Landau proposes to market and distribute his movies. Each film will be shown only four times—two matinées and two evening performances—on a Monday and Tuesday once a month, beginning in October. The films will be shown in something more than five hundred theatres around the country—places like the Orpheum Theatre in Ogden, Utah, and the Forx Theatre in Grand Forks, North Dakota. The tickets will be sold by subscription only—thirty dollars for eight evening performances, twenty-four dollars for eight matinées. American Express Films, which helped finance the project, is handling the ticket-selling, which will be by mail.

We heard about all this the other day from Mr. Landau in his new offices, which occupy the twentieth floor of the M-G-M Building, on Sixth Avenue, and which were decorated by Edythe Landau, who is executive vice-president of her husband's company. We noticed green and beige carpets, plants both real and plastic, many kinds of wallpaper, expensive furniture in most of the styles of the past two hundred years. Mr. Landau was wearing a vast and perfectly fitted blue suit and tinted aviator glasses with black rims. His face is round and has full white muttonchops from ears to chins.

"H. L. Mencken said that nobody ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American people, but I don't agree," Mr. Landau said. "Twenty years ago, eighty million people went to the movies each week. Now it's fourteen mil-

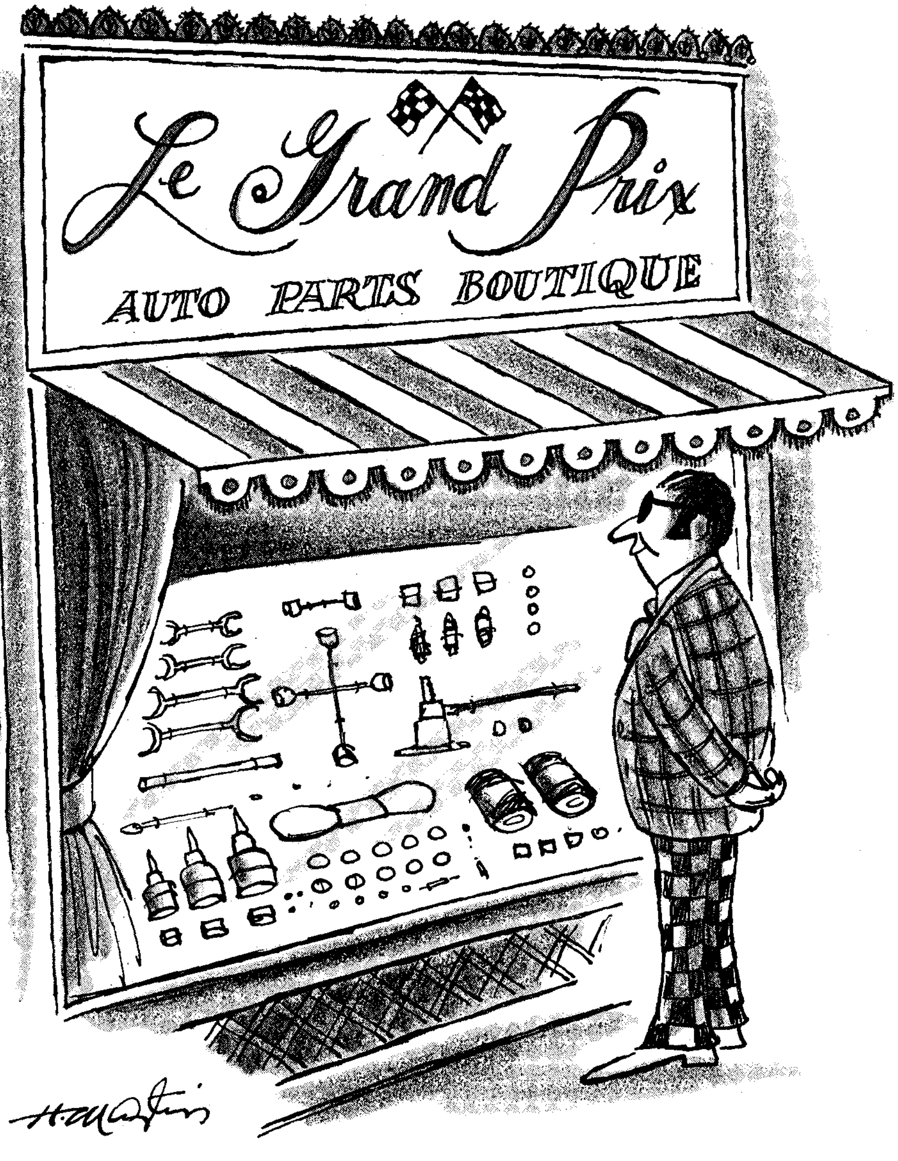


*"As Sam Ervin so aptly put it, 'There is none so blind as he who will not see and none so deaf as he who will not hear.'"*

lion. I can't believe that *all* those sixty-six million people who aren't going to the movies are watching television or attending professional sports or going camping. Some hunk of them are hungering for something a cut above what they are usually offered. In this business, it makes sense to try and find a niche that other entertainment people are not really servicing, and my niche has always been to do things that don't play down to the lowest common denominator."

Mr. Landau is now in his early fifties. From 1959 to 1961, as president of Channel 13, here in New York, he produced a series called "Play of the Week," which put on sixty-seven plays—"Medea," "No Exit," "The World of Sholem Aleichem," and so forth. During the middle nineteen-sixties, he was an independent movie producer ("The Pawnbroker," "Long Day's Journey Into Night") and distributor ("The Servant," "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg"). After the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Mr. Landau produced a biographical documentary, "King: A Filmed Record . . . From Montgomery to Memphis," and arranged for it to be shown in six hundred and sixty-three theatres on one night, with all the proceeds going to the Martin Luther King Foundation.

We asked Mr. Landau about the American Film Theatre's budget, and he told us that it amounts to eleven and a half million dollars for the first season, of which eight million has been spent on production and prints. "This is possible only because the actors, writers, and directors were willing to work for much less than their usual fees," he said. " 'The Iceman Cometh,' which was our most expensive production, cost a million one hundred thousand dollars. Every penny of that is up there on the screen—and, in my humble opinion, it will come to be regarded as one of the great American motion-picture achievements. At their usual rates, the actors in 'Iceman' alone would have been paid more than the budget of the entire picture. The average compensation on all the pictures was twenty-five thousand dollars for actors and thirty thousand for directors, plus various percentages of the gross from the first dollar."



•

TANTALIZING sign observed in the window of Bill's Shoe Store, in Dushore, Pennsylvania:

HUNTERS
ROOM & BOARD
ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 8
INQUIRE WITHIN
DANCE LESSONS INCLUDED

### *Bliss and a Regular Coffee*

THE old National Delicatessen & Restaurant on West Forty-second Street, which used to specialize in Jewish cuisine, has changed its religious affiliation. The place, across the street from the Public Library, is now called the Alive Restaurant, and it is being operated by devotees of Guru Maharaj Ji, the chubby fifteen-year-old "perfect master" and Rolls-Royce fancier who may or may not be God. The food is vegetarian, inexpensive, plentiful, and intermittently good. The waiters and waitresses smile—a trifle vacantly, perhaps, but any smile is better than none in this part of town—and, besides excellent service, they provide little chats about how the Satguru (or, as his detractors call him, the Fatguru) has changed their lives. The total effect is something like a Salvation Army soup kitchen on Neptune.

Guru Maharaj Ji, who has been the focus of an intensive publicity campaign over the past few months, is one of the most successful of the several jet-borne Indian spiritual entrepreneurs to have amassed large followings in this country. The Guru's American disciples have made a number of startling claims on his behalf—that he is God or is greater than God, that his organization will build an all-electric Divine City out West somewhere within three years' time, that he will rule the world by the end of the decade, and so on. (A prominent convert, the former radical leader Rennie Davis, has predicted that Mao Tse-tung will be a follower of Guru Maharaj Ji by 1975.) The Maharaj Ji operation in Denver publishes a monthly slick magazine, *And It Is Divine*. The September issue features a full-color centerfold shot of the Guru, who is listed as Supreme Editor-in-Chief, riding his minibike in a Long Island meadow.

*And It Is Divine* is on sale next to the cash register in the restaurant on Forty-second Street, but, on the whole, the guru angle has been handled with considerable restraint. Apart from a few posters, the décor, which runs heavily to plastic and imitation wood, is much as it was in National Delicatessen days. The staff, all of whom are young and neatly barbered, and most of whom have the smooth, open faces of children raised in comfortable suburban homes, wear buttons emblazoned with slogans ("Who is Guru Maharaj Ji?") or photographs (the Guru in a business suit, talking on the telephone). The menu contains only a hint or two of the restaurant's spiritual orientation: Bliss Blends, Sweet 'n' Sour Bliss Balls. Last Wednesday, we had broccoli, baked chick-peas, rice with sweet-potato sauce, salad, and, for dessert, Humble Peace Pie, which turned out to be a delicious concoction of whole-wheat crust, fresh peaches, and genuine whipped cream. With a cup of coffee, the check came to just over three dollars.

Several members of the restaurant staff with whom we talked described their conversion in nearly identical terms. They all spoke of a history of drug taking and spiritual uncertainty, they had all heard of the Guru Maharaj Ji casually or by chance, and they had all "received knowledge" through a "mahatma," or circuit-riding disciple of the Guru. The "knowledge" was invariably described as consisting of an experience of "inner light," an "inner music" in the right ear, a "divine nectar" at the back of the throat, and an experience of "absolute perfection." The manager of the restaurant, a thirty-three-year-old former self-made businessman named Jim Lodato, told us that after he "received knowledge," a year and a half ago, he donated his house in Old Westbury to the Guru, who uses it as his Divine Residence when he is in the New York area. "For a businessman, this knowledge is the most amazing thing," Mr. Lodato said. "When business backs you against the wall, you have a limitless thing you can step into. Any man who's in business in New York City should have this knowledge."

Mr. Lodato told us that sixty-five people work at the restaurant, including twelve cooks and seven bakers. Since none of them are paid, there are no wage disputes.

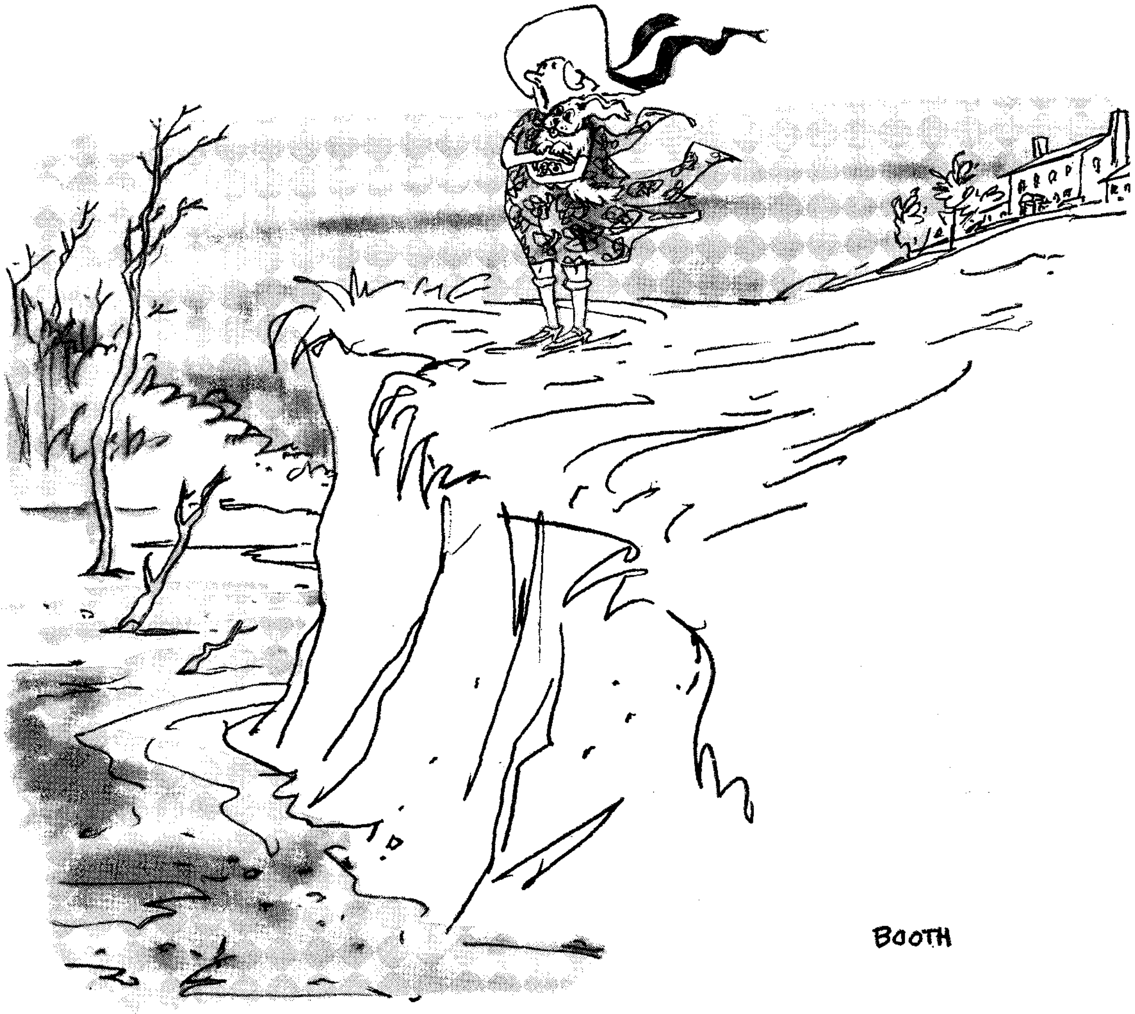
"What if somebody needs a new pair of shoes?" we asked.

"Oh, that's no problem," Mr. Lodato said. "You just ask if it's O.K., take the money from the cash register, and buy the shoes."

Marty Moss, who is twenty-eight and was a fashion designer until he became the headwaiter at the restaurant, told us that he likes his new job. "I enjoy greeting people at the door and showing them to a table," he said. "I enjoy getting into people's heads and seeing what makes them tick. A lot of people come in here to break the tension of the business day. Even if they don't particularly like vegetarian food or brown rice, they say they just enjoy being here, because of the positive influences in the air."

We asked Mr. Moss about his spiritual history, and he said, "I was into Transcendental Meditation for five years. I saw Guru Maharaj Ji at Hunter College a year ago, but it didn't really take at that time. Then I took a course in consciousness expansion at the New School, and one of the girls in the course had received knowledge from Guru Maharaj Ji. I received knowledge about three months ago. I don't knock T.M., but with Guru Maharaj Ji you go all the way—to union with God."

We talked with Carol Hoey, a waitress, or "server," at the restaurant. Miss Hoey, who is twenty-three, said it took four months of preparation before she could "receive knowledge," because she had believed exclusively in Jesus. "These people were telling me that what Guru Maharaj Ji does is the same as Jesus, and it was hard for me to accept that," she said. "I don't know what Guru Maharaj Ji's financial status is, but you have to see beyond that to what he's giving us. He's not saying after twenty years you'll see light; he's saying you'll see light and receive peace *right now*. Whatever you can do to serve Guru Maharaj Ji, that's all that matters. The work is hard here, but you don't get tired, because you're working for Guru Maharaj Ji, the Supreme Boss."



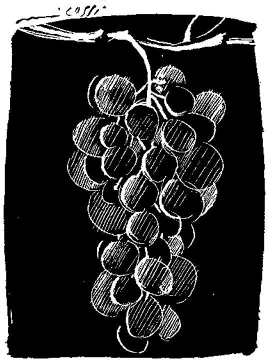
*"I call this spot Templeton's End, because this is where I dumped Old Templeton into the bog—Newport wheelchair and all."*

• •

# GABBY

Many fans thought [Gabby] Hayes was a down-to-earth real rancher. But he really came from Wellsville, New York. He never rode a horse until he was nearly 50. In fact, he had no great love for westerns. "I hate 'em—really can't stand 'em," he said in a newspaper interview after he had retired at the age of 73. "They always are the same. You have so few plots—the stagecoach holdup, the rustlers, the mortgage gag, the mine setting and the retired gunslinger."—*From "Saturday Afternoon at the Bijou," by David Zinman.*

BORN not for nothing under the sign of the goat, an animal built for ingestion, Capricorn had ruminated for some ten years over a rich if stomach-convulsing diet of American culture. The Astronauts, the unbending ladies of women's liberation, the doomed angel of sex, the lethal bugaloo of recent politics—such were the metaphysical *nosherei* on which Capricorn had drawn midnight sustenance throughout one of the most manic of decades. Some part of this diet still lay heavy on what his many enemies might be pleased to call his "paunch," those same enemies who, quoting the old Yiddish proverb, said of Capricorn that whatever happened to be on his lung was on his tongue. But Capricorn had sucked long enough on the bittersweet rind of paranoia and was not to be diverted from main purposes. He was, in short, ready for another bite.



That it would be a bite of no trivial proportions would go without saying, for *whatever* might be thought about Capricorn no one had thus far accused him of overly dainty table manners. This time out he proposed to illuminate a figure so obscurely situated in the darkest backward and abysm of the American collective memory as to have eluded even his own street-trained intuition, a personality that might contain the key unlocking the asylum door for the shrillest of the screaming demons of the national unconscious. Yes, he would attempt what no one else had even thought of daring to venture—a multi-angular psychohistory of the man whose very name suggested deep affinity with Capricorn's own verbal compulsions. Capricorn planned a biography of Gabby Hayes.

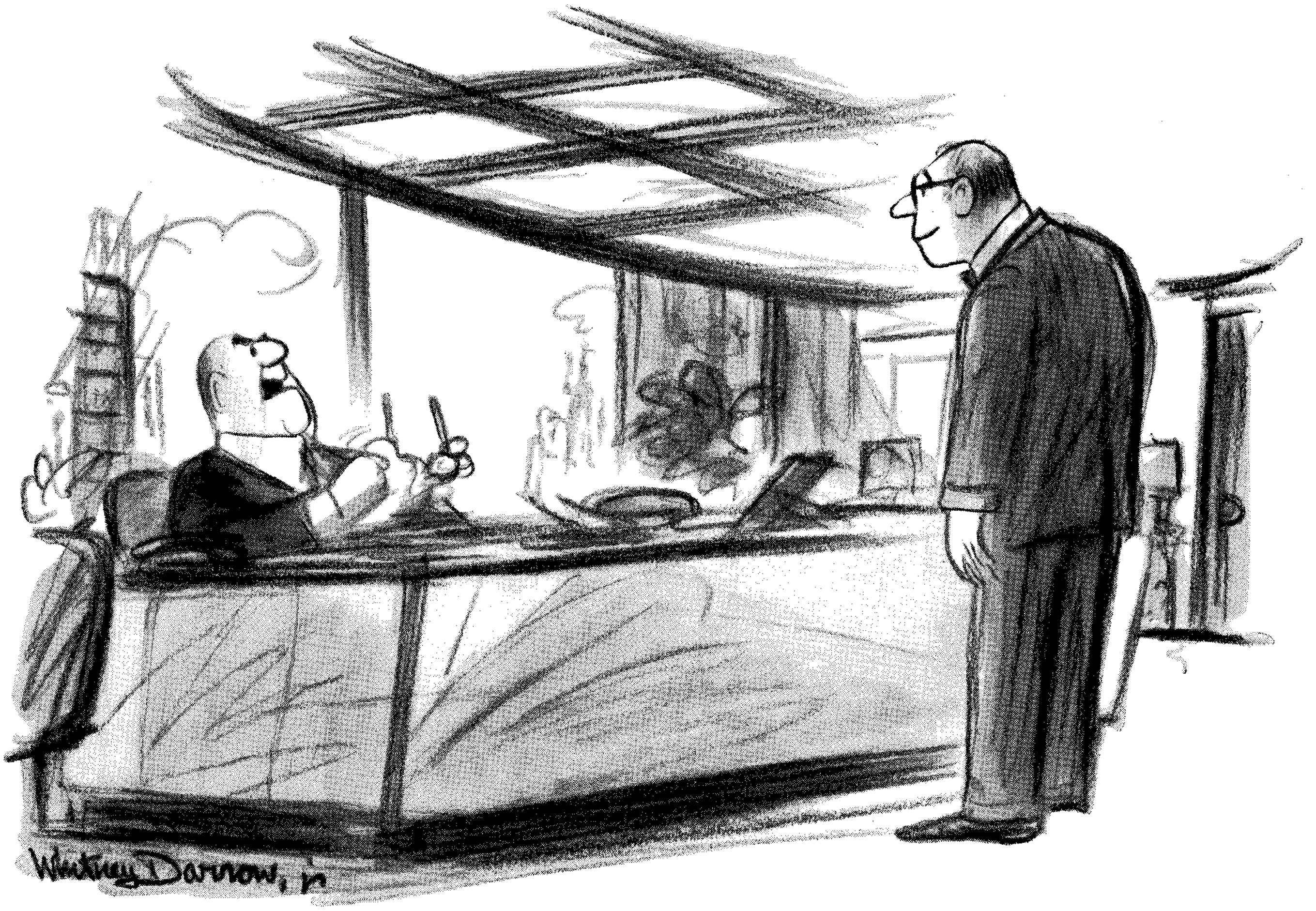
Involved, Capricorn knew, would be a feat of rare literary effrontery, and this, unexpectedly, was the fly backstroking in the murky soup of his conception. He could, of course, try to pump the helium of self-esteem back into his veins by telling himself again and again that he had tumbled the muse on Parnassus no few times in the past, so why not once more? He could try to remind himself that after a quarter century between the hashmarks, he knew all the moves—how to float the lazy post-pattern passes of inflated language with a Unitas of abstraction like J.-P. Sartre, or, hanging tough in the pocket till the last possible moment, straight-arm his way up the middle with the least polite of gutterisms. Unfortunately, nothing worked. This Gabby Hayes was something different, something that could send his circuits pulsating once more with the sweet anxiety and fear of being dumped in the end zone onto his mildly celebrated posteriors. That Hayes, the Old Man, could even be remotely comprehended by a denizen of sterile Technologyland—albeit a denizen inside whose head no small number of the Roman candles of psychic disorientation had exploded—was by no means clear.

What did Capricorn actually know about his subject? The facts in his possession were less than slight—a deficiency that had not cooled his ardor in previous outings, when he had been able to throw up an agreeable fog of aphorism, loose conjecture, and portentous speculation. But could he bring it off on even more slender pretexts this time? If, as Capricorn had long thought, in the twentieth century psychohistories had become the home movies of the intellectuals, how could he even thread his projector, much less hold his audience for the first reel?

At all events, the known facts were these: He is born George Hayes at Wellsville, New York, in 1885—almost exactly fifty-four years after the death in Berlin of G. W. F. Hegel. (Of a cabalistic turn of mind, Capricorn could scarcely help noting that he himself would be fifty-four in just four short years, though, oddly, he had never been to Berlin.) He turns up in Hollywood after the stock-market crash, having walked away from a brief career in burlesque and vaudeville, and from the thirties through the fifties he appears in almost two hundred Westerns—a genre, it turns out, for which he has no great taste—as sidekick to such stars as Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Autry, and Roy Rogers. (A filmmaker himself, Capricorn shared the Old Man's distaste for Westerns—an excellent argument, nonetheless, for his making a classic oater one day.) In the Cassidy films, Gabby's stock line, uttered in a voice of pure gravel, will be "Yer durn tootin', Hoppy." Despite his success, he apparently harbors a rankling and whiskery dissatisfaction. At some point he will be requested by Paramount to wear low-heeled boots so as to make the heroes look taller, at what cost to his manhood speculation shudders. (Capricorn, himself far from beanpoledom, had learned all there was to know about the social thermodynamics of height.) Later, after his retirement, he will let it be known in plain terms that he dislikes Westerns, is bored by their repetitive plots, and has never even forked live horseflesh until almost fifty. (Neither had Capricorn, who was beginning to feel the frayed noose of coincidence tightening.) In 1969, at the age of eighty-three, he dies, shambling off the screen as abruptly and mysteriously as he had entered it. These facts, extract of fragile Saturday-afternoon memories of a Brooklyn boyhood and some improfitable scrounging among yellowing flick journals in the myriad and dusty pedant warrens of the New York Public Library, would have to do.

AND yet, painfully exiguous though the facts might be, Capricorn's infamous nose for epistemological scent had been agitated to a fine fettle, nothing tickling that organ quite so much as the challenge of plunging beyond the mere facts of a life to that moist existential center where the superego and the id play their subterranean ping-pong. So it took no great deliberation to discern that here, in the very nap of the Old Man's whiskers, lay the acrid essence of the problem of biography—and, into the bargain, of art itself.

Turning over the stills of "Nevada Buckaroo," Capricorn detected the ductless juices of anger, resentment, and frustrated aesthetic ambition flowing in this Old Man, though the precise heft and feel of them, of course, could only be guessed at. Here one could see the American drama of the man of genius constrained by the surgical truss of a meretricious mass culture, and driven as a result to don the gaudy mismatched socks of schizophrenia. While one part of the Old Man will truckle to the role of sidekick—keenly humiliating, since, by definition, the "sidekick" is a man who lo-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"I, too, can offer executive clemency, Walters. You are hereby forgiven."*

* * *

cates the sources of his being by the bruises on his withers—another part will silently but passionately resist. He will croak out the sycophantic grammar of assent, "Yer durn tootin', Hoppy," but the words will be as pebbles in the worn-out tennis shoes of his pride. He will affect the scrofulous, toothless, scraggly-bearded camp follower, but when they tell him to pull on the low-heeled boots he will do so grudgingly, with a black and sore hatred in his heart. It does nothing to appease this hatred that the same year Eisenstein will complete the filming of "Alexander Nevsky" Hayes will be shooting "Hopalong Rides Again." When the time comes, he will pull the pin on the grenade that is his ambivalence. Never fully abandoning the comic persona that has shaped all he will ever know of a self for eighty-three years, he will lash out with that bold public judgment of his métier, extraordinary because it is a self-judgment, not only of America's archetypal art form but by extension of the vacuity of our national character. Hayes will say what Tocqueville dared not. Here one can only speak of transcendence, that wild card that fills the psychohistorian's inside straight.

That Hayes' death comes at the very fag end of the sixties hints at preternatural import, almost as if the parabola described by his tragedy had been cunningly drawn beforehand to yield some ultimate epiphany of a decade that will hear played the austere threnody of show-business misfortune and failure. It is the sixties that begin with the cruel wipeouts of Desi Arnaz, Sr., and Edd "Kookie" Byrnes, once haughty riders of celebrity's slithery board, and culminate in the Lusitanian matrimonial disasters of Ernest Borgnine, Bobby Darin, Tony Curtis, and John Lennon. Yet the symbolism of the Old Man's life will not confine itself to the claustral world of entertainment but emits blurry printouts of surcharged significance to the nation at large. For it is also the sixties, Capricorn reflected, that hobbled his countrymen with mind-splaying contradictions: the Princess phone and the 747, Alka-Seltzer commercials and the Port Huron Statement, Twiggy and Charles de Gaulle, the hot comb and the hot line, and, of course, solipsistic Capricorn himself and the rise of the apparently uninsultable American reader. Yes, if Capricorn could bottle all this—no refund, no return—then he figured to win through yet again, for as long as close reading remained out in America and deep writing in, then he himself was a candidate for one of those myths of the kind he had helped to thrive in the twilight tedium of the American dream. —Joseph Epstein and Gerald Graff

* * *

## MOTHER GOOSE

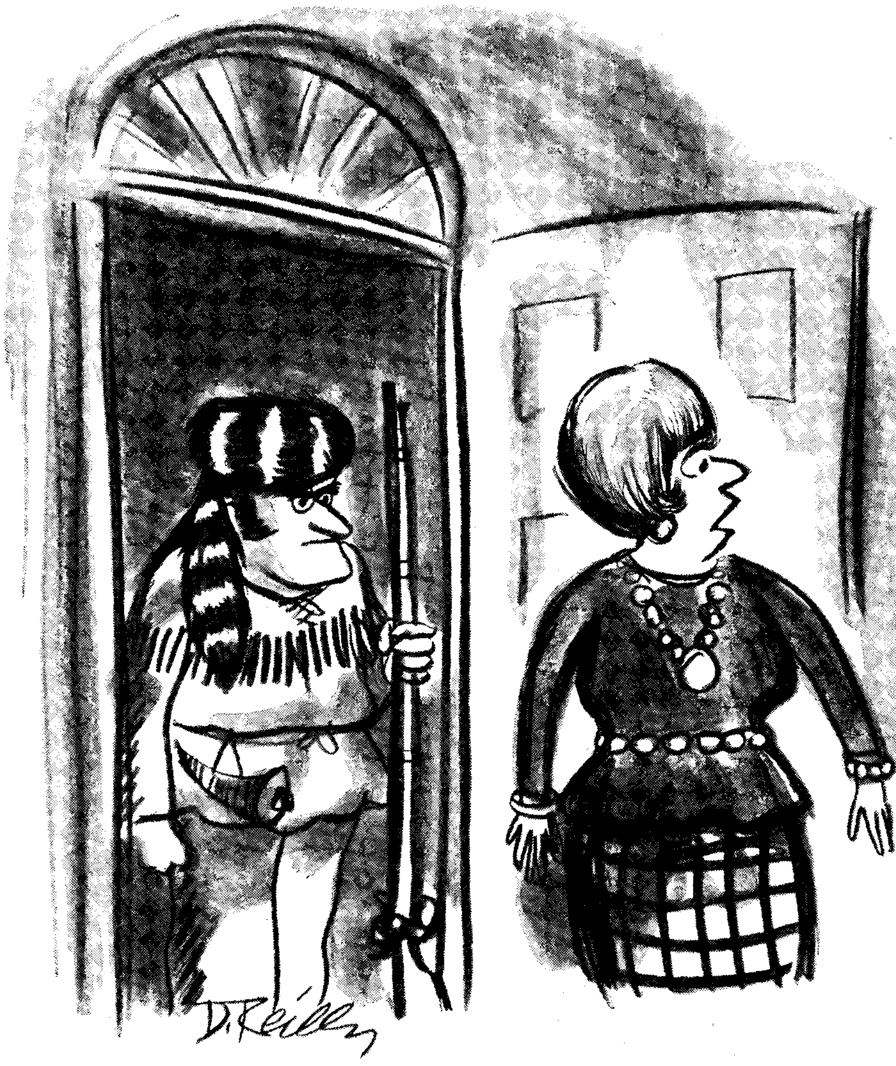
Cradling her, my will grown loose as skin,
I sit with her sage head always in my lap
and my mouth full of silly verses.
Or, shaking her off like fat drops of rain
and making a run for it,
there is a shabby umbrella tucked under my wing
and a baby in my basket everywhere I waddle.
—Jill Hoffman

# VISITORS TO A CASTLE

Mynnydd Prescelly is the westernmost mountain in Wales. It is of only moderate height but its sweeping contours, rising from a gentle countryside, dominate the skyline. Sometimes it is there, sometimes not. Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote the "Itinerarium Kambriae," must often have looked inquiringly toward it from his birthplace, Manorbier Castle. In the "Itinerary," however, all he has to say of Prescelly is that a man dwelling on its northern slope dreamed that if he put his hand into a certain spring he would find a rock and beneath it a golden torque; and being covetous, did so, was bitten by a viper, and died. It may be that Giraldus wrote more fully about Prescelly in a lost chapter of the "Itinerary;" otherwise, this is another instance of his credulity distracting him from more serious matters.

Since time out of mind, there has been a small Elfin Kingdom at Castell Llwyn Onn, which lies in a hollow of Mynnydd Prescelly. Its name harks back to a time when its inhabitants did not care to build and had not developed a social hierarchy of flying servants, strolling gentry. At nightfall, regardless of class distinctions, they flew up into the boughs of an ash grove and slept there.

They were still sleeping in trees when a mortal came among them, a civil old man in a single garment, very coarse and verminous, who had voyaged from Ireland into St. Brides Bay on a slab of granite. This he told them, while they hospitably combed the lice from his single garment. True hospitality includes receiving travellers' tales, and they asked him how he had made the granite slab seaworthy. He replied, "By Faith." The word was new to them. He preached them a sermon on the nature of Faith, and how its apartness from knowledge, its irreconcilability with all human experience, proved that it was a spark of the heavenly mind. "Faith can remove mountains!" he exclaimed. But Faith was not for them. Being Elfins, they had no souls. Without souls, they could not enjoy the advantages of Faith, not so much as to say to a pebble, "Be thou removed."



*"It's a man from the National Rifle Association. He says you're behind in your dues."*

Till now, they had listened politely. But at this last statement their Welsh pride put up its hackle. They did not contradict him to his face, but when he had limped on to convert the heathen in Carmarthenshire they exploded with resentment and set themselves to disprove it, each and all saying to his chosen pebble, "Be thou removed!" Not a pebble stirred. They decided that pebbles were too small to be worth removing anyway, and that it would be simpler to work on Mynnydd Prescelly. Prescelly did not comply; their Welsh pride would not yield. Matters were at a deadlock when the Court Poet's nephew said that if they seriously wished to remove Mynnydd Prescelly they must sing. There is nothing so powerful as singing. Everyone who sings knows this with an inward certainty.

He was a stout young fairy with a light tenor voice. Previously, no one had paid much attention to him. Now he assumed command. When they proposed to sing immediately, he quelled their impatience: they must give their voices, hoarse and ravelled from shouting at pebbles, a chance to recover. Not a note till sundown tomorrow; meanwhile, a light supper and early to bed after a gargle of blackberry juice and honey. For his part, he would compose a special Removal Song, to be sung without accompaniment, and of narrow compass so that all could join in it.

At sundown precisely, they met to sing. Not a cough was heard among them. The Poet's nephew mounted a stool and took them through the Removal Song till they had it by heart. The tune, as he had promised, was one they all could join in. It was in a three-beat measure and within the compass of a sixth. The words "Mynnydd Prescelly, Be thou removed" they knew already, and after a few niceties had been attended to he signalled them to a pause and said, "Now, all together. One, two, three!"

They began with their gathered breaths. At first, they sang in unison. Then they sang in thirds. As the power of song took hold of them, they threw in some spontaneous descants. When they realized that the song could be sung in canon, like "Three Blind Mice" and Tallis's "Evening Hymn," their joy knew no bounds. They sang. They sang. The Poet's nephew, singing himself and conducting with both hands, led them from an ample forte to a rich fortissimo and tapered them down to a pianissimo es-

PRODUCE
FROZEN FOODS
ICE CREAM
CANNED FRUITS
& VEGETABLES
SOUPS · BABY FOODS
BARE
NECESSITIES
OF LIFE
COFFEE · TEA
SPICES · PICK
PAPER PROD
FRUIT
JUICES
Sunshine
POTATO
CHIPS
49¢
Special
THIS
WEEK
ONLY
AS
ADVERTISED
Robt
Day

pressivo and roused them again and again calmed them. Each sang, putting his whole heart into it as though everything depended on him, and at the same time felt the anonymous ardor of those singing with him. They sang so intently that they did not hear the ash trees rustle as though a solemn gale blew over them. When the Poet's nephew had brought them back to a unison and slowed them to a close, they looked round on each other as though on well-met strangers. Glorified and exhausted by a total experience, they ate an enormous supper, climbed into their ash trees, and slept till well past sunrise.

It was as though they had woken in a new country. Rubbing their eyes, they stared at an unfamiliar aspect of day. The mountain was gone. When they flew up to see what had happened to it, they saw the distant coastline and the mysterious pallor of the sea.

A dandelion clock could not have vanished more peacefully. There was no sign of uprooting; the hare tracks printed their established pattern but on level ground, the brook ran in its same bed, but unhurrying. Wherever the mountain had gone to, it had gone without ill will.

Three nights later it came back, unobserved, and was settled in its old place before day.

Its return was more sobering than its departure had been. It had gone because they had willed it to do so. It came back of its own will. The Court Poet in his Welcoming Ode compared it to bees, cats, pigeons, and other animals with homing instincts, but it was felt that he was using too much poetic license. There were stories from the Kingdom of Thule of individualistic underground springs which burst into towering activity and deluged everybody with hot water and cinders. Though nothing of that sort had ever happened in Wales, neither had a disappearing and reappearing mountain. But Mynnydd Prescelly embraced its inhabitants as quietly as ever, and sheltered them as reliably from the north wind, and bumblebees hummed up and down its slopes, and harebells grew where they always did. Presently the more light-minded and scientific fairies began to experiment in removal by Faith—not the mountain, of course, but rocks and stones which nobody needed—and when there was a small landslide, nothing would content them but another singing assembly. Again the mountain disappeared—this time in a heavy sea fog; and again it came back, looking, as one might say, unmoved. Before five centuries had passed, moving the mountain had become a regular ceremonial, carried out because the mountain would expect it. By then, research had established what happened. Mynnydd Prescelly rose up in the shape of a cloud, and travelled to Plynlimon. There it descended as a heavy rain, and after it had rained on Plynlimon for the inside of a week, the cloudy Mynnydd Prescelly would travel back, fall as rain, solidify as mountain. And human beings who had noticed its absence from the skyline would say, "There's Mynnydd Prescelly again, so we'll start harvesting."

WHETHER one sleeps in an ash-tree cradle or under the thatch of a modest castle, a moist mountainy air is a better soporific than any good conscience. The Elfins of Castell Llwyn Onn prided themselves on being good sleepers, and had remarkably inoffensive consciences. Music was their preoccupation. They brewed an incomparable mead. They also prided themselves on being good neighbors: if a peasant's cow strayed into their park, they allowed it to graze; if a peasant's hoard of children wandered into their valley, they sat in trees and watched them with benevolence. This did not happen very often, however; it was a poor countryside and thinly populated. As the martyred Irishman's teaching spread among the descendants of his hearers, being an Elfin good neighbor became less easy: women pestered them with offerings, tied dirty rags on their trees, and dipped scrofulous babies in their brook; men threw stones at them, aiming in the direction of their voices. But the music and the mead continued, and the link with Plynlimon, and the satisfaction of knowing that they were instrumental in swelling the baby Usk into a real river. For though it rains copiously on Plynlimon, the contributions of their own Mynnydd Prescelly must surely count for something: if they had not all sung so powerfully to confute the Irishman and for the honor of Wales, the mountain—extraordinary thought!—might never have removed.

Perhaps it aided time to slip away so peacefully that all their queens were called Morgan. There was the notorious Morgan le Fay. There was Morgan Philosophy, whose long scholarly amour with Taliesin taught him to be a salmon and acquainted him with Alexander the Great. There was Morgan Breastknot of Music, whose page, grown old, wept on his deathbed because all living memory of her singing would perish with him. The reign of her successor, Morgan Spider (so titled because of her exquisite fine spinning), saw a new manifestation of Castell Llwyn Onn's devotion to music. Ignoring the traditional Elfin aloofness from mankind, a party of music lovers democratically disguised themselves as mortals and went to St. David's, masked and in riding mantles, to hear Thomas Tomkins play on the organ; and later, wearing bonnets and top hats, attended a performance of the "Messiah" at the Three Choirs' Festival.

By now we are within sight of the twentieth century.

IT was a fine autumn evening in 1893. The mountain had just come back from Plynlimon. Morgan Spider and some of her court were strolling in the park, saying how pleasant it was to feel sheltered from the outer world again, when they heard an astonishing assortment of noises—a frantic ting-a-ling, a metallic crash, loud mortal bewailings and cries for help. They moved cautiously toward the cries. Where their valley curved under the slope of a steep hillside they saw a massive young woman in a dark-blue uniform sprawled on the grass, weeping convulsively and draped in what seemed to be a tattered metal cage—and was, in fact, a bicycle.

In order not to alarm her, they made themselves visible, as they had made themselves visible at St. David's and the Three Choirs' Festival in order not to be sat on.

"I'm afraid you're in some trouble," said Morgan Spider.

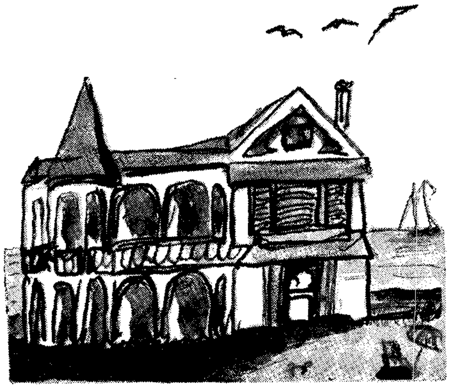
"I should think I am in some trouble," replied the young woman. "My brake wouldn't hold and my bike's smashed and my knee's cut to the bone. And I'd like to know what's been going on here," she continued, glaring at them. "It wasn't like this last week."

Consulting among themselves, they agreed that this was not the moment in which to explain about the mountain.

The young woman launched into a resentful narrative of a road which went on going uphill, so she knew it must be the wrong one, of the track she had turned into which led to a bog, of other tracks leading nowhere, of exhaustion, desolation, bulls, gnats, distant cottages which turned out to be sheepfolds, birds that got up behind her with a noise like a gun, vipers that threatened her with their stings, and never a sign of life and always uphill. "And if that wasn't enough—" She broke off and exclaimed, "Where's my bag?"

A large black bag lay nearby. Morgan Spider's page picked it up and handed it to her.

When she opened it, they all started back in horror at the appalling smell that came out. She pulled up her skirts, rolled down a black stocking, and displayed a bloodied knee. She unstoppered a small bottle. The appalling smell was redoubled. Dame Bronwen fainted. The mortal poured a well-known disinfectant on a wad of cotton wool, laid the wad (with howls) on her knee, and tied on a white bandage very deftly. Looking up, she saw them ministering to Dame Bronwen. "One of those who can't stand the sight of blood," she remarked. "My job wouldn't suit her."



A mortal who delighted in the sight of blood was not the guest they would have chosen. But hospitality is a sacred duty among Elfins. Trying not to inhale her, they supported the young woman to the castle, sat her down in the parlor, and gave her a glass of mead. There was a rather long silence. Morgan Spider looked out of the window and saw Dame Bronwen approaching, and the page doing his best with the bicycle and the bicycle retaliating. And she looked at the tranquil darkening sky, and then at the massive, reddening young woman, who was twirling her glass.

But hospitality requires more than refilling a glass. Morgan Spider mentioned that the mead was homemade, and the young woman commented that they were quite old-fashioned, weren't they.

"And where do you come from? Is it far away?"

"Nottingum."

A beatified simper spread over the young woman's face, and she dwelt on the word as though it were a jujube. "Nottingum," she repeated, and held out her glass dreamily. "Born there. Educated there. And look at me now. All my qualifications, and they've sent me to this back-of-beyond district. And that Mrs. Jones I saw last week sends a message to say she's taken unexpected and would I come soon as I could. And if I lose her, I suppose they'll blame me. Slave driving, I call it."

"Where does this Mrs. Jones live?" demanded Morgan Spider. The young woman started. She groped in her pocket and handed over a screw of paper. "It's in Welsh. Even if I could

## DYING

(FOR HENRY AT 19)

we started to talk about death death
as if it were somewhere else but you
must know that you Henry will be eaten
you must know that the dead dog's hide turns
black and smooth in the sun as an old McIntosh
or a blown inner tube but when it
happens to you you will strike your
forehead with your fist shouting aie aie aie
what a crash what a glottal stop
your feet in cement your head floating
off like a leaky blimp a white cloud
growing from your lips mouthing
wait wait I haven't I have to not
me not now in a million spots
whammos stars and ampersands
it will
happen

—ANNE HUSSEY

• •

"*That crack of yours about his beady little pig eyes was quite uncalled-for.*"

• •

say it, it wouldn't get me there. It's my poor bike I'm worrying about."

While she wept, Morgan Spider told the page to fetch her muff—for it would be a cold night to fly in.

"Madam, Madam! Your Majesty's surely not going to fly?"

"The woman's in labor. Do you expect me to go in a procession?" She snatched the muff and ran out. They saw her flicker down the valley like a bat. The uppermost thought in every heart was envy.

When Morgan returned, rosy with triumph and night air, she heard singing. As she entered, it broke off. Her whole court was assembled round the District Nurse, who lay on the floor dead drunk, with her right hand clenched on a pair of scissors.

After her departure, they explained, the mortal talked about lockjaw and said she must renew the dressing on her knee. The bandage was peeled off and rerolled with exactitude. The bottle was unstoppered, the wad soaked and reapplied. As before, she howled, but now a great deal louder. Brandishing a pair of scissors, she staggered round the room trying to get at the page in order to cut the grin off his face, tripped over the Keeper of the Archives—a slow mover—and subsided on the floor. There she had lain ever since. All felt she should be removed. None was willing to approach her, in case she might come to. The Keeper of the Archives, with a quotation from Vergil, said that in special difficulties one should turn to tradition. For a great many centuries the mountain had been removing itself unprompted, but he supposed the Removal Song would be as effective as ever. After a few false starts, they remembered the tune. Altering the words so that there should be no misunderstanding, they began singing and had been singing for an hour and three-quarters:

"Nottingum, Nottingum,
Be thou removed."

Morgan Spider said they must put more life into it. It was a fine old tune, and would stand up to a little impiety. Joined by their queen, the singers did better; some almost believed they saw the dark-blue mass rise a few inches from the floor.

Morgan Spider clapped her hands. "Stop! I see what's wrong. We're barking up the wrong tree. 'Nottingum, Nottingum, Be thou removed' means nothing to her."

They objected that the mortal had said "Nottingum."

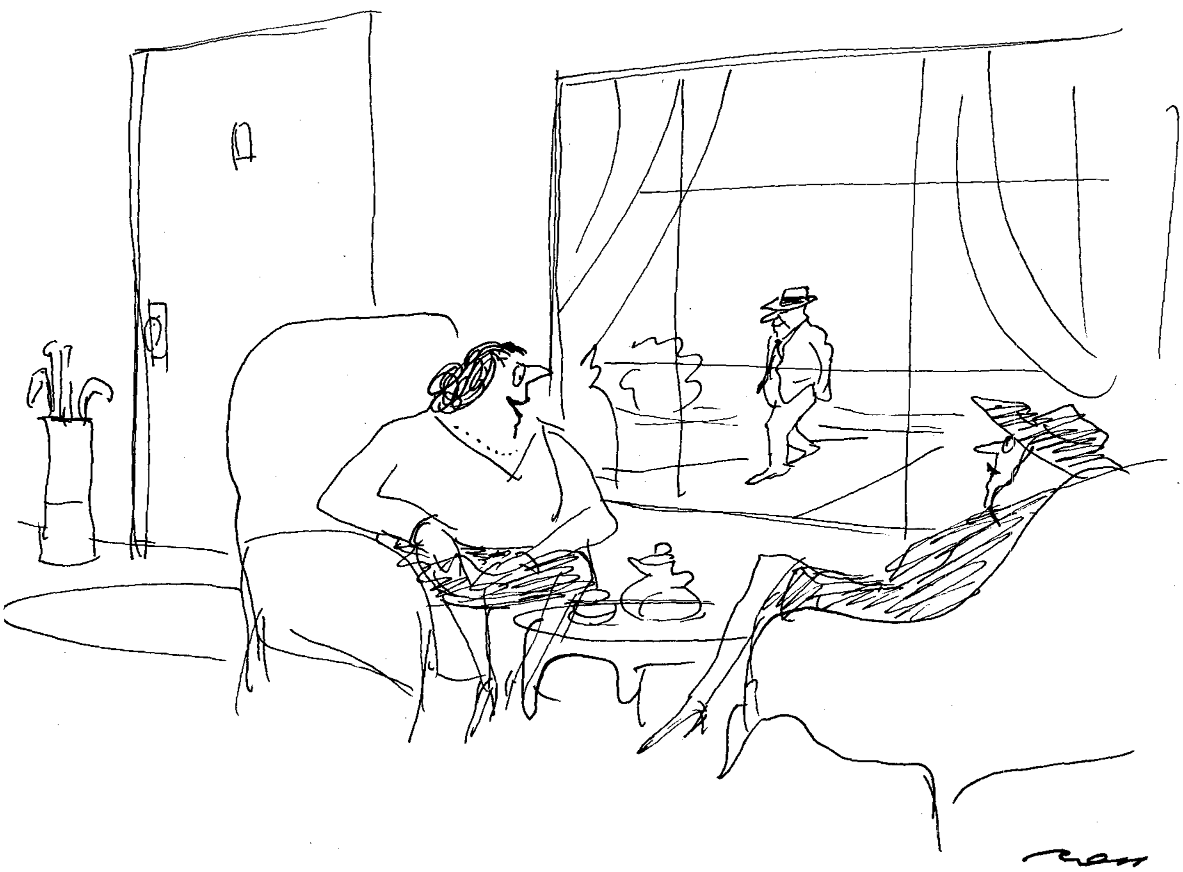
"She said she was born there. Wherever it is, it's just a place."

One of the younger ladies said, with a giggle, "Suppose it's working there?"

"That's no affair of ours. It isn't working here. But if we can't remove her, we can remove ourselves. So we'll have a quick supper and then fly to Plynlimon."

She spoke to be obeyed. On the morrow, glittering in the rays of the newly risen sun, they descended like a swarm of fireflies on the vast, green, featherbed expanse of Plynlimon.

WHEN they had recovered from the fatigue of the journey, they found themselves delighted to be there. Even Elfins are susceptible to the Zeitgeist. The Zeitgeist of the day was to resort to the Simple Life—nature, nuts, sleeping out-of-doors, an escape from convention and formality. Plynlimon afforded exactly that. Doing nothing, they were never at a loss for something to do. They snared rabbits and roasted them over a wood fire they had rekindled from the ashes of a fire abandoned by travelling gypsies. Collecting enough fuel to keep the fire going was a labor of love, eating rabbit with their fingers was a feat. When the Keeper of the Archives found a thrown-away iron caldron in a ditch, they cooked gypsy stews, flavoring the rabbit with chanterelle mushrooms and wild garlic, and supping the broth from snail shells. All these things called for much time



*"When he retired I was afraid he'd be underfoot every minute, but, praise be, he spends his days at Donovan's Tavern."*

• •

and invention and were achievements—unless they went wrong, when they were things to laugh about. The more active went for immense walks. Others picked watercress and wild strawberries or sat talking on large subjects. At night, they admired the stars. Their feet were usually wet and they were all in perfect health.

Morgan Spider, but for whom they would not have come to Plynlimon, disclaimed any particular hand in it. It was a mass rising, she said; she had chanced to speak first, but the thought was in every mind. The voice of Nature had said, "Be thou removed," as it spoke to swallows and cuckoos and ice-cream venders and nightingales; and the happy migrants obeyed. When the voice of Nature directed, they would fly back to Castell Llwyn Onn, and settle down for a comfortable winter, telling stories and brewing more mead. Every trace of the visitor would have been broomed and aired out of the castle. It had been left in the care of reliable changelings, who had detested Nottingum as only blood relations can.

One thing only slightly troubled her—Dame Bronwen's incapacity to delight in what everyone else found so delightful. At the announcement that they would remove to Plynlimon, Bronwen had welcomed the idea, so impatiently that she wanted to start at once. On their first day there, she was the earliest to be up and about, as excited as a child by the change of air, the change of scene, the prospect of an entirely new way of life. By midday, the bright morning clouded over. Politely admiring, politely enjoying, she remained aloof. Though Morgan Spider had for the time shaken off the responsibilities of a queen, she still felt the obligations of a hostess. It occurred to her that Bronwen was sulking because she felt in some way slighted.

A little favoritism might put this right. Noticing the tufts of wool which brambles and thistles had plucked off passing sheep, she had idly planned to take home the best of them to card and spin during the winter. She invited Dame Bronwen to come woolgathering. Sometimes they wandered together, sometimes apart. The air was perfectly still. There were a great many flies about, which they beat off with bracken whisks. Morgan Spider fell behind to pull some particularly fine tufts from a thorn brake. Beyond the thorn brake, she came on Dame Bronwen, who was standing motionless in a cloud of flies. She whisked her bracken frond. Dame Bronwen started violently; it was as if she had been found out in some atrocious fault.

"A penny for your thoughts, Bronwen."

It was the wrong thing to say. Dame Bronwen locked up her face, and after a pause remarked on the flies, adding that they were the only drawback to Plynlimon; adding politely that they were only a nuisance on windless days.

They walked on together, Morgan Spider making experimental conversation and getting nothing but a yes or no for her pains. There was a crooked sloe bush ahead of them, and she said to herself, "Before we reach the sloe bush I'll get it out of her." But they were level with the bush before she said, "Bronwen, what ails you?"

Bronwen said, "A bad smell." She pressed a branch of the sloe to her bosom as though its thorns would help her to speak. "Do you remember the smell that came out of the bottle?"

"And was so appalling that it made you faint? Of course I remember it. But by the time we go back, Castell Llwyn Onn will have been cleaned and aired. I shall send the page ahead of us to make certain; we won't start till he tells us it is gone."

"It will never be gone."

Dame Bronwen pressed the branch so hard to her bosom that a sloe burst and its juice spurted out.

"When I fainted it was because of what was shown me. I saw trees blighted and grass burned brown and birds falling out of the sky. I saw the end of our world, Morgan—the end of Elfin. I saw the last fairy dying like a scorched insect."

She was mad. But she spoke with such intensity it was impossible not to believe her.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

•

Because of a typographical error in an article Saturday on the sale of assets of Sterling Communications, Inc., to Time Inc., it was reported that Sterling shareholders would receive a liquidating cash distribution of $2,625 a share. The figure should be $2.62½ a share.—*The Times.*

Darn.

# PORT OF CALL

FINALLY the day arrives when I watch myself coming back after years abroad.

By that time I am living in a little blue house of my own, up on a hill overlooking the harbor. There is a pergola of grapevines outside the back door that faces east, up the hill. Nothing a stranger would call beautiful: the pergola is a structure of plain iron struts set into the stucco house wall and threaded with heavy wire, from which in late summer the grapes hang. At the outer ends the struts rest on the posts of angle iron that hold the heavy galvanized chicken wire of the garden fence. More grapevines in the garden, and beyond them tomatoes, peppers, eggplants, endive, leeks recently watered, beans both for drying and for eating green. The area outside the door itself, in the perpetual shade of the vines, is cemented over: a place for a long table and benches, painted gray. A few books and pencils on the table, the less precious books left out even at night, much of the year, in that climate. On the far side of the cemented area, a cemented wall a yard high, separating it from the garden; the wire fence rises from the top of the wall. On the wall, along the fence, there are pots full of flowers, some of which have been there for years, and have been cut back and repotted in black earth. Bushes of basil in old square tin cans. Broken knives, spoons, forks, a wineglass without a stem, a pair of broken scissors lying on a rust mark shaped like scissors in an eclipse, tucked among the pots. A ball of string, reposing in a little ring of spattered dust. Nasturtiums clambering on the wire. Sun dazzling on vine leaves. The garden gate a framework of bent galvanized water pipe covered with the same heavy chicken wire as the fence; rusted hinges that screech when the gate opens, a rusted latch that clangs when it closes, and both sounds are part of the gate, as anyone who knows the gate can see. A white rag, thrown over the top of the gate, is rotting there. The yellowish gray wall at the foot of the fence is covered with the grain patterns of the planks that framed the space when the cement was poured. A long, fading map of one section of a bewildering mountain region. The boards themselves have fed some fire. Empty birdcages on the wall, left by a former occupant, and kept, obviously, for no reason, as though there might be some other use for them. Resident spiders and lizards in the wall. I spend more time out there, as it happens, than I do on the other side of the house, on the roofed terrace facing west above the harbor. Every room of the long narrow cool house looks out to sea.

In the mornings the sun is welcome, slanting under the vines of the pergola, outside the kitchen door. And in the afternoons, when the day is hot, it is pleasant to sit out there with the sun beating on the other side of the roof, and the vine leaves sifting the glare, until the shadow in the garden suggests that it is time to begin work there.

Inside, everything is equally simple. Few possessions have survived the years, and those few are either useful or have their age and origin to commend them. A patchwork quilt that I remember from childhood. What would it mean to me if it were seen again only now, after the lapse of many years—half a life? Would it mean anything to me at all? Would it even be familiar? What enzyme of experience may have dissolved it in my mind? The books are more recent. And I no longer have the devotion to them, the individual objects, as though they might be pieces of a raft, that I had in my early youth. But it is hard to imagine myself not knowing each one of them, never having seen any of this. I will never be able to explain it.

A steep path leads up to the house above the vineyards. There are no houses above this one. Beyond the garden is the dry hill: thorny bushes, and then the open pasture rolling away to the mountains of dark oak trees and gray stone. What would it look like to someone who perhaps had grown to dislike walking? Horses wander up the path in the evening and chew at the wiry bushes, which continue to spring and thrash from time to time in the first hours of darkness. I try to imagine what a city must be like now. It is no use. What kept me?

And the others who have come and gone in this house since I came here to live. Women, friends, whole lives, and my lives with them. To know nothing of all that, all those years on the other side of the planet, where it was night when it was day here. What can be told of such things, to one who never knew the people but only the names? What do pictures mean to those who never saw the originals? What judgment can the ignorant contribute? What will anyone know of all this in the future? What will they be judging except themselves? How do I know, for what can I know of them, and

what pictures they may have kept? I am trying to imagine myself, on the basis of ancient, unsorted recollections, approaching the coast, on the last day of the voyage, after many years. What was it that I never thought I wanted, that kept me away there for half a life, promising to come back but not coming, perhaps believing myself happy? Was I?

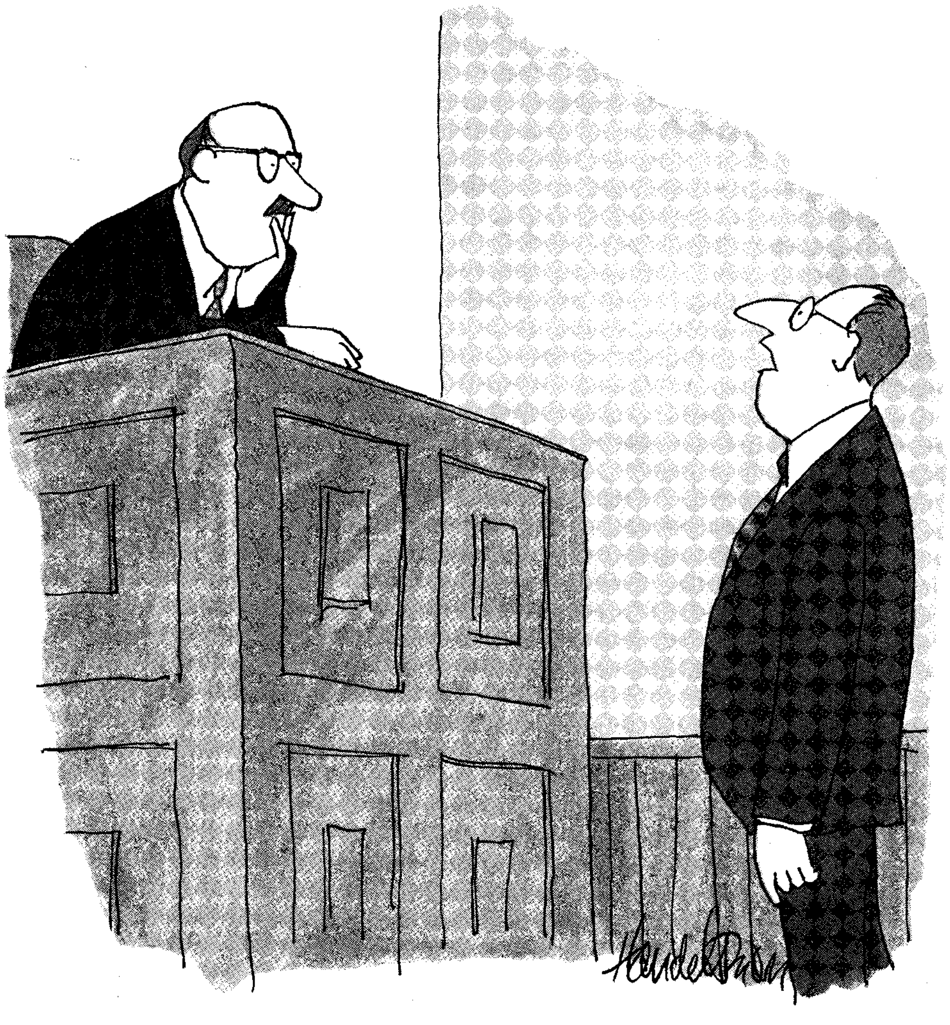
It is a long voyage, and all morning the ship can be seen from the terrace on the hill, making its way across the metal sea and into the channel behind the breakwater. Half a day, all afternoon, for the men with cables and winches on the seawall to ease it up the narrow twisting channel, conceived for nothing larger than fishing boats, turning it around the eddies and pockets made by the tides, into the wide still harbor. It is almost evening, the hour of the first coolness in the shadows and the first premonitions of the long blue-and-yellow twilights, before I start down to the harbor, leaving the door unlocked, but then turning in the path outside, after I have closed the gate, to put my hand on it again. Well, I have done that before.

Then I go down the lane slowly, to the place where it becomes cobbled, past the weavers' houses with the lengths of woven woollen cloth, brown and white, hanging out on wires—which nearer the houses also bear grapevines—with chickens scratching under them. And the houses of old women whose vineyards are tilled by neighboring families in exchange for most of the wine, so that the old women look at the vineyards in the daytime as though they already belonged to someone else, but at the ends of the days they look at them still as the vineyards of their infancy, peopled with all the figures of that time, over which the old women now stand much taller, and much lighter, beginning to rise and fly away. Past the houses of those families half shepherds and half fishermen, some of them taking turns, where I go more and more often to listen to the stories. After all my own travels, from which I always came back. Down to the cobbled steps, the marble cobbles, worn smooth, scratched by the horseshoes. Down past houses with hens on balconies under laundry, and doorways into leafy courtyards, where water is running.

I ARRIVE at the open space along the harbor as the last cables are warping the vessel to its berth, in time to watch the late sunlight on the crowd waiting to see the ship dock, though they know no one aboard. It may fall to me to be the only one getting off here, I don't know. I feel cool, and as though with all my youth, standing in the shadow of an old tree by the harbor, watching the ship in. But it may not be so with me after the days of confinement on the ship, with its dull woodwork, its alien paint, its carton cabins. No one has been able to get in touch with me for a long time. The voyage has been good for me, the days of silence. What was it that held me so long, and will it call me back again to the shrieking of metals held in the hands, and the days like stammering? It was part of me. It sent me here, which is not to say that it will leave me here. It never left me anywhere before. Eventually the horizons were aching to part again. There was the expectation of some absolute encounter. The thought of women. Who has it all been calling? What will it be like here? What will I be like? Knowing nothing of so much of my life, and the lives of others that have been woven into it. How can I ever know anything about them from words and a few photographs? What do I remember, at this moment, about myself?

Everyone knows who is coming. There will be no delay at customs, and the trunk, which is said to contain little besides a few clothes, books, notebooks, and photographs, will be taken to the one hotel, with its columned lobby full of palms, and its glass reception desk. Neither of us was ever a frequenter of cafés, but there in the café of the hotel we will sit, with a bottle of wine, in the evening light, looking at the harbor, trying to come to know each other as we are now, after all, well enough to judge, as tentatively as possible, whether it would be better for me to come up the hill at once, and have the trunk (which I remember, laughing) brought up in the morning, or whether it might be as well for me just to stay at the hotel for a while, and we would then have dinner, and after dinner I would go back up there alone.

—W. S. MERWIN



*"My client wishes to enter a plea of responsibility without guilt."*

•

LIQUEUR FLAVORING

The filling, incidentally, is flavored with Grand Mariner. If you were reading this column a few weeks ago, you may have noticed a typo making this famous orange-flavored liqueur "Grand Mariner." We do know how to spell it. Honest! It's just that we noticed the goof after it was too late to correct it.

*—Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Try switching to Benedictine.

# PROFILES

## THE HUMBLEST FRUIT

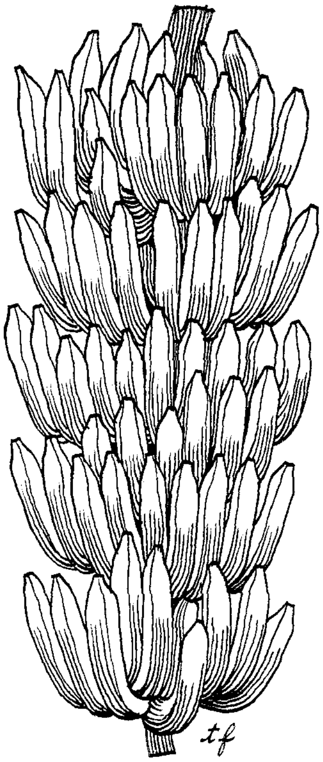
MY grandfather was a country doctor, and in his last years, when I knew him, he liked to talk about his experiences in practice. One story that I remember had to do with a call to a backwoods farmhouse to deliver a baby. It was late afternoon when he got there, and by the time the baby had been born and bathed and swaddled it was night, and the farmer offered to fix him some supper. My grandfather said he thanked him but declined.

"That's right," he told me. "But there were some bananas in a bowl on the kitchen table, and I said if he didn't mind I'd just have one of them."

"A banana!" I said. I was eight or nine years old, and always ready to eat. "That's all you wanted for supper, Grandpa—just an old banana?"

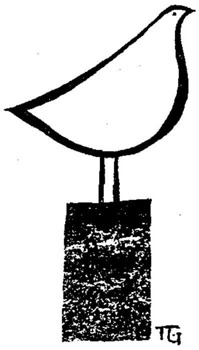
"No, sir," he said. "It wasn't that. I was good and hungry. But I was afraid to eat in that house. I was sure it was crawling with germs. It was filthy. It was the dirtiest house I've ever had to set foot in. Those people were worse than hogs. But now I'll tell you a secret. Bananas are a remarkable fruit. I mean, they are a whole lot more than just good eating. And one of the remarkable things about them is this: They're *safe*—there isn't anything cleaner than a banana sealed inside its skin. Just be sure that you peel it yourself."

ENTHUSIASM for the banana was a characteristic of my grandfather's generation. His was the first generation in America to become familiarly acquainted with the banana, and it was as much appreciated then as it is taken for granted now. To those who came only a little earlier—the generation that grew up just before the Civil War—the banana, if it was known at all, was a fruit (or was it a vegetable?) as rare as the pomegranate. Practically all those who did know it then were travellers in the hot and steamy lowlands where it most abundantly grows—in South and Central America, in the Caribbean, in West Africa, in Southeast Asia. One of these travellers was the New Orleans-born concert pianist and composer Louis Moreau Gottschalk. Gottschalk, whose compositions include a tribute called "Le Bananier," became attached to the banana during a long sojourn in Cuba in the eighteen-fifties, and he often mentions it in his autobiographical "Notes of a Pianist": ". . . giving a concert wherever I found a piano, sleeping wherever night overtook me—on the grass of the savanna, or under the palm-leaf roof of a *veguero* with whom I partook of a tortilla, coffee, and banana." A *veguero*, he adds, is a tobacco grower and "king of the savanna, who can live the whole year on exquisite bananas, on savory cocoa . . . and the best tobacco in the world."



It is probable that Gottschalk had some slight acquaintance with the banana before he discovered it in Cuba. Bananas were now and then seen in New Orleans markets in the eighteen-thirties and forties, when he was growing up there. Traders sailing from Honduras or Costa Rica would sometimes pile a few bunches on deck and hope to make New Orleans before they ripened and spoiled. The other important American ports—Philadelphia, New York, Boston—were generally considered too distant by even the fastest clipper for even the wildest gamble. As always, however, there was an occasional gambler. The annals of the trade record that in May, 1843, a New York commission merchant named John Pearsall imported three hundred bunches of the russet variety known as Cuban Red, and sold the lot at a price of twenty-five cents a "finger," or single banana. That, since Pearsall was a commission merchant, seems to have been merely the wholesale price. Moreover, twenty-five cents had the value then of over two dollars today. The record also notes that some years later a shipment of three thousand bunches of Cuban Reds reached Pearsall in a state too ripe to be sold at any price, and he declared himself a bankrupt. The banana remained an expensive delicacy through most of the nineteenth century. It was one of the curiosities—along with the telephone—at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. There bananas were individually wrapped in tinfoil and priced at ten cents (about fifty cents today). As late as the eighteen-nineties, as the Maine novelist Mary Ellen Chase recalls in her memoir of her childhood, "A Goodly Heritage," the banana was still for many Americans a novelty and a treat. She particularly remembers the arrival of the Boston supply schooner at her native Blue Hill Bay one autumn afternoon. "Most remarkable of all her goods in those relatively fruitless days were crates of oranges, two kegs of white grapes, packed in sawdust, and—most wonderful to relate!—a huge bunch of bananas in a long, slatted frame," Miss Chase writes. "It may seem impossible today to wax romantic over a bunch of bananas! But in that huge frame standing on *The Golden Hunter's* deck, behind those masses of brown, tropical grass, were concealed far more than bananas, delectable and desirable as they were in themselves. Therein among those unripe, green protuberances . . . lay a prestige and a pre-eminence among our fellows which in all the years that have passed I have never been able to recapture. My father had bought the bananas as a surprise . . . since the price of them in the village store, at least of enough to supply our family, was prohibitive . . . [and] from that day to this I have never been able to regard a banana with the supercilious stare of the cultivated mind and eye. The munificence and magnanimity of my father, the opulence and distinction of us as a family, remain, always to be evoked by any chance sight of that humblest and ugliest of fruits."

THE ugliness (to Miss Chase's otherwise admiring eye) of the banana must be laid to the genetic hand of God, but its humbleness is the work of the United Fruit Company. It was the United Fruit Company that first achieved a constant, year-round flow of high-quality bananas from Latin America to the North American market, thus transforming the banana almost overnight from a luxury fruit into something approaching a staple. This work was begun in Boston in 1899 with the merger of four variously preoccupied enterprises—the Boston Fruit Company, the Tropical Trading & Transport Company, Ltd., the Colombian Land Company, and the Snyder Banana Company—into a wholly banana-minded United Fruit Company, and it was (for all practical purposes) accomplished with the launching of the S.S. Venus, the first refrigerated produce boat in history, in 1903. In that year, the first of certain record, United Fruit imported from its Latin-American holdings some one and a quarter billion pounds of bananas.



At least two-thirds of the ten billion or more pounds of bananas now marketed around the world every year (including practically all those sold in the United States, Canada, and Western Europe) are grown in the subtropical crescent of mainland and island known in the trade as Middle America. Nevertheless, although there have been chauvinistic attempts to prove it so, the banana is not a native of the Western Hemisphere. It came to the West—like Christianity, the written word, and smallpox—as a gift from the East. Most horticultural historians are satisfied that the banana—the large, seedless, usually yellow banana of commerce—was first developed, uncounted millennia ago, in the rain forests of Southeast Asia. Edgar Anderson, Engelmann Professor of Botany at Washington University, in St. Louis, noted in a study of domesticated plants, "The *cultivated* forms [of the banana] certainly originated in cultivation, some of them as hybrids, and the Malay Peninsula seems to be the chief center of origin." The Roman encyclopedist Pliny (23-79 A.D.) appears to have been the first writer to recognizably describe the banana, and in his catch-all "Historia Naturalis" he ascribes to it an Indian origin. "There is [a] tree of India . . . remarkable for the size and sweetness of its fruit, upon which the sages of India live," he reports. "The leaf of this tree resembles in shape the wing of a bird, being three cubits [about five feet] in length and two in breadth. It puts forth its fruit from the bark . . . a single one containing sufficient to satisfy four persons." Pliny's depiction has the further distinction of having given the banana its scientific name. The banana is a member of the botanical genus *Musa* (possibly from *mûz*, the Arabic for banana), and when the eighteenth-century Swedish taxonomist Linnaeus came to classify the common cultivated species, he remembered Pliny's allusion to the sparing diet of the Indian intellectual and named it *Musa sapientum*. *Musa* seems to have brought out the romantic (or the facetious) in Linnaeus. There is a medieval legend that the banana, not the apple, was the fruit with which Eve tempted Adam, and the name that Linnaeus gave to the species of *Musa* commonly known as the plantain commemorates this pretty story. He called it *Musa paradisiaca*. The earliest clearly first-hand observation of *M. sapientum* was set down by a Chinese scholar named Yang Fu in the second century. In a compilation called "Record of Strange Things," he wrote: "*Pa-chiao* has leaves as large as mats. One stem bears several tens of fruits. The fruit has a reddish skin like the color of fire, and when peeled the inside is dark. The pulp is edible and very sweet, like honey or sugar. Four or five of these fruits are enough for a meal. After eating, the flavor lingers on among the teeth."

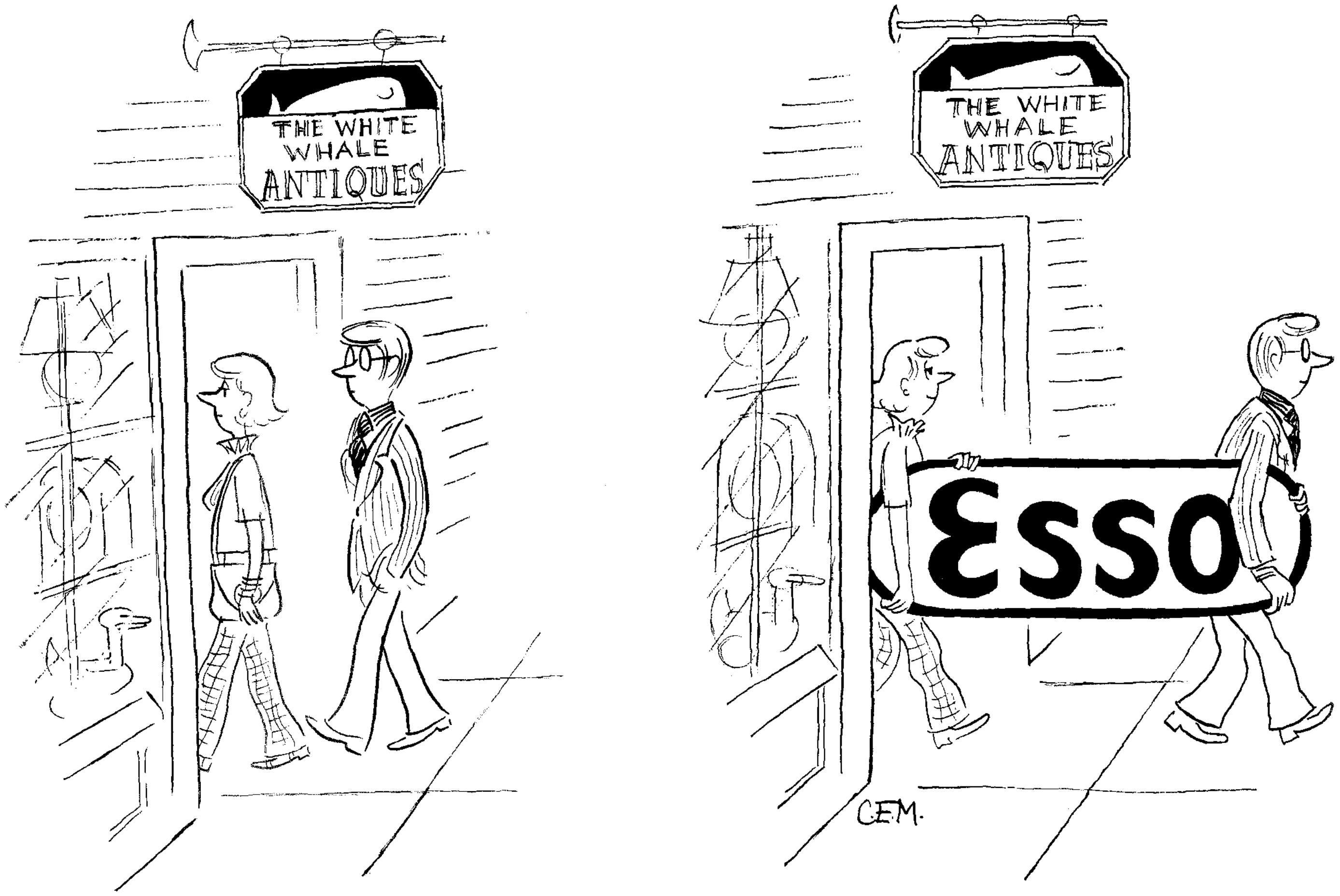
The toothsome flavor of the banana was probably known only to the peoples of the East until well into the Christian era. Arab traders are usually credited with the introduction of the plant into the gardens of the Middle East and Africa, but, considering the dry lands through which it had to travel, its passage must have been a slow one. It is probable, however, that it had completed the first leg of its journey by around the time of Muhammad, for there is good reason to believe that the legend that places the banana in the Garden of Eden is a Muslim invention. At any rate, the Arab historian Masudi, who died in 956, speaks in his cultural history of the world, "Muruj al-Dhanab," of a traditional Egyptian confection composed of almonds, honey, and bananas. (The bananas of the Middle East were once of some renown, and one of those who testified to their quality was Benjamin Disraeli. In a letter written to his sister from Cairo in 1831, when he was twenty-seven, he exclaimed, "Oh the delicious fruits that we have here and in Syria! Orange gardens miles in extent, citrons, limes, pomegranates; but the most delicious thing in the world is a banana, which is richer than a pineapple.") It was also the Arabs who introduced the banana—along with the slave trade and the itch for ivory—into the immensity of humid black Africa. It immediately flourished there. The Portuguese explorers of the middle fifteenth century found it established as a staple food everywhere along the Guinea Coast—in Gambia, in Sierra Leone, in Liberia. It was there, moreover, that the banana found its almost universal name. The word "banana" derives, by way of the Portuguese, from a variety of West African languages, in which the fruit was variously known as *banna*, *bana*, *gbana*, *abana*, *funana*, and *banane*.

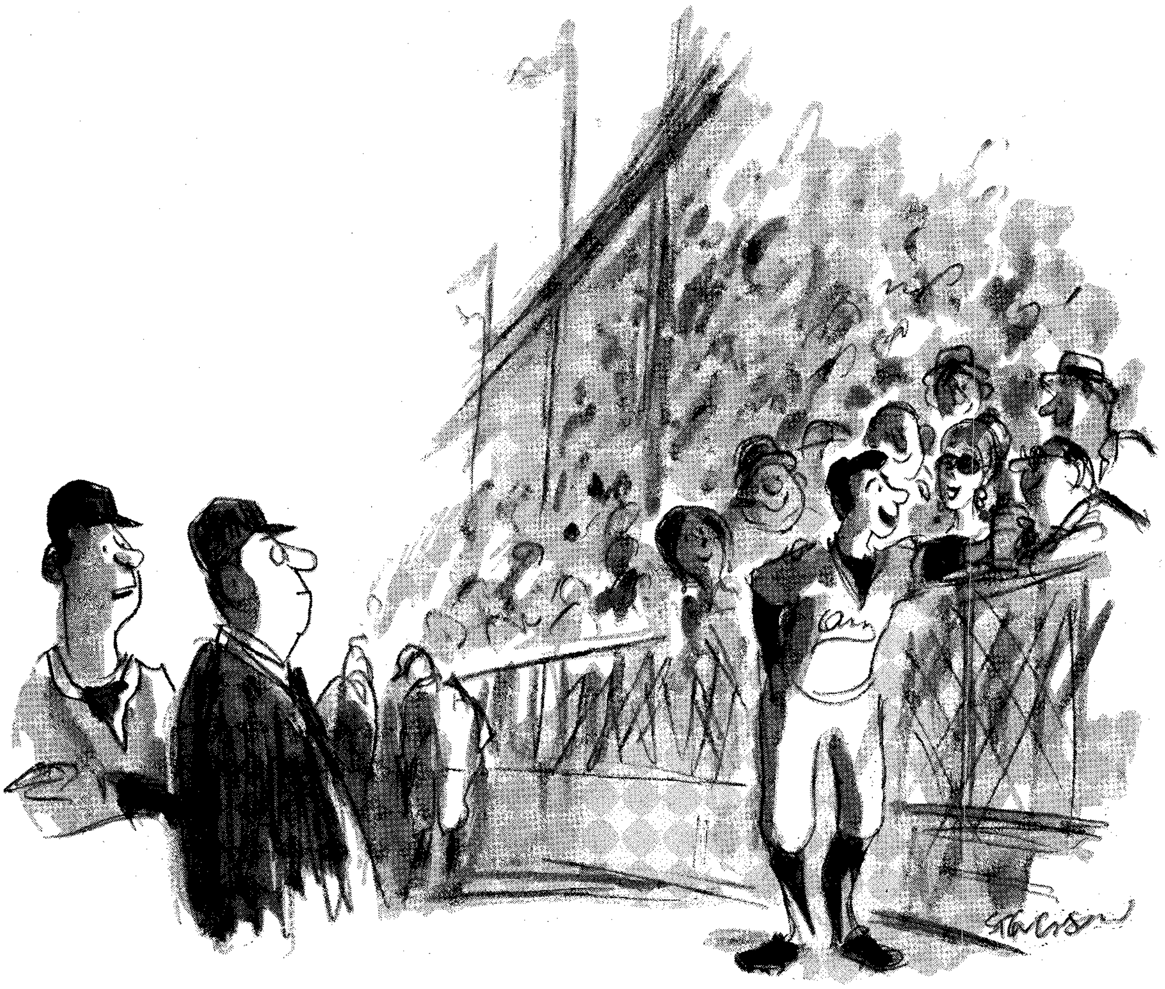
The ultimate westward passage of the banana was accomplished in no more than a generation. Sometime in the late fifteenth century, it was carried by the appreciative Portuguese from the Guinea Coast to the Canary Islands. The Spaniards found the banana under intensive cultivation there when they added Tenerife, the largest of the islands, to their infant empire in 1496. (Banana cultivation in the Canaries, though dependent upon irrigation, has never slackened, and its plantations are ranked today among the most productive in the world.) The banana sailed across the Atlantic with the Spanish conquest, and, like the first conquistadors, it first established itself in the larger islands of the Caribbean. The circumstances of its importation into America were recorded by a contemporary witness, the Spanish historian Gonzales Fernández de Oviedo y Valdés, who began his career as supervisor of gold smeltings at Santo Domingo in 1514. "This special kind [of fruit]," Oviedo noted in his four-volume "Historia General y Natural de las Indias, Islas y Tierra-Firme del Mar Oceano," "was brought from the Island of Gran Canaria in the year 1516 by the Reverend Father Friar Tomás de Berlanga, of the Order of Predicadores [later Bishop of Panama], to this city of Santo Domingo, whence they spread to the other settlements of this island and to all other islands peopled by Christians. And they have even been carried to the mainland, and in every part they have flourished."

THE nature of the banana is as singular as its history and its shape. Its propagation is unlike that of any other fruit. The banana plant is not a tree but a tree-size herb, with a palmlike crown and a fleshy green stalk that can spring from the ground and grow to a height of twenty or thirty, or even forty, feet in little more than a year. Its visible stalk is not a stem but a tubular convolution of its unfurling giant leaves, and its apparent root is not a root but a rhizome. This is a shallow, creeping, tuberous stem that produces a number of progenitive buds, like the eyes of a potato. Much as the potato plant grows from the sprouting seed potato, the banana is grown from planted sections of rhizome. A few weeks after planting, a leafy stalk sprouts from the reproductive bud and begins its laborious simulation of a tree. A truer stalk then appears in the form of a shoot that pushes slowly up through the hollow center of the spiralling shaft of leaves. The shoot emerges at the crown of the plant as a flower bud, lengthens, droops, and slowly opens into a dozen cascading clusters of tiny blossoms. It is from these blossoms that the banana's cornucopia of fruit develops. Each female blossom becomes a single banana, or "finger;" each cluster of from ten to twenty upthrusting fingers becomes a "hand;" and the whole bouquet becomes the massive bunch, or "stem," of bananas. The botanically ordained purpose of the banana plant is to produce a bunch of bananas, and when that end is achieved its productive life is over. The cultivated plant is then cut down and a successor shoot takes over.

Bananas, like many other kinds of fruit, are always picked in their green, or unripened, state. This is not, however, for reasons of marketing convenience, as is the case with most other fruits and vegetables. Gourmet hearsay to the contrary, a banana is not at its best when freshly picked from the tree. A tree-ripened banana lacks the melting sweetness and velvety texture for which the store-bought banana is relished. Bananas ripen properly only after picking. They must, moreover, be picked at a certain stage of maturity. There is a period, usually set at about three weeks, during which they must be cut in order to ripen satisfactorily. The distance the banana must travel to market determines the moment of cutting. Bananas consigned to the most distant markets are cut on the earliest possible days, for a day, even a few hours, can be important in their fragile market life. Few fruits (the strawberry, perhaps, and the raspberry) are more sensitive than the banana to the destructiveness of time.

A picked banana begins at once to ripen. The process cannot be halted without damage to the fruit, but it can be tactfully retarded. In this respect, the banana might seem to resemble the apple. Apples picked for winter storage can be kept for months in a controlled environment of low temperature (just above freezing) and high humidity (around eighty-five per cent), which produces a physiological stasis somewhat like hibernation. But the banana is less accommodating to commerce. A cut banana has a "twilight" life under ideal storage conditions of about six weeks. It must then be allowed (or encouraged) to ripen fully, or be discarded. The storage conditions it requires include sufficient cooling (or heating) to achieve and maintain a constant temperature in the pulp of the fruit of about fifty-six degrees, a humidity of at least ninety per cent, and a carefully regulated ventilation system, and these are standard on all banana ships, trains, and trucks. The twilight life of the banana is a curious imitation of life. In his "The Banana: Its History, Cultivation and Place Among Staple Foods," Philip Keep Reynolds, the classic biographer of the fruit, has noted, "The necessity for infinite care in handling a bunch of bananas will be appreciated when it is realized that this fruit, when harvested, is practically a living organism drawing sustenance from its stalk, with sap flowing and tissues changing; that in the ripening process it generates heat within itself; that a few degrees of temperature above or below normal may stimulate too rapid ripening, or cause checked vitality and chill." The demanding nature of the twilight life of the banana was examined in more detail by Harry W. von Loesecke, a United States Department of Agriculture research chemist, in a monograph entitled "Bananas: Chemistry, Physiology, Technology." "The problem of respiration is one of considerable complexity," he





*"He's a lousy ballplayer, but he gets along very well with the fans."*

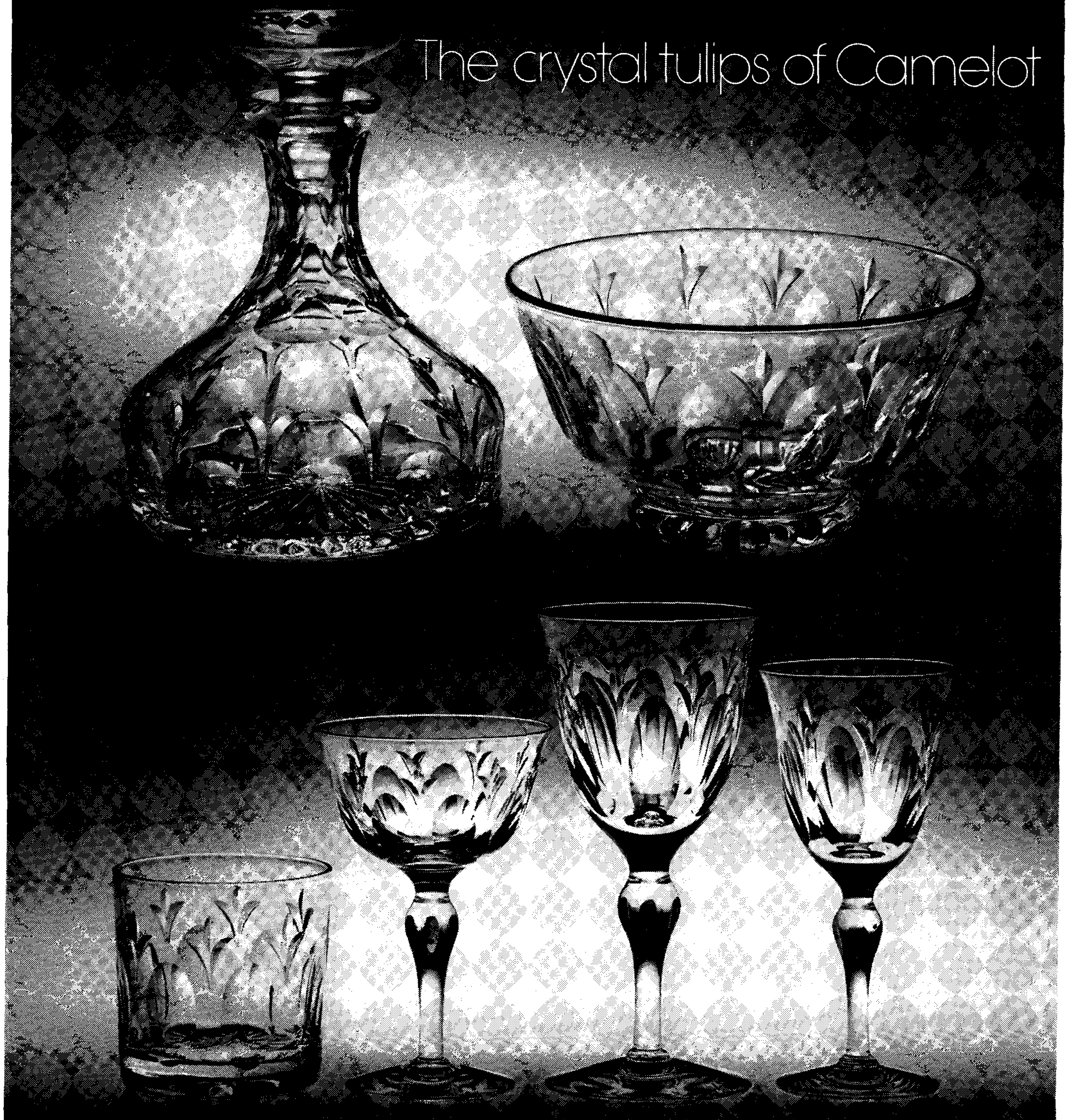
• •

observed. "The fruit continues to respire when removed from the tree, evolving carbon dioxide along with ethylene and probably small amounts of volatile esters. Any condition that radically changes this respiratory activity and thereby alters the normal metabolism of the fruit, will have detrimental effects upon its final quality. . . . In general, the trend of respiration is an initial steady, relatively low rate for green, unripe fruit, followed by a rapid rise during the early ripening period. The ripe and overripe fruit show a fairly steady, but usually slowly rising rate until the peel becomes completely brown." It is this stubborn, lifelike respiratory vigor of the cut banana that complicates the immediate, shipboard inhibition of the ripening process. More is required than merely removing the harvested fruit from tropic heat to storage in a properly ordered environment. The several gases emitted by the respiring banana must be expelled from the shipboard storage bays, for they speed up the ripening process. The proper environment of cool, moist, circulating air must be established in the storage bays and then meticulously maintained. Refrigeration must be so pitched that it quickly reduces the field heat of the banana and also counteracts the waves of metabolic heat produced by the living, breathing banana. This heat, in the early stages of cooling, can be of some intensity. Reynolds has estimated that a sixty-thousand-pound cargo of bananas will generate about eight million British thermal units per hour. That is about the equivalent in heat production of burning a third of a ton of coal.

Bananas are ripened commercially in much the same way that they are stored for transportation. There is the same control of temperature and humidity, and the same provision of circulating air. The differences are chiefly that the temperature of the pulp is gently raised from the numbing fifty-six degrees to a more animating fifty-eight to sixty-eight, and the natural emanations of the banana are retained and circulated through the ripening room. The most important of the gases that assist ripening is ethylene. Ethylene is a versatile unsaturated hydrocarbon that occurs in illuminating gas and was once widely used as a general anesthetic in surgery. Its capacity for stimulating the ripening process in bananas (and also in such other produce as tomatoes, apples, and pineapples) is another aspect of its powerful personality. The discovery of ethylene as a natural product of banana metabolism and the demonstration of its role as an autocatalyst in ripening occurred in the late nineteen-twenties, and it was subsequently found that a more precise control of the process could be gained by the use of additional ethylene. A brief exposure of the fruit to ethylene (in a ratio of one cubic foot of gas to every thousand cubic feet of room space) at the start of the ripening process is now standard practice in the trade.

Five commercial-ripening schedules, ranging from four to eight days, are in common use. The shorter the schedule the greater the heat required to bring the fruit to the wanted state of maturity, and the more leisurely schedules are usually thought to produce the best fruit. Bananas are not brought to actual eating ripeness in the ripening room. That would limit their shelf life too severely. They are ripened to the edge of a color state—called No. 4 in the trade—in which the original grassy greenness of the peel has been replaced by a preponderance of yellow. The fruit is then quickly moved to market and continues its ripening on the shelf. At this stage, a banana has about a week of more or less edible life. The lingering green of No. 4 becomes (in No. 5) a mere touch of green at the tips, and that gives way (in No. 6) to an entirely yellow skin. This is followed by the telltale freckling of the final stage (No. 7) of generally acceptable ripeness. Most people (forty per cent) prefer bananas in the green-tip stage, according to a United Fruit Company survey. The second-largest group in the study (thirty-two per cent) favored a fully yellow banana, and the next (seventeen per cent) the greenish No. 4. Only seven per cent of those polled preferred the fully ripened

# The crystal tulips of Camelot



Heavy, rich English tulips, in hand-blown, hand-cut crystal marked with the Stuart signet. England's finest crystal. Collectible. And with a lead content so high perhaps no other crystal made today can equal it for lustre, clarity and ring.

Above, all in Camelot pattern: Bosun's Bottle, $90; Bowl, $35. Below, left to right: Rummer, $16; Champagne, Goblet, Wine, each $15. Other Stuart Stemware patterns, $9 to $23.50.

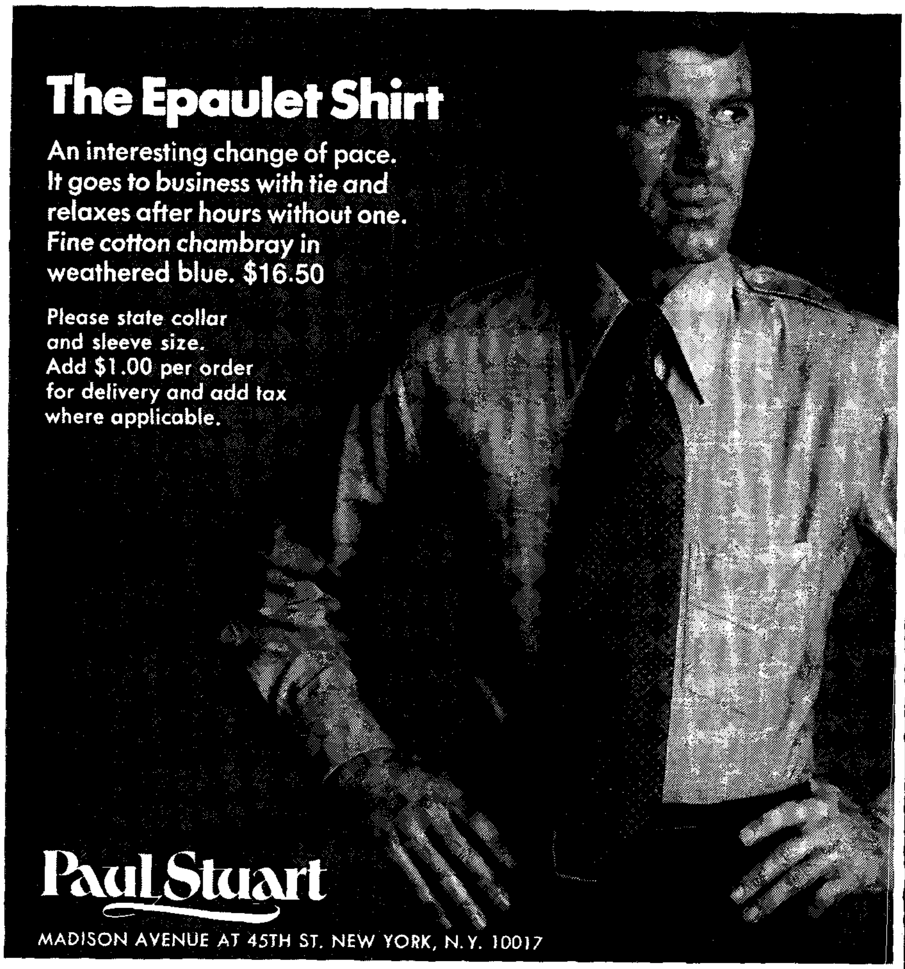
**Stuart Crystal**

At a fine store near you. For free "How to Choose Your Crystal" booklet and pattern brochures, write Stuart Crystal, 11 East 26 Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

No. 7 banana. The remaining four per cent were people who ate only cooked bananas, and so bought only green or greenish fruit.

THE United States consumes more bananas than any other country in the world, and Americans eat more bananas than any other fresh, or unprocessed, fruit. Apples and oranges and grapes, though all of great commercial importance, are now increasingly marketed as cider (or applesauce, apple jelly, apple juice), as frozen orange concentrate, and as wine. In 1971, according to records compiled by the United States Department of Agriculture, Americans ate some four billion one hundred and forty million pounds of bananas—an average of upward of eighteen pounds per person—and all those bananas (except for a trifling few processed for baby food) were bought fresh. The banana is popular primarily because almost everybody likes its delicate, unassertive flavor. (Simone Beck, the great French cook and collaborator of Julia Child, observed in her recent culinary memoir, "Paul Child, the husband of Julia . . . is as fond of bananas as my husband is of chocolate. Just as my husband has a chocolate dessert every night, Paul Child has a banana for breakfast.") But there are other reasons for the popularity of the banana. Bananas are always and everywhere in season (at Denny's Market in Stapleton, Nebraska, and on the breakfast menu of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston), and they are always (even at the Ritz) the least expensive of fruit. Bananas are, in fact, among the least expensive of all foods. At around nineteen cents a pound, they are cheaper than rice (thirty-six cents a pound) or potatoes (twenty-four cents a pound) or dried black beans (thirty-seven cents a pound), or even the cheapest supermarket bread.

Nevertheless, for all its great and growing popularity, the banana has few genuine admirers. The enthusiasm of its Gottschalks and Disraelis and Chases faded with the proletarian abundance of the twentieth-century banana. Such proprietary ardor is now reserved for the avocado, the mango, and the organically grown tomato. The banana, unlike the grapefruit, or even the commonplace apple, has never been a selection of the Fruit-of-the-Month Club. Its place in current American culture is very much like that of the hot dog and the hamburger. Everybody likes the banana, but nobody takes it seriously. Indeed—after fifty years of show-biz songs ("I Like Bananas



**The Epaulet Shirt**

An interesting change of pace. It goes to business with tie and relaxes after hours without one. Fine cotton chambray in weathered blue. $16.50

Please state collar and sleeve size. Add $1.00 per order for delivery and add tax where applicable.

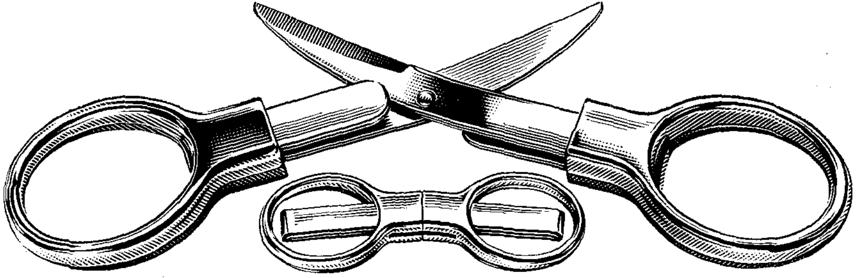
**Paul Stuart**

MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

**HOLD EVERYTHING-**

**don't take another step without**

**HAVERSNIPS!**



You could find yourself in a difficult spot in which a pesky hangnail, an untrimmed eyebrow, a loose thread, or an uncut paper doll could turn a promising situation into a social debacle. Don't let this happen to you! Carry **Haversnips** in pocket or purse. If needed, remove them from their dandy snap-case, unfold them in a thrice, and quickly resolve any impending crisis by snipping through the Gordian knot or whatever it may be. **Haversnips** are forged of an outstanding grade of stainless steel that will keep them sharp virtually forever. Tucked together, before snapping into action, they just measure three inches. But here is the most incredible fact: although you might have seen travel scissors advertised at $7.95 (indeed—gulp!—that's what they are in **our** Catalog) we are offering **Haversnips** today at a price that verges on irresponsibility—namely, just two dollars, and that includes postage and handling. But there is more: we'll also send you our 64-page Catalog and a $2.00 gift certificate that you can apply to your next purchase. So, before we discover that we can't really make out on this deal, fill out the coupon, mail it to us with your check for $2 and let us send **Haversnips** right out to you. NY0101

☐ **Yes, send me Haversnips quickly. My check for $2 is enclosed.**

Name__________

Address__________

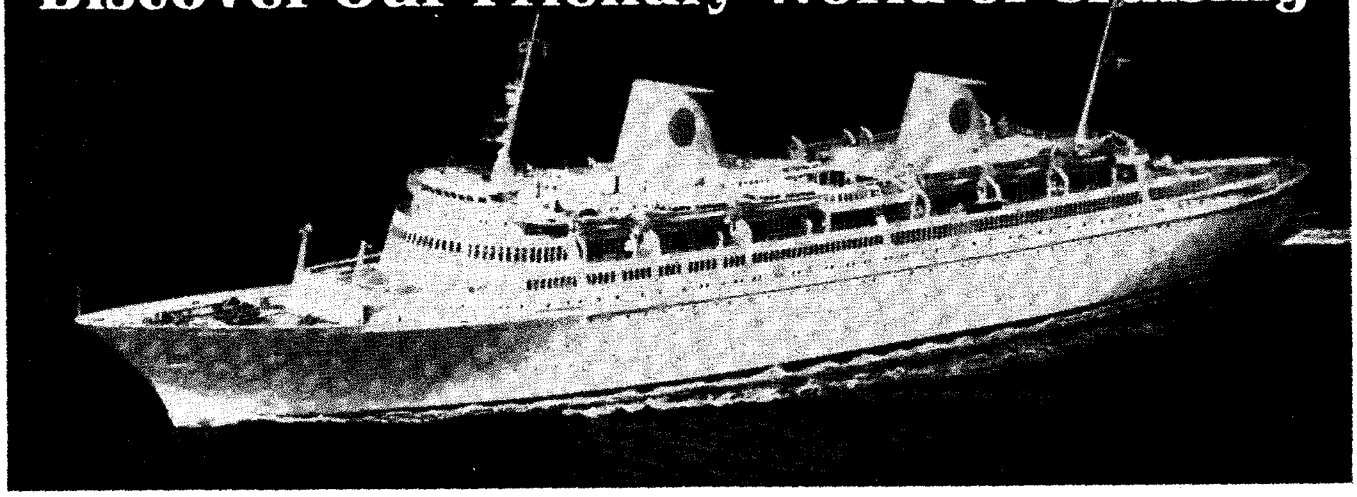
__________Zip__________

**haverhill's**

586 Washington St.
San Francisco, Cal. 94111

349-2

# Discover Our Friendly World of Cruising



Every Swedish American cruise is an adventure in gracious living. That's our tradition, and we live up to it. We'll always give you a happy cruise — filled with friendship, relaxation, elegance and enchantment — because we know you wouldn't want it any other way. Come sail with us on the beautiful GRIPSHOLM or KUNGSHOLM, and discover the life-enriching experience of cruising.

## ❶ JAN. 18, 1974 • AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

KUNGSHOLM • 94 Days • 24 Ports
Also from Port Everglades, Fla., Jan. 20.

A memorable, globe-girdling cruise, featuring: Bridgetown, BARBADOS; Bahia and Rio de Janerio, BRAZIL; Cape Town and Durban, SOUTH AFRICA; Lourenco Marques and the Island of Mozambique, MOZAMBIQUE; Mombasa, KENYA; Bombay and Cochin, INDIA; Colombo, SRI LANKA (Ceylon); Klang, MALAYSIA; Bangkok, THAILAND; HONG KONG; Keelung, TAIWAN; Inland Sea of Japan, Kobe and Yokohama, JAPAN; Honolulu, HAWAII; San Francisco; Guadalupe Island, Puerto Vallarta and Acapulco, MEXICO; and Cristobal, CANAL ZONE. The cruise terminates in Port Everglades or in New York.

## ❷ JAN. 22, 1974 • SOUTH SEAS, FAR EAST, PACIFIC • GRIPSHOLM • 90 Days • 20 Ports

Also from Port Everglades, Fla., Jan. 25.

Paradise regained . . . on an irresistible cruise to the enchanted islands of the South Seas, the magnificent scenery of New Zealand and Australia, and the rich pageantry of the Far East. The itinerary includes: transit of the PANAMA CANAL; Balboa, CANAL ZONE; Tagus Cove, GALAPAGOS ISLANDS; Nuku Hiva, MARQUESAS ISLANDS; Moorea and Tahiti, SOCIETY ISLANDS; Apia, WESTERN SAMOA; Suva, FIJI; Mt. Maunganui and Wellington, NEW ZEALAND; Sydney and Thursday Island, AUSTRALIA; Bali, INDONESIA; SINGAPORE; Bangkok, THAILAND; HONG KONG; Kobe and Yokohama, JAPAN; Honolulu, HAWAII; Los Angeles; and Cristobal, CANAL ZONE. The cruise terminates in Port Everglades or New York.

## ❸ APRIL 23, 1974 • SPRING ADVENTURE CRUISE

KUNGSHOLM • 36 Days • 19 Ports
Also from Port Everglades, Fla., April 20, or from San Francisco, Cal., April 8.

Europe in Spring blossom time is the setting for this delightful cruise. It calls at Ponta Delgada, AZORES; La Coruna for Santiago de Compostela, and Santander, SPAIN for the famous Altamira Caves; Bordeaux, Cameret, Brest, Le Havre, FRANCE; Rotterdam, HOLLAND; Ryde, Weymouth, Torquay, Plymouth, Avonmouth, ENGLAND; Dun Laoghaire, IRELAND; Llandudno, WALES; Isle of Man; Brodick, SCOTLAND; and Helensburgh for Scotland's Lochs.

## ❹ APRIL 24, 1974 • GREEK ISLANDS, MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC • GRIPSHOLM

47 Days • 23 Ports • Also from Port Everglades, Fla., April 19, or from Los Angeles, Cal., April 9.

An excitingly different cruise to strikingly different ports — Funchal, MADEIRA; Tangier, MOROCCO; Valletta, MALTA; Kusadasi and Istanbul in TURKEY. Then it's a cruise within a cruise to GREECE and the Greek Islands — Epidaurus, Hydra, Piraeus (for Athens), Delos, Mykonos, Patmos, Rhodes, Itea and Corfu; Kotor, St. Stefan and Dubrovnik on YUGOSLAVIA's jewel-like Adriatic Coast; Venice, ITALY; Messina, SICILY; Minorca, SPAIN; Portimao, Lisbon and Porto de Leixoes (for Oporto), PORTUGAL; and Ponta Delgada in the AZORES.

## ❺ MAY 30, 1974 • SCANDINAVIA, BALTIC, SCOTLAND • KUNGSHOLM • 27 Days • 7 Ports

A refreshing Springtime cruise to Stavanger, NORWAY, and the spectacular Norwegian fjords; to Gdynia, POLAND; Stockholm, SWEDEN, with the opportunity to visit Leningrad and Moscow, RUSSIA; Kalmar, SWEDEN; the Isle of Bornholm and Copenhagen in DENMARK; and as a grand finale, to South Queensferry for a visit to SCOTLAND'S beautiful capital of Edinburgh and a tour of the breathtaking Trossachs. Cruise terminates in New York.

## ❻ JUNE 11, 1974 • CRUISE TO THE RIVIERAS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN • GRIPSHOLM

44 Days • 23 Ports

A delightfully refreshing summer cruise to the Riviera playgrounds of the Mediterranean and the sparkling coastal regions of the Adriatic. Ports of call: Funchal, MADEIRA; Cadiz, SPAIN; Tangier, MOROCCO; Malaga, SPAIN; Valletta, MALTA; Corfu, GREECE; Kotor, St. Stefan and Gruz (for Dubrovnik), YUGOSLAVIA; Venice, ITALY, and Messina, SICILY; Sorrento (for the Amalfi Drive), Isle of Capri and Livorno (Leghorn), ITALY; Porto and Ajaccio, CORSICA (France), Villefranche, FRANCE; Rosas and Barcelona, SPAIN; Mahon, MINORCA (Spain); Portimao and Lisbon, PORTUGAL; and Ponta Delgada, AZORES. Cruise terminates in New York.

*All cruises from New York unless otherwise specified*
Ships under Swedish Registry

**SWEDISH AMERICAN LINE** K-10-1-3
636 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10020

Gentlemen: Please send brochures and rates on the cruises checked.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________ STATE & ZIP ______________

MY TRAVEL AGENT IS ______________________

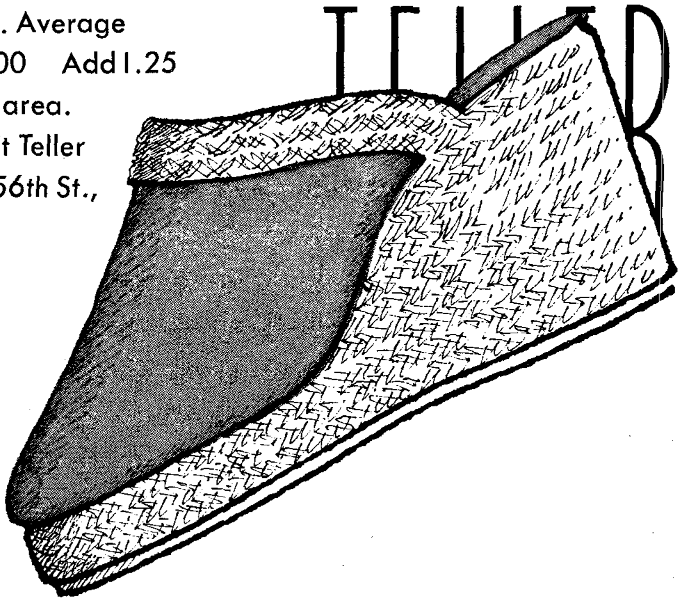
Numbers correspond to cruise listings.

| | ❶ | ❷ | ❸ | ❹ | ❺ | ❻ |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | ☐ | ☐ | ☐ | ☐ | ☐ | ☐ |

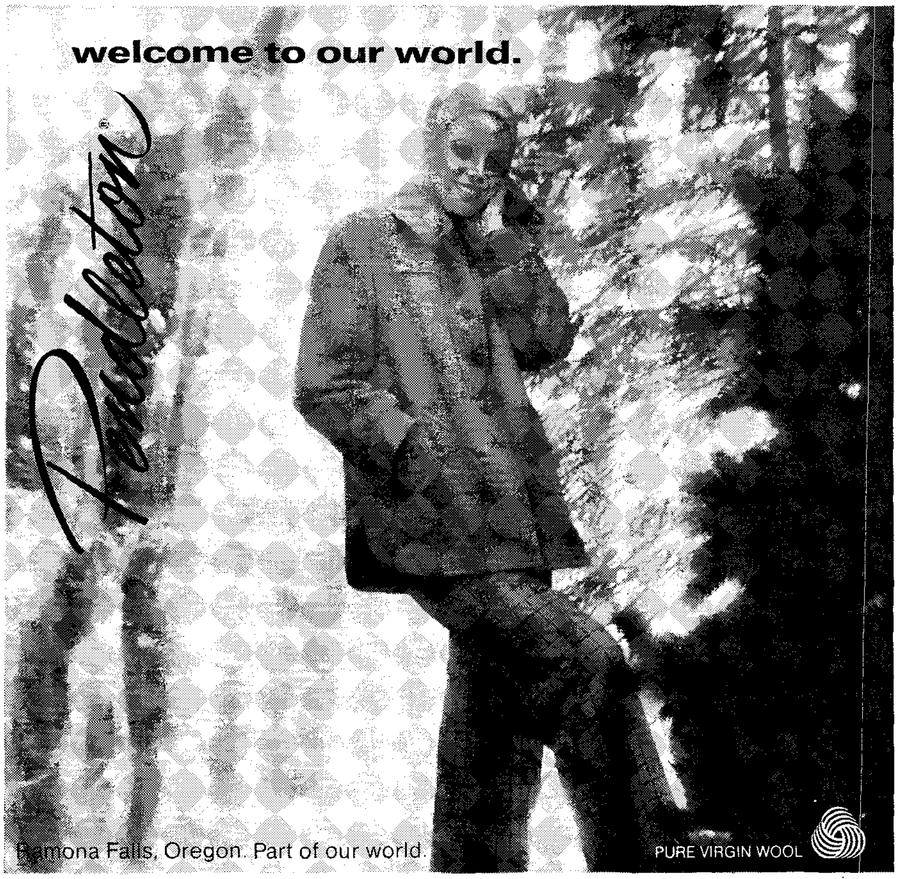
**Swedish American**
THE WHITE VIKING FLEET
636 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020 • Tel.(212) 247-7100
Offices and agents in all principal cities

**Bonwit's slip of a clog in suede is a natural wonder!**
In softest navy, rich brown or pale gold, the clog in suede jauntingly sitting above a natural jute wrapped wedge with a quiet crepe sole. By Bertlyn, in S(5 to 5½), M(6 to 6½), ML(7 to 7½), L(8 to 8½) and XL(9 to 10) sizes. Average widths only, 14.00 Add 1.25 outside delivery area.
Hosiery Bonwit Teller
Fifth Avenue at 56th St.,
New York and
all stores

BONWIT TELLER



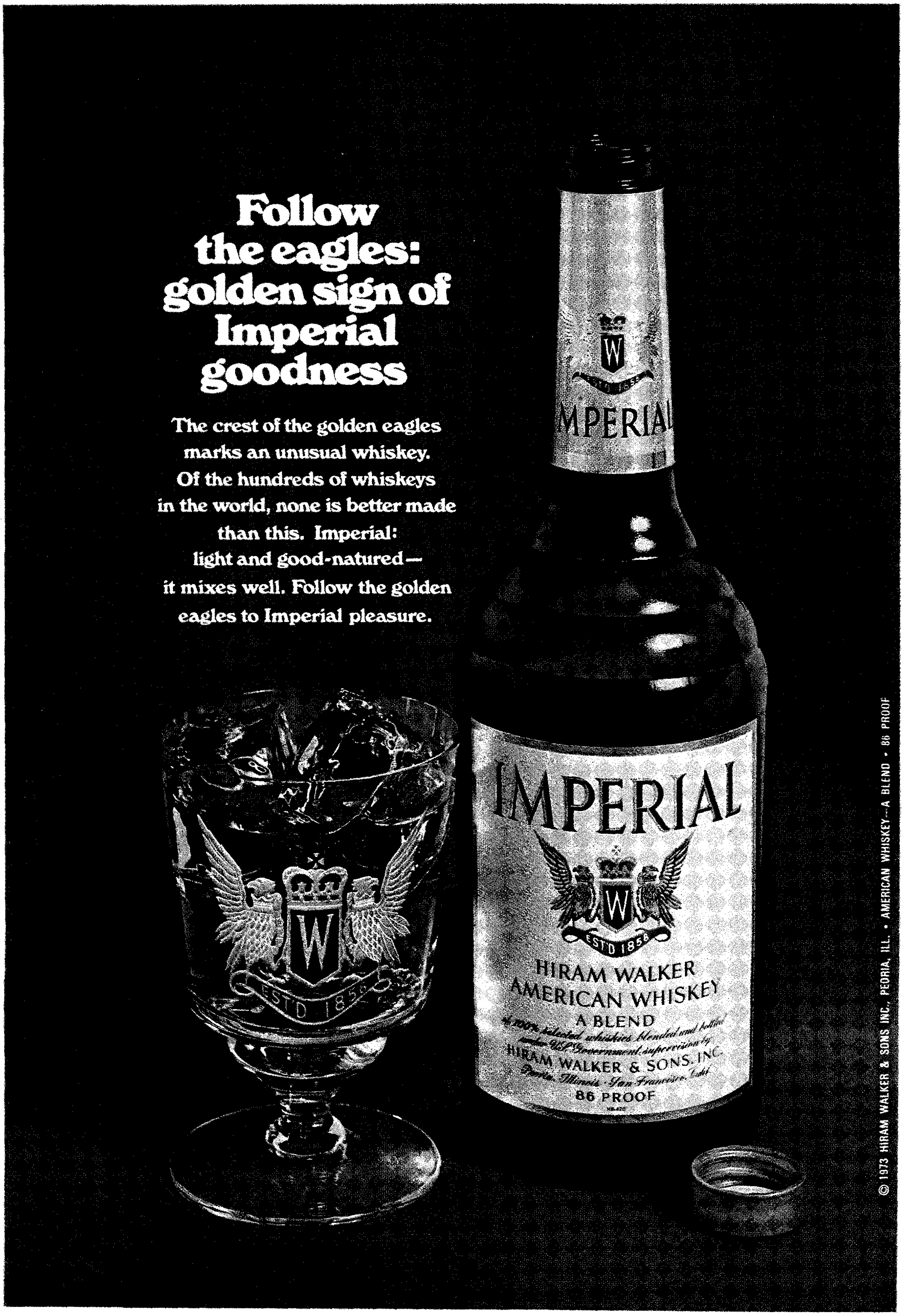
welcome to our world.


Pendleton
Ramona Falls, Oregon. Part of our world.
PURE VIRGIN WOOL

It's a world of natural beauty. Of Nature's own, pure virgin wool, woven into sportswear so beautifully tailored . . . it's out of this world. Topper jacket, $90; sweater, $20; pants, $40. From the Country Clothes Collection. At fashion's finest stores. For further information, write Pendleton Woolen Mills, Dept. NY9293, Portland, Oregon 97201.

Cause They Ain't Got No Bones" and, of course, "Yes! We Have No Bananas") and jokes ("You may be a fine, upstanding citizen, but that makes no difference to a banana peel") and sight gags (Harpo Marx peeling a zippered banana) and street talk ("She's driving him bananas")—people are much more inclined to take it with the utmost lack of seriousness, as the Alfred E. Neuman, the Keystone Cops and custard pie, the Top Banana of fruit. About the only people (other than the United Fruit Company and the equally banana-minded Standard Fruit & Steamship Company) who continue to take the banana seriously are doctors and nutritionists. The latter are inclined to take it very seriously. They know it to be a food of infinite usefulness in a variety of settings—in the nursery and in the nursing home, in the sickroom and in the obesity clinic, on the snack bar and at the training table.

THE edible portion of a ripe banana of average size is considered to weigh one hundred grams (or a little over three ounces) and to contain about eighty-five calories. Three-fourths of its weight (seventy-four and eight-tenths grams) is water, and most of the rest (twenty-two and two-tenths grams) is carbohydrate. Its other components are protein (one and one-tenth grams), ash (eight-tenths of a gram), crude fibre (six-tenths of a gram), fat (two-tenths of a gram), and vitamins and minerals. The vitamins evolved by the banana include A, $B_1$, $B_2$, $B_6$, C, and niacin, and three of these—Vitamin A, Vitamin $B_6$, and Vitamin C—are present in *significant* amounts. Bananas also manufacture a comprehensive range of minerals. They are especially rich in potassium (some three hundred to four hundred and fifty milligrams per banana) and are well endowed with magnesium and phosphorus. In addition, they contain useful amounts of calcium, sulphur, manganese, chlorine, iodine, copper, zinc, and iron, and a trace (about half a milligram) of sodium. Almost everything about the constituent chemistry of the banana is nutritionally salubrious. Even its deficiencies have their salutary side. Its low sodium content recommends it for low-sodium diets. Its low fat content recommends it for low-fat diets. Its low protein content (combined with its general dietetic blandness) recommends it for inclusion in the hypoallergenic diet of food-allergy victims undergoing diagnostic tests. And its low caloric value in relation to its bulk (the standard one-hundred-gram banana has twenty fewer calories than an aver-

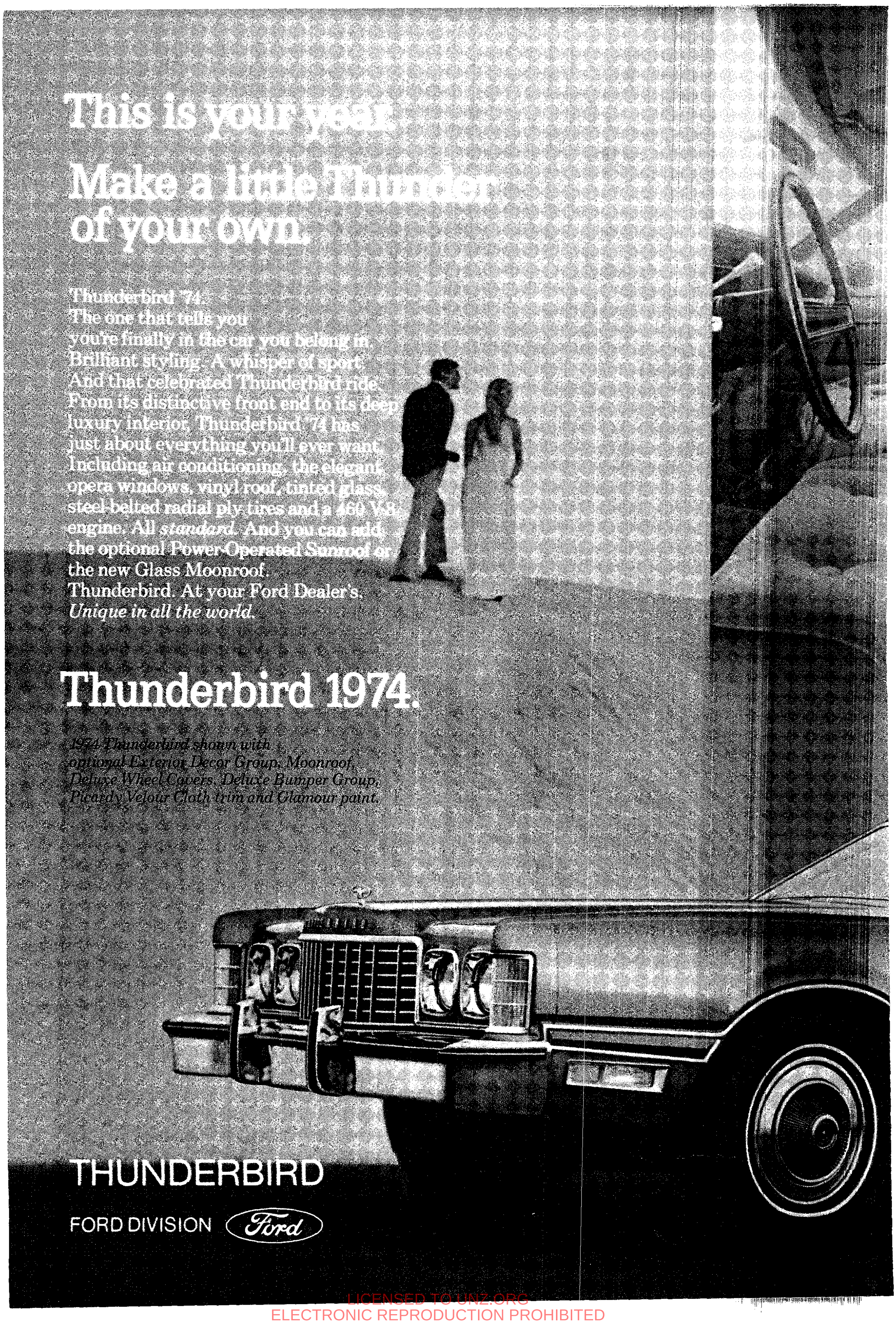


IMPERIAL
ESTD 1858
IMPERIAL
ESTD 1858
HIRAM WALKER
AMERICAN WHISKEY
A BLEND
of 100% selected whiskies blended and bottled under U.S. Government supervision by
HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC.
Peoria, Illinois · San Francisco, Calif.
86 PROOF
ESTD 1858

# Follow the eagles: golden sign of Imperial goodness

The crest of the golden eagles marks an unusual whiskey. Of the hundreds of whiskeys in the world, none is better made than this. Imperial: light and good-natured—it mixes well. Follow the golden eagles to Imperial pleasure.

© 1973 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL. • AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND • 86 PROOF



# This is your year. Make a little Thunder of your own.

Thunderbird '74:
The one that tells you
you're finally in the car you belong in.
Brilliant styling. A whisper of sport.
And that celebrated Thunderbird ride.
From its distinctive front end to its deep
luxury interior, Thunderbird '74 has
just about everything you'll ever want.
Including air conditioning, the elegant
opera windows, vinyl roof, tinted glass,
steel-belted radial ply tires and a 460 V-8
engine. All *standard.* And you can add
the optional Power-Operated Sunroof or
the new Glass Moonroof.
Thunderbird. At your Ford Dealer's.
*Unique in all the world.*

## Thunderbird 1974.

*1974 Thunderbird shown with optional Exterior Decor Group, Moonroof, Deluxe Wheel Covers, Deluxe Bumper Group, Picardy Velour Cloth trim and Glamour paint.*

THUNDERBIRD

FORD DIVISION Ford

GALLIANO
A
LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY

# "May all your sours be Galliano sours."

That must surely be the sweetest sentiment two sour glasses can be raised to.

Because, to those who know, the Galliano sour is the most desirable of sours. There's something about Galliano that turns even the most familiar-tasting drink into a memorable experience.

Devastate your friends with the superiority of your palate. Get a bottle of Galliano and mix as follows before their very eyes:

3/4 oz. Liquore Galliano
3/4 oz. whiskey (blend, bourbon or Scotch)
3/4 oz. fresh orange juice
1/2 oz. fresh lemon juice
3/4 tablespoon sugar

Shake well with ice. Strain into frosted sour glass. Raise with appropriate toast.

LIQUORE GALLIANO®
A LIQUEUR
© McKESSON LIQUOR CO. 1972

McKESSON LIQUOR CO., N.Y., N.Y. 80 PROOF LIQUEUR.

age serving of cottage cheese), together with a high satiety factor produced by its textural density (which approximates that of an avocado), recommends its use in the management of obesity and as a quickly satisfying, and wholesome, between-meals snack. It is, however, the positive attributes of the banana that most often and most widely recommend its use: its serviceable complement of vitamins (whose values, since bananas are rarely cooked, reach the table undiminished), its relative wealth of the essential (and easily depleted) element potassium, and, most important, its singular endowment of carbohydrate.

The nutritional excellence of the banana is created in the course of the ripening process, and the ripening process is very largely a matter of carbohydrate chemistry. The carbohydrate content of a green banana is approximately twenty-two per cent starch and a fraction of one per cent sugar. Ripening is an enzyme action that reverses this relationship. It converts the starch into sugar and a small quantity of the gelatinating substance known as pectin. A fully ripe banana averages about one per cent starch and twenty-one per cent sugar. Bananas are thus far richer in sugar than apples (fourteen per cent) or oranges (twelve per cent) or peaches (nine per cent) or any other fruit. Banana sugar is a consortium of sucrose, dextrose, and levulose. Levulose and dextrose are simple sugars and are quickly absorbed, while sucrose is more complicated in structure and more deliberate in action, but analyses have shown all three to be almost entirely utilizable by the human body. The nature and abundance of its sugars (together with the accompanying pectin and some subtler factors) render the banana of particular service in the treatment of certain gastro-intestinal disorders. One of these is a wasting diarrhea called celiac disease, which principally afflicts children in the first few years of life. Its immediate manifestation is a hypersensitivity to some element in the gluten of wheat flour and other cereals, and its natural consequence is severe malnutrition. Bananas are among the few broadly nourishing carbohydrate foods well tolerated by celiac patients in the early stages of the disease, and it has been suggested that the fruit may in some way actually soften the impact of the disease as well as nourish its victims. The banana is usually the only fresh fruit allowed the peptic-ulcer patient, and it is often the first raw fruit included in the diet of victims of colitis. Bananas are important as a dietary supplement in these

"One nice thing after another"

Baker
Knapp & Tubbs
A MAGNAVOX COMPANY

From our Baker Collection

DISTINGUISHED MANUFACTURERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF FINE FURNITURE.
SHOWROOMS IN: ATLANTA, CHICAGO, CLEVELAND, DALLAS, GRAND RAPIDS,
HIGH POINT, LOS ANGELES, MIAMI, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, SAN FRANCISCO

diseases because they offer a welcome spectrum of vitamins (especially A and C), minerals, and easily digestible sugars, but they are even more valuable because they are free from both chemical and mechanical irritants. Some investigators are inclined to think that the banana may do more than merely not exacerbate the suffering of the peptic-ulcer sufferer. Their studies seem to indicate that an alkaline residue left by the banana gives it an explicit therapeutic power (much like that of such antacids as aluminum hydroxide) to bind or buffer the inflaming flow of hydrochloric acid. The banana also has a strong supporting role in the management of diabetes. Diabetics on a regime of protamine-zinc insulin (or a combination of protamine, zinc, and regular insulin) are routinely advised to eat a midafternoon or bedtime snack of bananas, usually with cream. This function of the banana is not in conflict with that regularly performed by the orange. It is its counterpart. Oranges are uniquely capable of giving an almost instantaneous lift to a sagging blood-sugar level. The banana, with its unique abundance of slowly metabolized sucrose, has the capacity to provide against just such a dangerous sag.

The dietetic benevolence of the banana is not confined to the special diets of the sick or the sickly. It is equally beneficial in the daily diet of the well. Nutritionists consider the banana a food for the whole of life. It has, indeed, an almost incomparable span of usefulness. It is often the first solid food in the infant's diet, it is a food for boys and girls in the nutritionally trying years of adolescence, it is a food for active youth and sedentary middle age, and it is only too often the last solid food that can be managed by the aged.

BUT a friend of mine dropped in at a new health-food market on Second Avenue the other day for an appraising look around. He was pleased to find his Deaf Smith peanut butter, from compost-grown peanuts. He found his favorite soybean-oil mayonnaise. He found a carton of Shiloh Farms fertile eggs. He found everything he hoped to find, except bananas. So he spoke to the clerk at the counter.

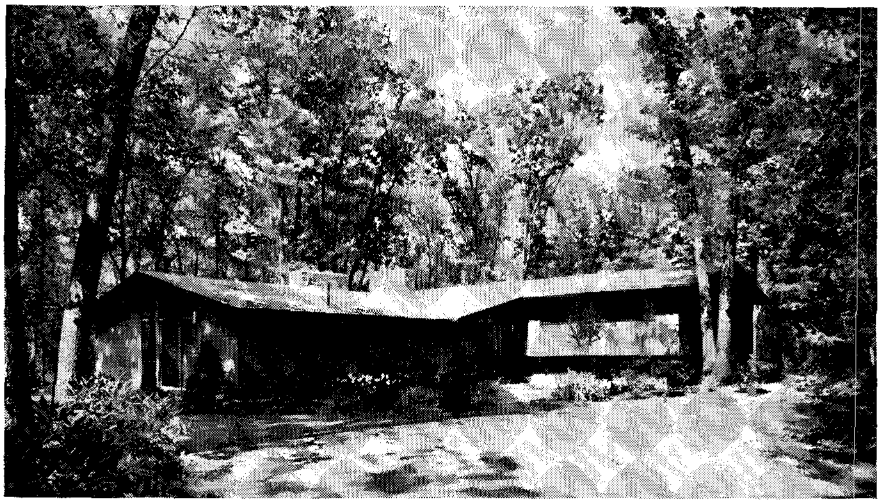
"Bananas?" the clerk said. "You've got to be kidding. We don't carry that kind of stuff. This is a health store."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

RED CHINA HAS 70,000 CHRISTIANS.
VISITING U.S. CONGRESSMEN HERE
—*Washington Post.*

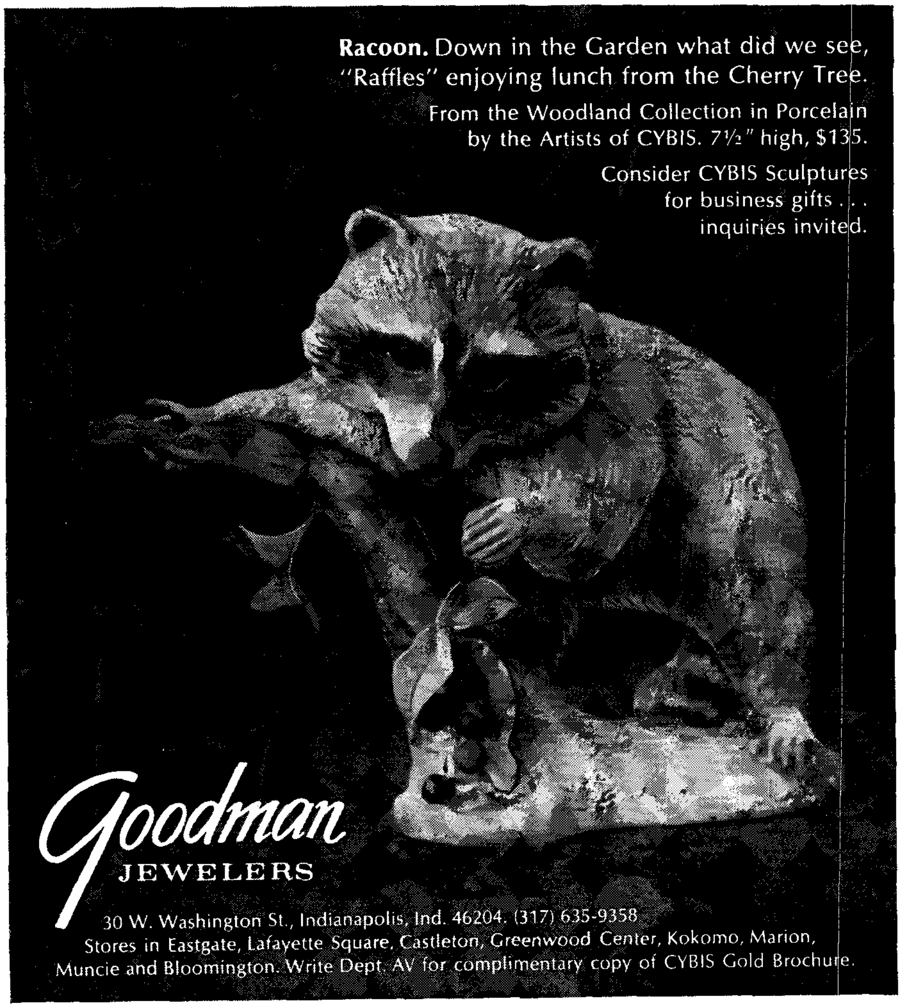
And all of them on bicycles, right?



After months, perhaps years of dreaming of building your own home, you are now settling down to the serious consideration of this important step. You are highly selective and very discriminating because you will be satisfied with nothing less than the best. You will demand excellence of design, the highest order of craftsmanship, and the finest of quality materials. You will require comprehensive information on which to base your choice and the assurance of an unquestionable integrity on the part of the source selected. If this describes your situation, may we suggest you inquire about a Deck House.

DECK HOUSE Model Homes may be seen in Carlisle and Boxford, Mass. (617) 369-7000; Redding Ridge, Conn. (203) 938-2522; Annapolis, Md. (301) 849-2411; and Durham, N.C. (919) 489-8883. Or send $2.00 for a completely informative, illustrated brochure to:

DECK HOUSE® INC
DEPT. M 930 MAIN STREET, ACTON, MASS. 01720



**Racoon.** Down in the Garden what did we see, "Raffles" enjoying lunch from the Cherry Tree.

From the Woodland Collection in Porcelain by the Artists of CYBIS. 7½" high, $135.

Consider CYBIS Sculptures for business gifts . . . inquiries invited.

Goodman
JEWELERS
30 W. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46204. (317) 635-9358
Stores in Eastgate, Lafayette Square, Castleton, Greenwood Center, Kokomo, Marion, Muncie and Bloomington. Write Dept. AV for complimentary copy of CYBIS Gold Brochure.

# 53 of the free things you and your family can do during October and November.

Every day the price of something seems to go up just a little bit more. So you start cutting down on some of the "luxuries."

Like entertainment for your family.

But some of the most stimulating and rewarding entertainment doesn't cost you a penny.

Because television is still free... in spite of the fact that certain people are pushing very hard for Pay TV–which would charge you for the kind of programs you now see free.

Here's just a sampling of some of the special things you and your family can look forward to during October and November. With no bill to pay at the end of the month.

**Rookie of the Year.** ABC Afterschool Special–A girl wins a place on an all-boy nine. Wednesday, Oct. 3 (4:30-5:30 pm).

**NBC Religious Specials.** No Lose; Youth and the Bible Today; Holy Land. Sundays, Oct. 7, 28 (12-12:30 pm); Nov. 18 (5-5:30 pm).

**CBS Animated Children's Specials.** Robinson Crusoe, Monday, Oct. 8 (4:30-5:30 pm); Kidnapped, Monday, Oct. 22 (4:30-5:30 pm); Swiss Family Robinson, Sunday, Oct. 28 (5-6 pm); Treasure Island, Tuesday, Nov. 6 (4:30-5:30 pm); The Prince and the Pauper, Sunday, Nov. 11 (5-6 pm); 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, Thursday, Nov. 22 (3:30-4:30 pm); The Three Musketeers, Friday, Nov. 23 (4:30-5:30 pm).

**You're Not Elected, Charlie Brown; A Charlie Brown Thanksgiving,** Monday, Oct. 15; Tuesday, Nov. 20 (8-8:30 pm).

**Dr. Seuss: On the Loose.** Monday, Oct. 15 (8:30-9 pm).

**ABC News Close-Up.** West Virginia: Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Coal. Thursday, Oct. 18 (9-10 pm). Second documentary TBA. Monday, Nov. 26 (8-9 pm).

**CBS Children's Film Festival.** Tjorven, Batsman and Moses; The Giant Eel; Black Mountain; Countdown to Danger; Stowaway in the Sky–Part I. Saturdays, Oct. 20, Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24 (1-2 pm).

**The Long Winter of Henry Aaron.** In-depth profile of the baseball star. Sunday, Oct. 21 (10-11pm).

**Incredible, Indelible, Magical, Physical, Mystery Trip.** ABC Afterschool Special–Animated trip through the human body. Wednesday, Oct. 24 (4:30-5:30 pm).

**Return of the Phoenix.** Chinese musical fantasy. Saturday, Oct. 27 (1-2 pm).

**Piano vs. Orchestra.** New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert–Michael Tilson Thomas conducts. Sunday, Oct. 28 (6-7 pm).

**Peggy Fleming Visits the Soviet Union.** Featuring top Soviet entertainers. Sunday, Oct. 28 (8:30-9:30 pm).

**Sunshine.** True story of young wife battling terminal illness. With Brenda Vaccaro, Cliff DeYoung. Friday, Nov. 9 (9-11:30 pm).

**The Blue Knight.** William Holden in stories from Joseph Wambaugh's police novel. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Nov. 13, 14, 15, 16 (10-11 pm).

**Julie Andrews Thanksgiving Special.** With guests Perry Como, Muppets. Friday, Nov. 16 (9-10 pm).

**The Thanksgiving Treasure.** Jason Robards, Mildred Natwick in play about old hatreds. Sunday, Nov. 18 (8-9:30 pm).

**Ol' Blue Eyes is Back.** Frank Sinatra returns from retirement. Sunday, Nov. 18 (8:30-9:30 pm).

**B.C.–The First Thanksgiving.** Tale of comic strip caveman. Monday, Nov. 19 (8-8:30 pm).

**Dr. Dolittle.** Film starring Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar. Wednesday, Nov. 21 (8-11 pm).

**Alice Through the Looking Glass.** Lewis Carroll classic starring Agnes Moorehead, Ricardo Montalban, Nanette Fabray, Jimmy Durante, Smothers Brothers. Thursday, Nov. 22 (1:30-3 pm).

**My Fair Lady.** Academy Award film starring Rex Harrison, Audrey Hepburn, Stanley Holloway. Thursday, Nov. 22 (8-11:15 pm).

**H.M.S. Pinafore.** Gilbert and Sullivan by D'Oyly Carte. Friday, Nov. 23 (3-4:30 pm).

**The World Turned Upside Down.** The American Heritage–Washington vs. Cornwallis at Yorktown. Tuesday, Nov. 27 (8-9 pm).

**Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day.** Oscar-winning animated special. Wednesday, Nov. 28 (8-8:30 pm).

**Lisa, Bright and Dark.** Hallmark Hall of Fame–Drama of young girl slipping into mental illness. Stars Anne Baxter. Wednesday, Nov. 28 (8:30-10 pm).

**South to Fire and Ice.** Undersea World of Cousteau. Thursday, Nov. 29 (8-9 pm).

**Catholics.** Brian Moore novel dramatized. Thursday, Nov. 29 (9-10:30 pm).

**Santa Claus is Coming to Town.** Animated Christmas show. Friday, Nov. 30 (8-9 pm).

**Frankenstein: The True Story.** Adaptation of Mary Shelley novel with James Mason, Leonard Whiting, Margaret Leighton, Sir Ralph Richardson. Friday, Nov. 30; Saturday, Dec. 1 (9-11 pm).

**For Sports Fans:**
World Series–First game, Oct. 13.
AFC Football–Sundays.
NFL Football–Sundays.
NBA Basketball–Saturdays.
NCAA College Football–Saturdays.
NFL Monday Night Football–Mondays.

**REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS**

**Monday through Friday:** Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company

**Saturday:** In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Yogi's Gang/Super Friends/Emergency + 4/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO/CBS Children's Film Festival/ABC Wide World of Sports/Reasoner Report

**Sunday:** In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Kid Power/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/ Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Masterpiece Theatre.

**Note:** This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

**Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022**

BILL BLASS FOR PBM®
Bill Blass for PBM, 743 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

A statement in plaid, made with customary elan by Bill Blass. The Scottish woollens tailored by PBM. And Bill Blass accessorizes the total man to complete the picture, taken in the Glen Coe Valley of Argyll, Scotland. Now at Bloomingdale's.

THE THEATRE

## ENEMY COUNTRY

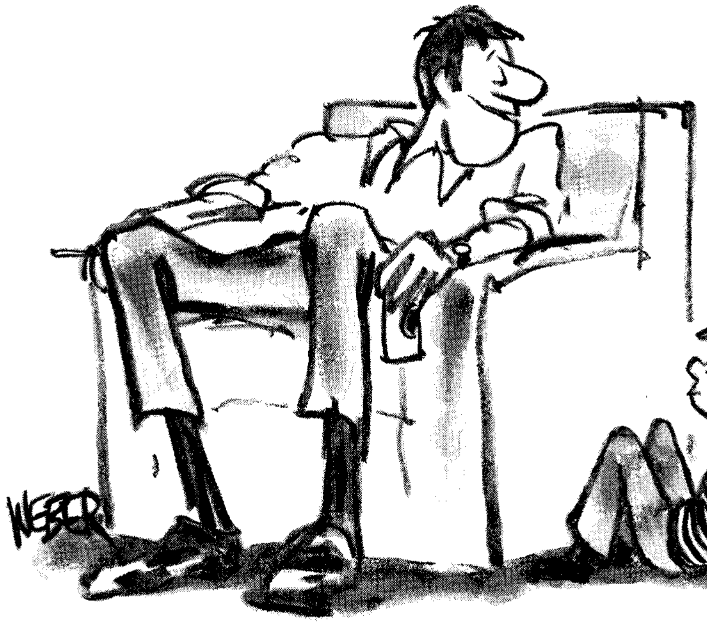
JEAN ANOUILH wrote "The Waltz of the Toreadors" when he was in his forties, and, not surprisingly, it is about a problem that besets men in their forties; if Mr. Anouilh had been in his fifties when he wrote the play, no doubt it would have been about a problem that besets men in their fifties. Being an honest writer as well as an extremely amusing one, he would then have had to acknowledge with appropriate ruefulness that the problem was the same in both cases and that he had been a trifle premature in seeking to take the measure of it at so comparatively early an age. For the dilemma confronted by General St. Pé, the hero of "The Waltz of the Toreadors," is one that is heightened and made only the more lacerating by the passage of time; Henry James was fastidiously bemoaning it in the fictions that he wrote in his sixties, and Shaw was blarneying on about it in plays and correspondence and conversation well into his seventies and eighties. James hinted at the nature of the dilemma when he spoke of the fact that we are all young to life and that age is "a march into the enemy country," while Shaw trafficked in it by boasting to a series of astonished women of his possession of "an evergreen heart." The best and loftiest summary of the dilemma is to be found in Yeats' quatrain, with its ribald, Joycean pun in the final line:

> You think it horrible that lust and rage
> Should dance attention upon my old age;
> They were not such a plague when I was young;
> What else have I to spur me into song?

Mr. Anouilh and his great forerunners are all fruitfully obsessed by a single bitter and tender fact of life: that, though we grow older, we never grow old; though our energies may flag, our appetites do not. Bodies thicken, skin wrinkles, and we remain charged with the unbridled emotions of a twenty-year-old. How unbecoming this is, yet how little unbecoming it feels! General St. Pé is forty-seven, with a swelling paunch, an invalid shrew of a wife, and two ugly adolescent daughters; he lives in a pleasant house and has a gratifying high professional status, but he has learned nothing about how to live, and now, perhaps, it is too late to learn. A fantasy of loving and being loved that has sustained him for seventeen years is found out at last to be worth not a straw; he will bury his head in the soft bosom of a chambermaid and pretend that she finds him attractive as a lover and that she is not a chambermaid.

The plot of "The Waltz of the Toreadors," which is being revived in a rather muddled production at the Joseph E. Levine Theatre, spins like a many-colored top through three acts of questions without answers. The velocity of the spinning is important to the success of the play, and the director, Brian Murray, though he has been tempted to gain easy laughs by means of far too many sight gags, has taken pains to keep his company in brisk and almost always plausible motion. What is more important to the play even than its pace is an integrity of style in the playing of this particular sort of make-believe; it is here that the muddle begins, for several styles are on display, and they are not compatible with each other or with any notion we may have of *la mode française*. Eli Wallach, who plays General St. Pé, is ordinarily a favorite actor of mine; I admire the robustness of his attack and his ability to convey a sly, saving weakness of character even at a moment when he is committing some bold deed. In the past, he has played roles based on an extraordinary variety of ethnic backgrounds, always convincingly to me, but on this occasion I could not believe in him as an aging provincial French general. With all the accents he has at his command, he unaccountably chose to speak his lines in the gravelly, hardboiled accents of New York, N.Y. This error was compounded when he fenced verbally with William Roerick, playing the General's old friend Dr. Bonfant, for Mr. Roerick spoke in the classic accent that, for comedy purposes, mingles standard American with a tincture of the clipped, bantering tone of Mother England. Anne Jackson, as the bedridden Mme. St. Pé, sounded the native woodnotes wild of nearby New Jersey; for the most part, her voice was flat and harsh, though decorated from time to time with curious arabesques of mispronunciation—"jew-el," "Tor-*ray*-uh-dor." Moreover, she was made up to resemble a grotesque Halloween harridan, and Mme. St. Pé is not that. Benjamin Masters is agreeable as Gaston, the very young secretary, and Diana Van Der Vlis encompasses without visible awkwardness the role of a thirty-five-year-old virgin who has finally begun to wonder what it is that she has been saving herself for. The pleasing costumes are by Joseph F. Bella, and the scattered and incoherent set is by Clarke Dunham. The present production of "The Waltz of the Toreadors," though flawed, is worth seeing, and even, in Dr. Johnson's celebrated formulation, worth going to see, and I expect that it will improve steadily during the course of its run.

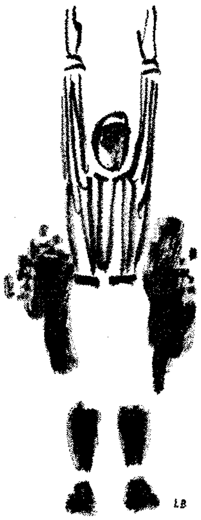
—BRENDAN GILL



*"Integrity, tradition, pride of craftsmanship—that's what TV repair is all about, Son."*

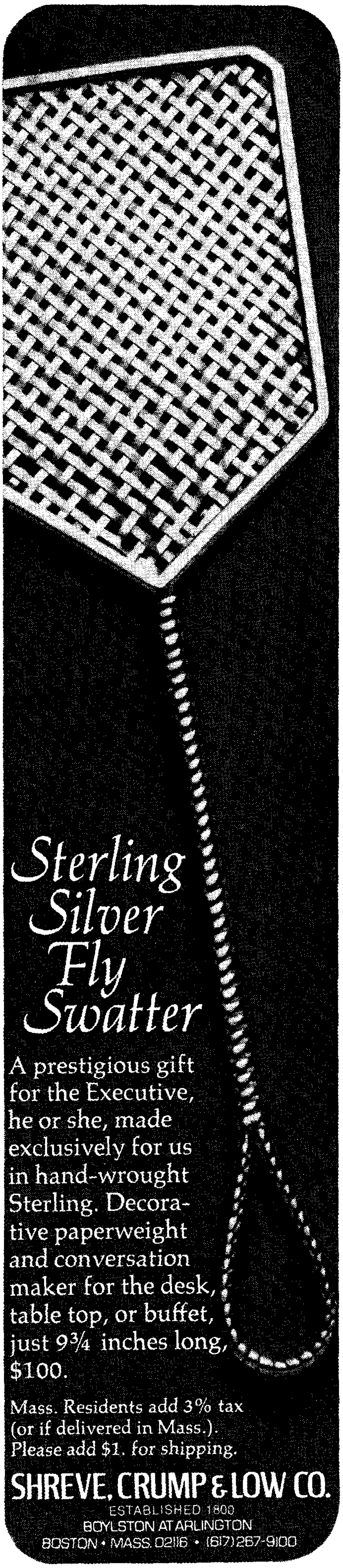
# FOOTBALL

## *The Mixture As Before*



THE last of our ever-normal granaries is Penn State. No sooner does a Hufnagel depart than a Shuman arrives, and the job of quarterbacking this giant machine looks as easy as before. Two granaries that were once ever-normal—Navy, which spent a depleting afternoon last weekend against Shuman's not altogether little charges (Penn State 39, Navy 0), and Army, which spent the same afternoon in more gallant but still unavailing defiance of Tennessee (Tennessee 37, Army 18)—will never again be full, much less overflowing. As it is, one can only sit in Michie Stadium, Army's home base, and admire the skill with which Kingsley Fink, Army's quarterback, deals with impossible situations, such as being equipped with no running backs who have any turn of speed; i.e., against Tennessee, there was nowhere to go up the middle or around the ends. Army's ball had to be airborne, and against a squad that knew it. Nevertheless, picking out his catchers with a sort of magic eye, Fink ran off a passing game worth more than three hundred yards. At times, Tennessee appeared to be watching in utter amazement; the customary Navy scout, who for once did not report for duty, might have done the same thing.

Fink is not quite Shuman (the two men are leagues apart; that is, the Academic League vs. the Box Office League) but he will do well indeed where he is. Shuman, who looks enough like Namath to be interchangeable with him, could make it possible for the Jets, a couple of years from now, to play interesting tricks whenever they wished to give Namath a surreptitious rest. And Shuman is not at all a match, yet, for Condredge Holloway (yes, Condredge), Tennessee's quarterback, visible in these parts for the first time last week. Holloway, just under six feet and only a hundred and seventy-five pounds, is maybe too slight for a further career after his senior year, even though he is already a master of artifice and dissembling, whether



*Sterling Silver Fly Swatter*

A prestigious gift for the Executive, he or she, made exclusively for us in hand-wrought Sterling. Decorative paperweight and conversation maker for the desk, table top, or buffet, just 9¾ inches long, $100.

Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.). Please add $1. for shipping.

**SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.**
ESTABLISHED 1800
BOYLSTON AT ARLINGTON
BOSTON • MASS. 02116 • (617) 267-9100

THE SUN-DOWNER

Individual, imaginative way to look in Arnel® any evening, any resort. Persian exotica printed in many muted colors on a full length shirt-dress of Celanese Arnel® triacetate. 8 to 16 (24A) $110. Will send prepaid for approval upon receipt of check. Washington residents add state sales tax.

A Celanese Fashion Fiber in Tested Fabrics

The Colonial

400 S.W. 152 St., Seattle, Wash. 98166, CH 2-7007

THE HOTEL
Dorset

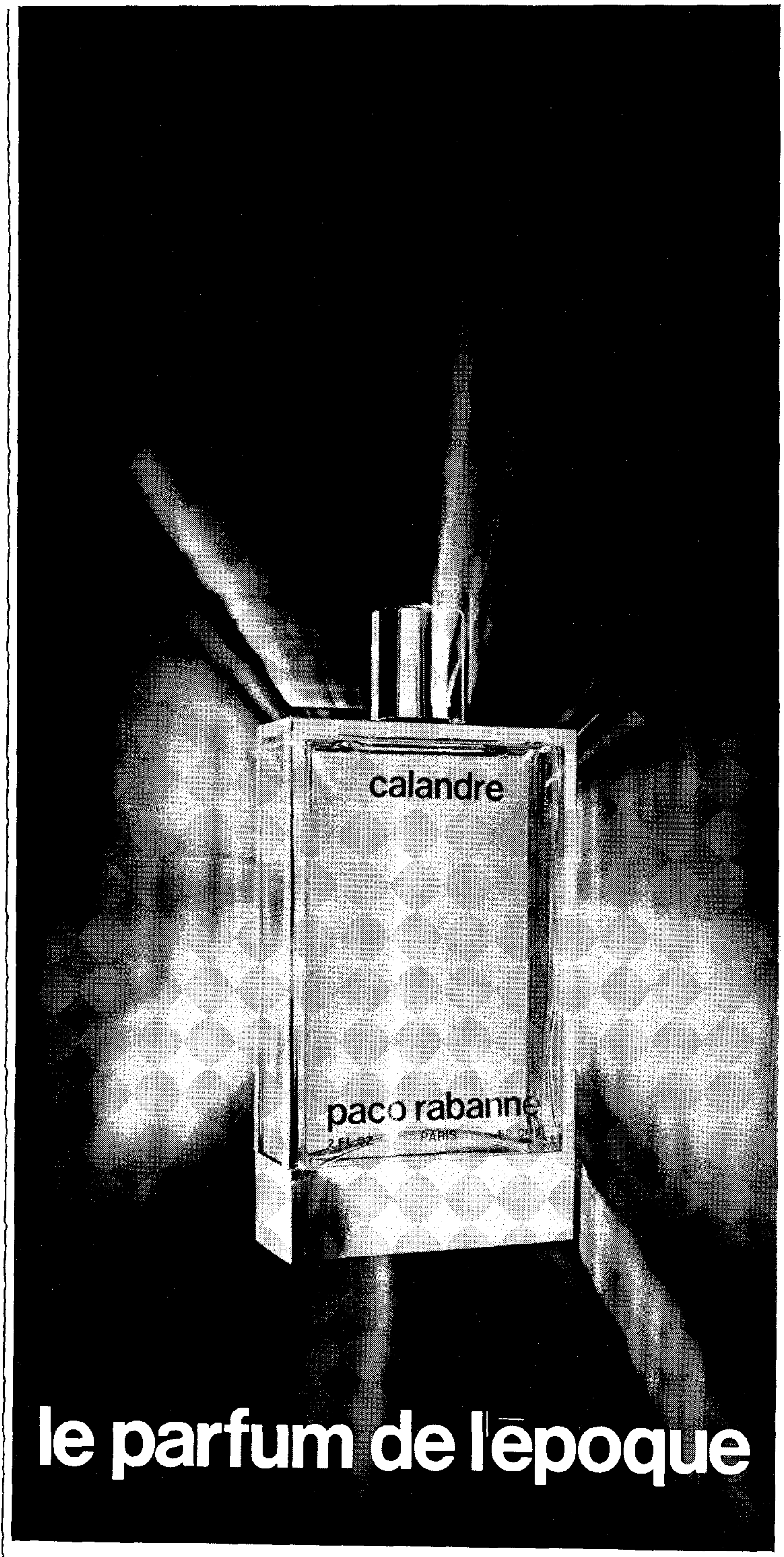
A Place To Relax
While You Dine Very Well

*Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.*

he is running with the ball or pitching it out to a comrade. One more note on the machine he directs: it was ninety-eight touchdowns ago that Tennessee last missed the ensuing kick.

IT is easier to regret the eclipse of Yankee Stadium than it is to deplore the problems of the professional leagues. The Giants played their final game there against a rather novel set of Eagles—Gabriel, Philbin, Bulaich among them—before moving out to Yale Bowl to finish their season. The Stadium was not the most lovable spot for watching football; so few of its seats directly faced the action, and so much of the action seemed to hover around the baseball infield, converting it into a permanent dust bowl. But for anyone who does not own a helicopter it is a lot more accessible than Shea Stadium, for which one must set off after breakfast if one wants to see all of the Jets' first quarter. Now for those problems. By federal law, the professional leagues can no longer decide which of their matches can be broadcast where; they profess to fear that some of the buffs may now stay at home to watch, and some of them appear to have stayed. (Senator Pastore: "I'd like to know the number of tickets left in the hands of scalpers." Representative Torbert MacDonald: "Where in the world are kids in the inner city going to raise eight dollars for a ticket?") But the professionals are broadcasting their matches in compliance with contracts running into millions of dollars for the privilege. And if it were not for television Monday, would any teams elect to play on Monday night?

Whether the local boys will make good this season must still be debated. Columbia seemed rather easily overcome in an "informal" meeting with Williams the other day; the Giants are still organizing (they barely managed to tie the luckless Eagles, 23–23, on Sunday); the Jets will be doing without Namath for a while. Against the Packers, it did seem that the Jets were sometimes paying more attention to protecting Namath (and incurring penalties) than they were to catching up with the opposition. They saved Namath, all right, but they blew the game. Last Sunday, trooping off to Baltimore to meet the Colts, who are under a new coach and a new quarterback, they left Namath open on one maneuver, and the Colts' White, coming through a huge gap, was upon him before he had a chance even to get set. It's a bad shoulder this time, not the celebrated knees. —J. W. L.

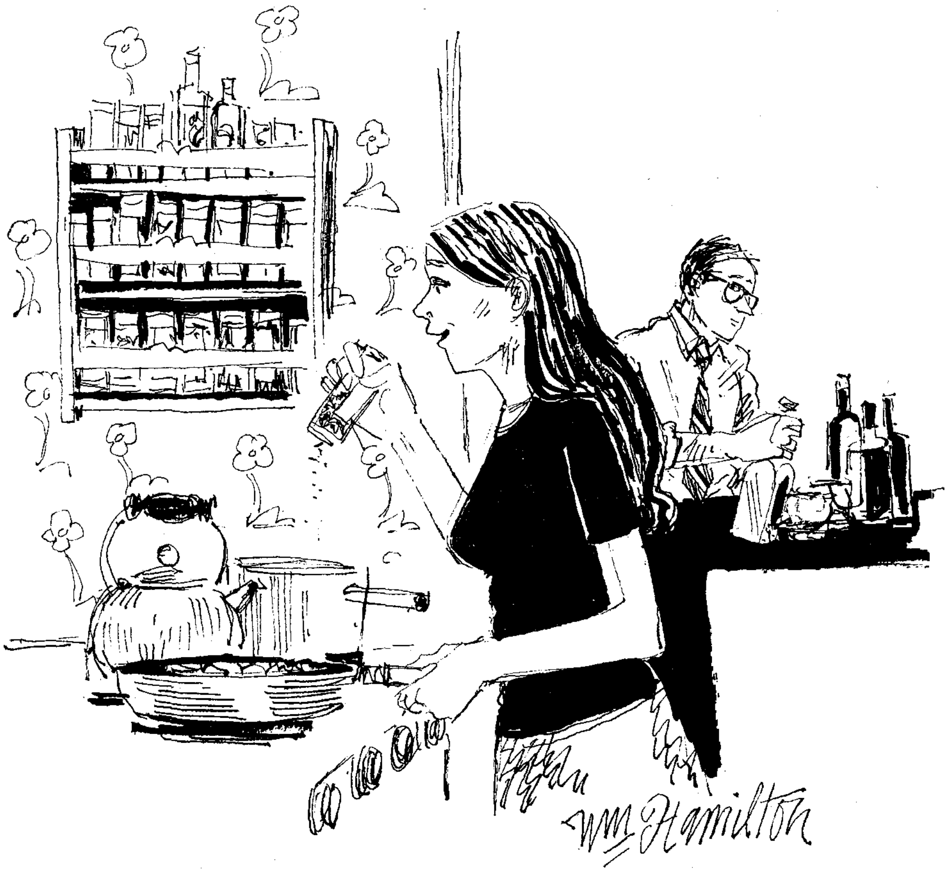


LORD & TAYLOR

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## THIS AND THAT

EVEN though generalizations about how others live are always somewhat blinkered, it must be safe to say that evening engagements are increasingly personal and informal these days, and less public and grand. There are many people for whom the distinction between life and social life, dinner parties and eating food with friends, or street clothes and evening dress has eroded completely. Since it is not unlikely that some of these people are numbered among one's fellow-guests, any choice of evening clothes must take into account the possible proximity of someone in bluejeans. An encouraging proportion of the new styles in the shops measure up to this requirement and yet continue to qualify as something to dress up in, and so contribute to the orchestration of a memorable evening gathering as much as candlelight or talk, and almost as much as good food. I think the rebellion against dressing up at all is beginning to pass and not only in the minds of those who hope to sell evening dresses. Still, the new evening clothes that look best to me owe more to the spirit of bluejeans (although they are mostly dresses) and to the whole "unconstructed" school that derives from that spirit than to the memory of old-style evening gowns in creaky, metallic brocades and cocktail dresses stiff as suits of armor and covered with embroidery and beading. The slate has long since been wiped clean of rules about being "underdressed" in short skirts or "overdressed" in long. (As it happens, short evening dresses may seem quite radical this year, because they have been designed and are being worn by a generation that has never given them a thought before, but that is a quirk of history rather than a regulation.) And the question of neckties and jackets for men is no longer important. Comfort is generally well established as a right. A lot of women go in for curling up on sofas and lolling about on the floor, and many of the new evening dresses take this into account. You still can't go far wrong with a slink of floor-length cashmere or some kind of caftan, although both are getting to be a bit of a bore. Dresses look newer than separates, especially separates that involve trousers. There is still plenty of bareness on show, in many variations of the chemise, slip, and nightgown dress. (Some of the last category actually are nightgowns.) The one-shoulder dress is making a welcome reappearance. Matte jersey—either silk or silklike rayon—is widely used, and chiffon is floating into view, and both of these fabrics offer new possibilities in gathering, draping, and cut. I think those of us who are not in show biz had better steer clear of all those Lurex numbers trimmed with fur or ostrich feathers that the more old-fashioned Seventh Avenue crowd is trying to pass off as "the new glamour." It looks more like the old vulgarity to me.



*"God, Frank, was it eight years ago we were in the Peace Corps and your irrigation project came to my village?"*

NEIL BIEFF and Arturo Herrera, whose joint designing efforts are launched with the label Bieff-Herrera, have all the right instincts, and work the "unconstructed" vein with considerable flair. I found their evening clothes on the third floor at Lord & Taylor, and interested parties may well recognize in these designs the style of the now defunct Madison Avenue boutique Genesis, which the B.-H. team used to run. There's been a fair amount of jumping on the bandwagon of the new, supple, body-conscious kind of fashion this year, and many second-rate followers of this unconstructed style, missing the point completely, simply take out interfacings and other props and let things go, baggily. Bieff and Herrera have been studying the new mode for years and have built up a fund of knowledge about cut and seaming. Like the old variety of simple elegance, the new is a shade more complicated than it looks. Of their evening suggestions I like a one-shoulder creation in matte jersey, with a finely cut ankle-length wrap skirt in solid beige, and a separate, slightly bloused bodice, ringed slantingly with barber-pole stripes of red and beige. The whole has the svelte boldness of contemporary Italian furniture design at its best. This version is $190; a knee-length edition, with chocolate stripes instead of red, is $180. Or there is the partners' thought on the subject of the long slip dress, in matte jersey and in a cool, naiadlike blue-green. The skirt fits trimly through waist and hips before swirling off into ample gores below; the bodice part is minimal, with double sets of spaghetti straps that meet up in a braid at the top of the spine, which is otherwise quite lengthily on show. The price is again $190. My favorite of the matte jerseys

# You're in the bank that manages money.

TERNATIONAL

# You need expansion dollars half a world away.

Your company's growing. Both here and overseas.

We talk about your expansion plans. And ways to raise capital in other states and countries.

We look at the picture from every angle.

We have a full-service branch in London. And blue-chip correspondent banks all over the world.

Financing doesn't have to be any more complicated abroad than at home.

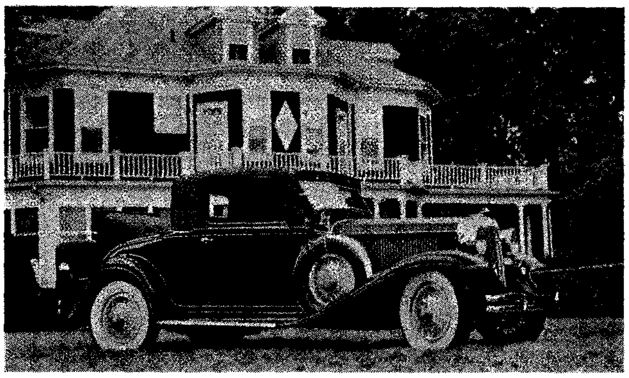
You're in The Bank of New York. The bank that manages money.

## The Bank of New York. The bank that manages money.

Main Office: 48 Wall Street, New York, N.Y. 10015   Member of The Bank of New York Company, Inc.   Member FDIC

# Introducing the 1974 Chrysler. A totally new expression of an idea that has never changed.

From its beginning, the Chrysler has been designed with the idea that it should be an automobile of exceptional comfort and convenience.



An automobile of integrity.

And beauty.

And these are the very things we had in mind when we designed the new Chrysler New Yorker.

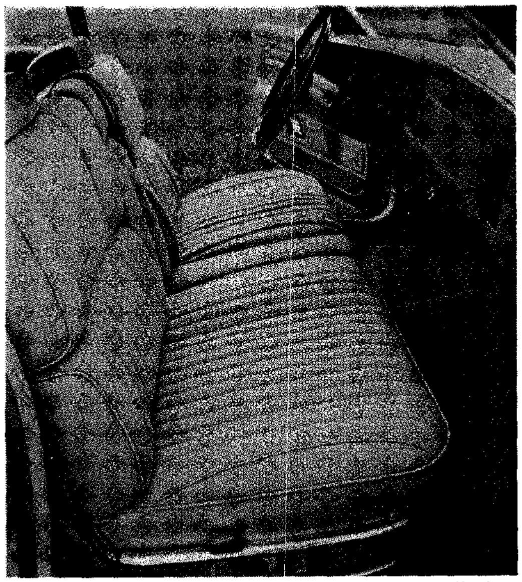
We gave it an altogether new shape and appearance.

From its stunning grille, to its sleek side, to its broad, handsome rear deck and taillights, the car is truly new.

There's a quiet to this car that, quite naturally, you expect of such a fine car. And yet, the dimension of its quiet is something you really have to experience to believe.

Inside the New Yorker, there's a distinctive instrument panel—easy-to-reach and completely redesigned. The New Yorker Brougham's instrument panel has subtle details like a windshield washer fluid indicator, door-ajar warning light and tiny light-emitting diodes (warning signals built into the fuel, alternator and temperature gauges). You can even order an electronic digital clock whose accuracy is determined by a quartz crystal.

Finally, steel-belted radial tires, power disc brakes, power steering and TorqueFlite automatic transmission are all standard. Chrysler also has an Electronic Ignition System that virtually eliminates tune-ups.



Interior does not display standard safety belts.

And, of course, all Chryslers run on regular gas.

This is the 1974 Chrysler New Yorker.

A totally new expression of an idea that has never changed.

See it at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's.

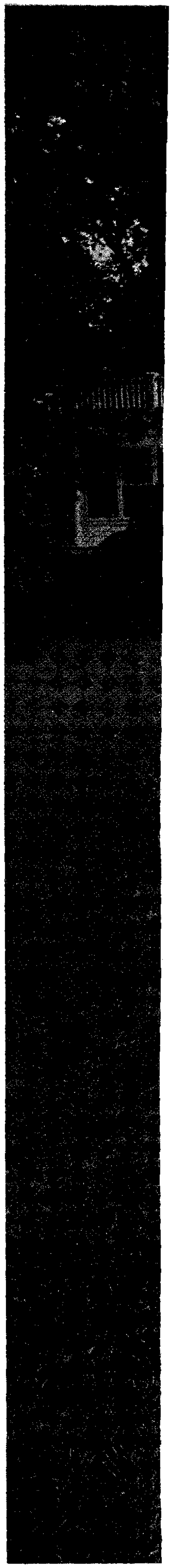
Watch AFC Football, Championship Baseball Playoffs and the World Series on NBC-TV. Brought to you by Chrysler Corporation.

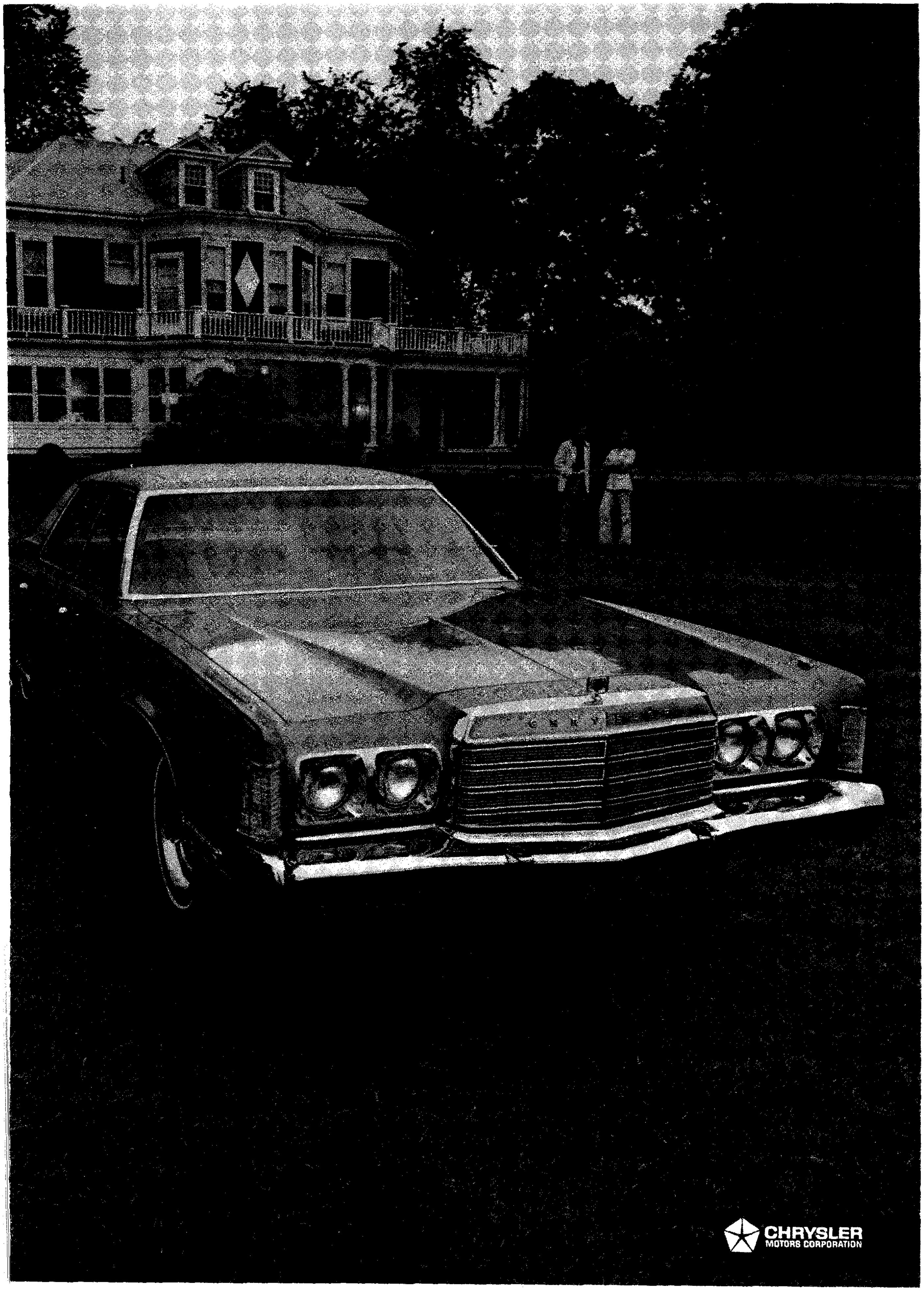
**Chrysler New Yorker**

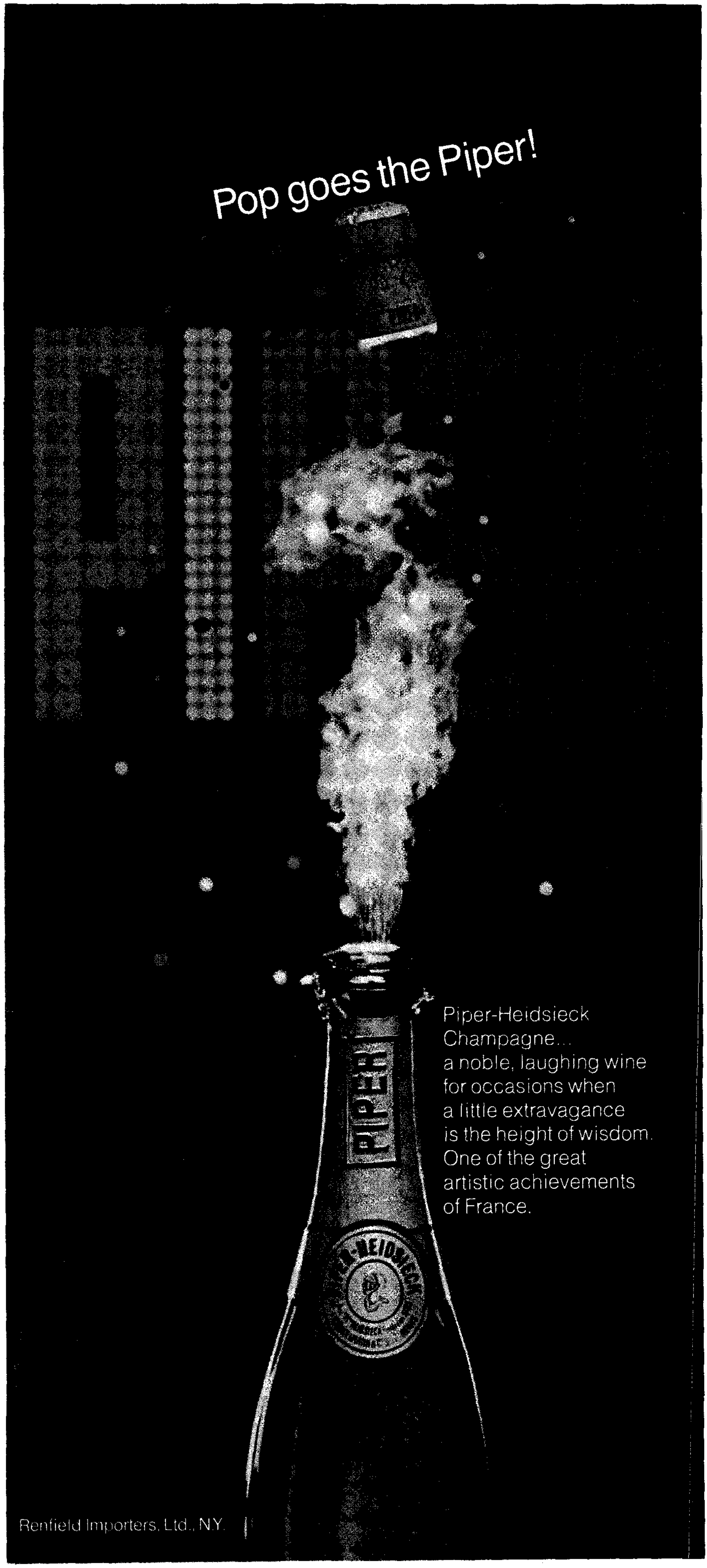
Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference.

CHRYSLER

Plymouth




CHRYSLER
CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



Piper-Heidsieck Champagne... a noble, laughing wine for occasions when a little extravagance is the height of wisdom. One of the great artistic achievements of France.

Renfield Importers, Ltd., N.Y.

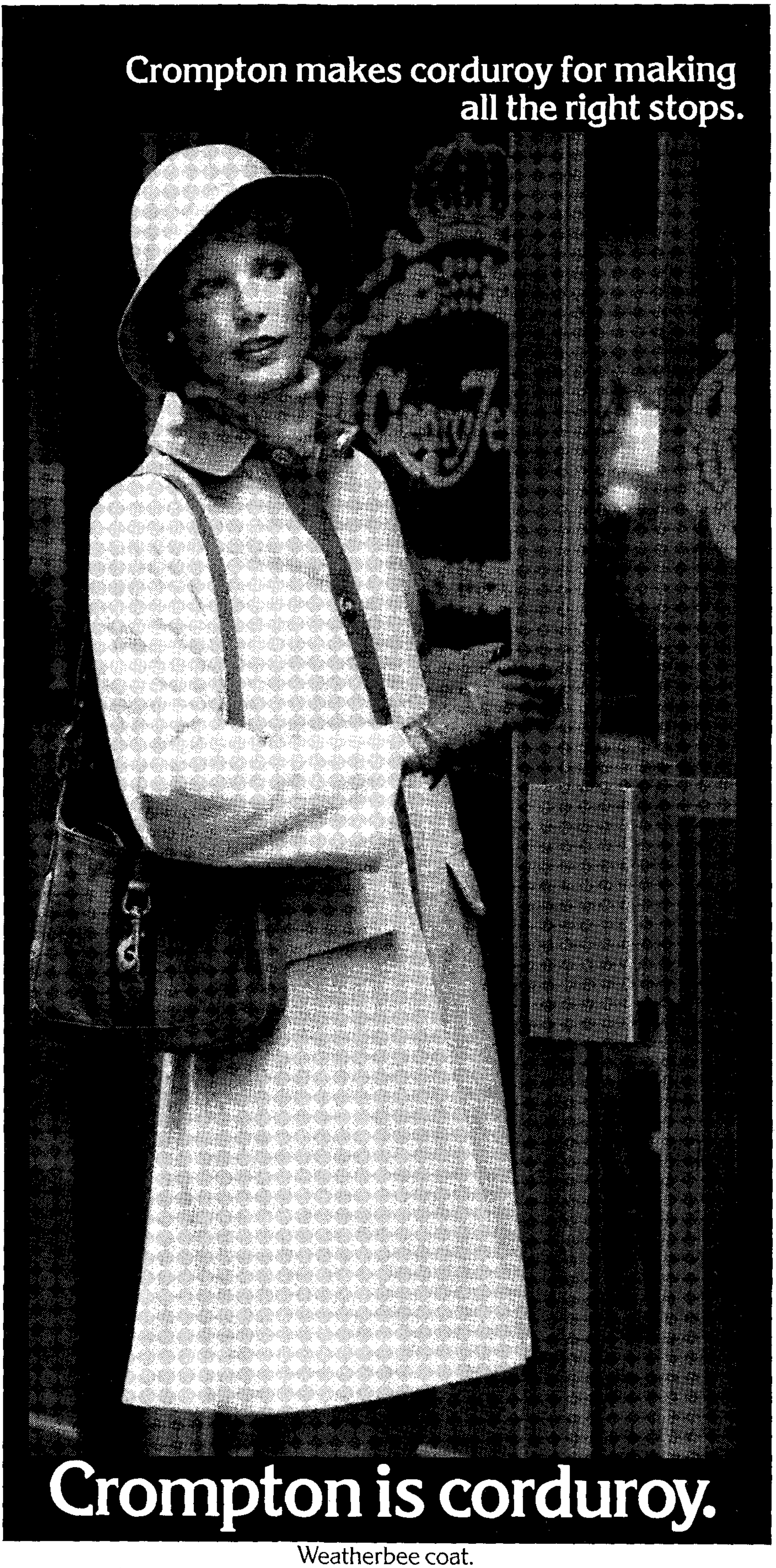
is an austere gown with a high neck and long, slim sleeves. It fits closely in front by means of curving, body-shirt seams. In back, a tear-shaped opening runs from neck to waist, where it drips, like a Patou back, into folds. The color is garnet, and the price is $220.

FOR the first time, Stephen Burrows' designs now appear outside Bendel's, and I was able to take in some of them in my tour of Lord & Taylor's third floor. It must be a sign of the times that one of the most appealing of the latest offerings from Burrows—a young designer whose brilliantly colored, innocent, impudent clothes have breathed such vitality into the fashion industry in the past few years—is a Little Black Dress. (It's observations like this that make people realize that they must be growing up.) But the dress has a fine, coltish, distinctly Burrovian air just the same. Like so many of the new dresses, it comes in two separate pieces. The skirt has three layers of black chiffon, and flips out, blithely, at about the top of the knee. The outside layer is fractionally shorter than the second, which is shorter than the layer below; this tiering sets off the three hems, which are in the red zigzag stitch that is to Burrows what butterflies were to Whistler. Three layers, similarly edged, make up the little top except for the shoulders-and-cap-sleeves part, which is a single thickness. The top hits at about the hipbone, and is so devised that it curves close to the midriff in front and flicks out slightly from the shoulder blades behind. The dress is $125. A second Burrows model at Lord & Taylor, with an ankle-length skirt, is a study in vanilla-ice-cream chiffon. The skirt is three-layered and zigzag-hemmed; the separate top, of knee length, is kimono-wrapped and has a sash with paddle-shaped ends to be bound like an obi above the waist. The sleeves are long, bell-shaped, and of such fragile charm that you expect the hands which emerge from them to be clutching a Pre-Raphaelite lily; $225.

NO survey of what the unconstructionists are up to can be complete without a visit to the fountainhead of Halston's *mighty empire*, at Madison Avenue and 68th Street. It is a pleasure to see that this influential designer has felt free to use any hem length that takes his fancy—within reasonable limits, which are the knee and the ankle. The mid-calf length, which can be terribly elegant in a dinner dress, shows up in his couture collection in a quiet yet utterly self-confident black silk-jersey dress with a straight-cut chemise top, narrow straps and belt, and soft pleats that run their course down the bodice before letting out a mild breath at the hips. Halston also brings us layered chiffon: three layers of the silk version, in imperial purple, go into the short, bias-cut skirt of a wispy, low-waisted slip dress. With this dress, as with many others, Halston provides a matching length of chiffon for a shawl, to allay the shock of drafts when you shrug off your furs, or to trail behind you through the zephyrs of a Southern night. The gowns he has designed of paillettes stitched on simply cut bases of light silk chiffon are lovely: pale, iridescent columns of mermaid scales, with a delicacy rarely seen in a genre whose tradition has always been to stop shows at any cost.

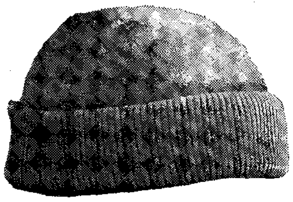
SCOTT BARRIE, who is likewise drawn to several lengths, has schemed up some gentle and womanly matte-jersey dresses this fall which are well suited to the littler sort of little dinner. I discovered some of them in Collection Dresses, at Bonwit Teller, in both long and short lengths. Barrie, who believes that the whole point of a dress is for it to be one piece, also likes dusty, Victorian colors such as old rose, gray-green, and lavender. One of the styles has modified dolman sleeves and a knee-length, tentlike skirt that begins in gathers at a square, high-necked bib yoke. The generous sleeves puff like mushrooms into the stalk of a cuff that is long enough for a lineup of six covered buttons. The pale gray-brown hue, a narrow sash with knotted ends, and a pair of pockets set into the side seams keep up an air of easy grace and a discreet allusion to a Franciscan habit. The price is a worldly $180. In Bonwit's *S'fari Now* there is a quaint, romantic black ballgown with the unmistakable stamp of Giorgio di Sant'Angelo about it. The scoop-necked, leotardlike torso is of Lycra, and so molds closely. The long, flaring sleeves and the long, billowing skirt are each of three tiers of finely pleated chiffon. A satin belt is fastened with a jet buckle of vaguely Art Deco inspiration, but the mood of the whole is more antebellum than Cocktail Age. The price is $365.

ZANDRA RHODES has dreamed up some fairy-godmother crinolines for others who are fortunate to have an invitation to the ball, and the gowns


Crompton makes corduroy for making
all the right stops.
Crompton is corduroy.

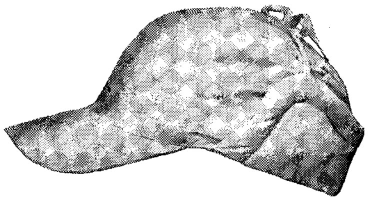
Weatherbee coat.
Crompton wide wale cotton corduroy. Minicare® finish.
In a beautiful selection of Fall colors. 6-18. About $86.
B. Altman & Co., New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston;
L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.
Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc.,
1071 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10018.
MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Goose Down Caps Won't Let Cold Go To Your Head



WATCH CAP CLASSIC

The shape is a long-time favorite . . . Bauer goose down adds new warmth. So light you'll hardly know you're wearing it, and so *compact it stuffs easily into your pocket.* Water-repellent nylon taffeta with stretch-knit turn-down brim. For men or women, **Sizes:** S(6⅝-7), M(7⅛-7½), L(7⅝-8). **Colors:** Black, Dark Green, Red, Camouflage. **0135** Watch Cap, **$9.95** postpaid.



FOUR-SEASON LIGHTWEIGHT

Light, handsome Goose Down Sportsman's Cap is warm at sub-zero and comfortable at 50° because it "breathes." Crown and turn-down storm flaps are fully insulated. Fabric is tough, long-wearing nylon and cotton. **Sizes:** S(6½-7), M(7⅛-7¼), L(7⅜-7½), XL (7⅝-8). **Colors:** Red, Autumn Tan, Olive, Camouflage. **0138** Sportsman's Cap, **$9.95** ppd.

BLIZZARD-PROOF ARCTIC CAP

Soft dyed mouton lamb flaps turn down to protect your neck, ears and forehead warmly no matter what the weather. Hidden drawstring provides custom fit. Fully insulated with New Premium Quality Bauer Goose Down. **Sizes:** S(6½-7), M(7⅛-7¼), L(7⅜-7½), XL(7⅝-8). **Colors:** Red with dyed red fur, Autumn Tan or Olive with neutral color fur. **0142** Arctic Cap, **$14.95** postpaid.

**Order today! Money back guarantee!**

Enclosed is my check or money order for $______. (Add sales tax where applicable.)

Please RUSH my order.

☐ 0135 Watch Cap

Size______Color______

☐ 0138 Sportsman's Cap

Size______Color______

☐ 0142 Arctic Cap

Size______Color______

Name______

Address______

City______

State______Zip______

☐ Send me FREE your color catalog of over 1000 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. BNY Seattle, Wash. 98124

are in Importique, on the third floor (yes, again) of Lord & Taylor. This is a felicitous combination of setting and talent. It would be hard to speak too highly of Importique, whose manager—by dint of sure taste and a tireless search for unusual design in clothes and accessories, often from rather obscure European sources—has made of the boutique a spot to gladden the heart of those who love clothes for their beauty and poetry more than for their suitability or status. And Zandra Rhodes, the young British designer, succeeds in generating more magic than most. Her clothes are luminously intelligent—pregnant with playful, imaginative references to the worlds of history and nature. Her designs for sleeves are never thoughtless repetition, her collars cliché, or her fastenings mere convention. And her notions are translated by way of fine workmanship. Not all the designs at Importique are for grand occasions; among those that one might happily wear at dinner in New York is a hip-length tunic of ivory silk that is as light as—well, thistledown. It has short kimono sleeves, there is a square yoke effect in back, and the V neck is ringed with a collar that, instead of mundanely having two points to it, has six, and becomes something like a harlequin's collar or a silken holly leaf. The edge of this collar and the inch-wide belt are trimmed with delicate lines of tubular quilting. With this top, which is $275, goes a knee-length ivory skirt of lightweight matte jersey—an absurdly simple business with an elasticized waist, a single seam, and a crinkle-edged "lettuce" hem, for $80. An alternative choice might be a top and knee-length skirt in a vivid citrus-yellow matte jersey. The skirt is in the same one-seam style, and the thigh-length top abounds in masterly detail. The long sleeves and the seam are decorated and constructed, simultaneously, with fine lines of zigzags in pink, turquoise, and emerald; the same colors go to make a chest-high patch of smocking in front and back and thus toy idly with a peasant theme; little, lettuced rectangles drop from each sleeve, like standards pendent from a trumpet or a lady's favor fluttering at the jousts.

Zandra Rhodes' creations often seem fit to clothe the courtiers of a make-believe kingdom where Lord Chamberlains moonlight as magicians and tumbling dwarves play Cupid to princesses. A long felt evening coat in an astonishing fuchsia has such intimations. It has ballooning, burgher-of-Calais sleeves and a huge, full skirt that hangs from

PATCHWORK

By ZAREH

$350

This custom-made masterpiece is tailored exactly to your every specification. Indicate whether you prefer side vents or center, two button or three, width of lapel, and jacket size and length. The Zareh Patchwork is made in combinations of reds and navys or browns and olives. Allow six weeks delivery.

Zareh INC.
65 STATE STREET
BOSTON, MASS. 02109
617-227-6464

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

a shoulder yoke of wrenlike narrowness. The wide collar, which is trimmed with black stitching, is more than a circle; it has an arrangement of snaps so that it stands erect, like a rippled ruff, around the ears, and frames the face as flower petals frame a visiting bee. The coat's capacious skirts leave room for the net crinolines and the mousseline petticoats of Miss Rhodes' dazzling ballgowns. A pair of them picked from Importique's selection provide a nice contrast in densities. The first dress comes in two parts—a printed chiffon blouse and a sunburst-pleated skirt of beige satin. This is also more than a full circle, and it is trimmed at the hem with ruched cockades. It is because of careful engineering that the skirt's majestic weight hangs effortlessly from the waist and sways with dignity about the legs. The silk-chiffon blouse has a high neck and long dolman sleeves, to which tight gauntlet cuffs below the elbow give a leg-of-mutton quality. The generally Arcadian-Edwardian air is furthered by fine, unexpected details such as a covered-button closing at the sides of the ribs and a parabola of tiny Pierrot ruffles below the bust. The colors are a genteel mixture of beige, peach, and powder pink. The print is the one Miss Rhodes—whose training was as a textile designer, and who turned to making her own clothes because other designers could only mutilate her fabrics—refers to as her "lilies" print, and it involves a union of strange, flamelike flowers and sinuous calligraphy worthy of a page of William Blake's "Songs of Innocence." The same print, this time in shades of pink, gray, and beige chiffon, shows up on the bodice of the second ballgown. The crinoline skirt is of fine-as-cobweb white netting and is trimmed with airy frills and frosty swags. The bodice has an off-the-shoulder neckline and swooping sleeves like dragonflies' wings. —K. F.

•

Hexagon shaped, this plexiglas and paper sculpture has earned artist Nancy Miller a front position in the ranks of temporary American artists.—*Picture caption in the Manteo (N.C.) Coastlander.*

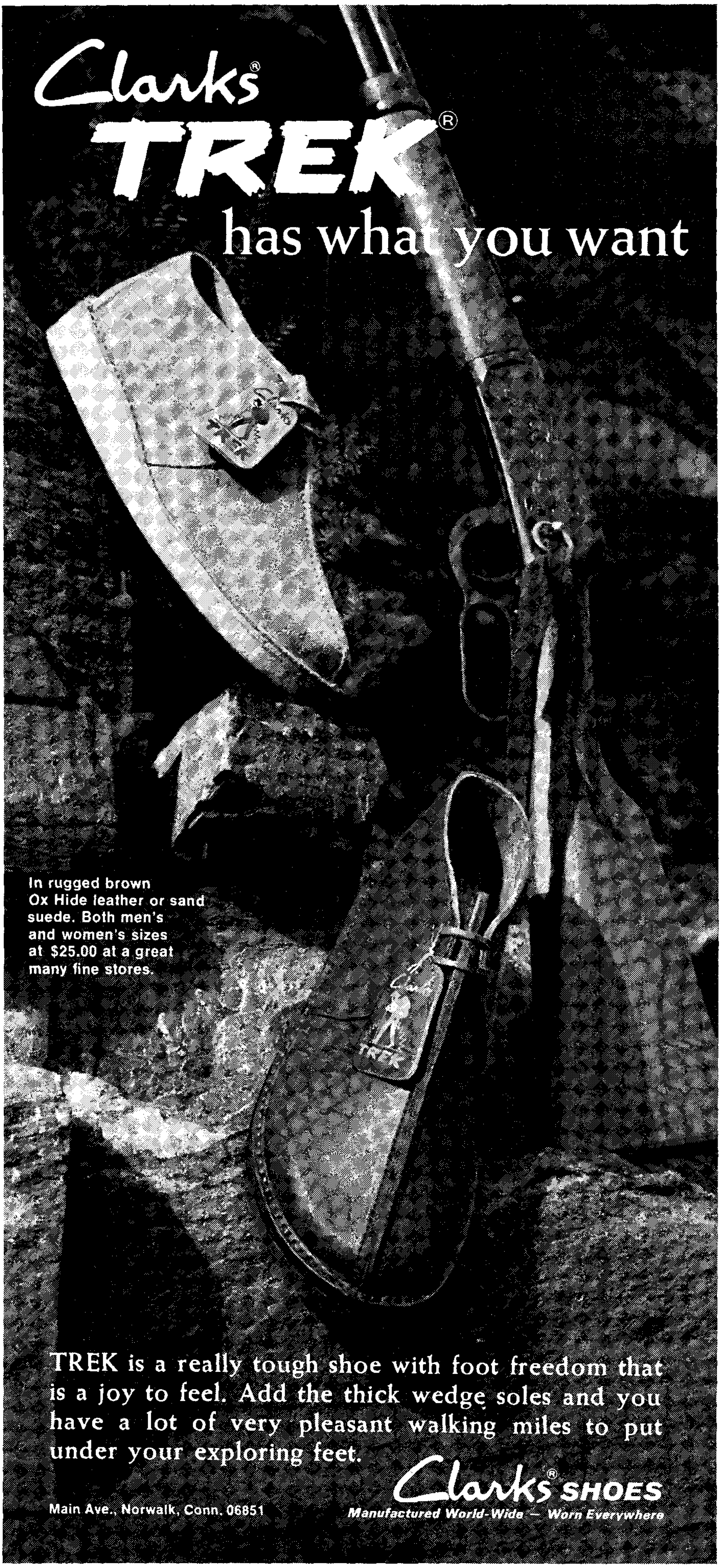
And there's a lot of them.

•

### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Austin (Texas) American*]

"It is not good to have all the people in the country unhappy," said Herbert Stein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers.



In rugged brown Ox Hide leather or sand suede. Both men's and women's sizes at $25.00 at a great many fine stores.

TREK is a really tough shoe with foot freedom that is a joy to feel. Add the thick wedge soles and you have a lot of very pleasant walking miles to put under your exploring feet.

Clarks® SHOES

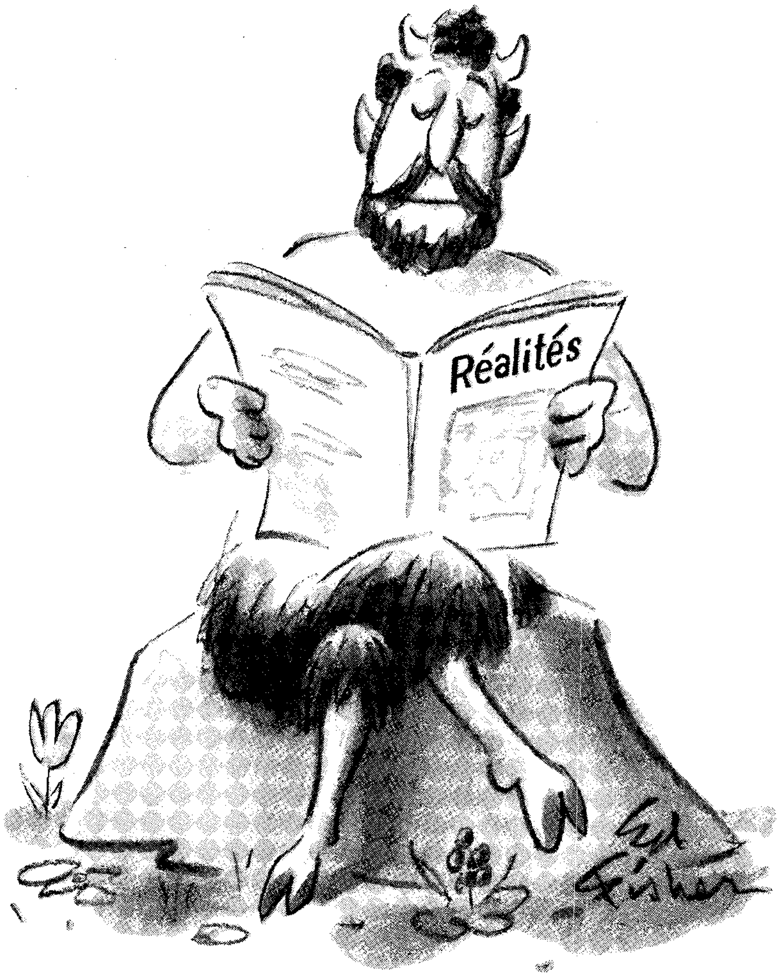
Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851

Manufactured World-Wide — Worn Everywhere

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE BRITISH AND HEROIN—II

LESSONS of profound interest are to be drawn from the British experience in combatting epidemic heroin addiction, I think, but to specialists deep in the debate over the next steps in American narcotics policy those lessons are of a peculiarly frustrating kind. The experience of the British has sprung from the premise they have maintained for fifty years: that heroin (like morphine, codeine, and other opiates) has a legitimate place in medicine—primarily as a powerful analgesic, which any doctor may lawfully prescribe for his patients as his judgment dictates, but also as a tool in the management of addiction, which the British view as a medical responsibility even when an addict seems to need maintenance on regular minimum doses of heroin for months or years. When an outbreak of heroin addiction began in England in the early nineteen-sixties, it was soon detected by the Drugs Branch of the Home Office, whose civil servants monitor narcotics addiction and maintain an index of known cases. The outbreak was small but was growing explosively. It was fuelled by a gray market in heroin prescribed to addicts legally but with lunatic generosity by a dozen or so general practitioners; some of the prescribing doctors were clearly venal and some overwhelmed by the pressures of dealing with addicts. The outbreak touched off considerable alarm. The British government and the medical profession reacted not by banning heroin in general medicine—the stuff is still routinely used in cough syrup, for instance—but by deciding that addicts are a unique sort of patient, who can no longer get heroin prescribed by general practitioners; instead, addicts must now report to treatment clinics for their heroin prescriptions. The clinics were set up early in 1968. The British like to view them as no more than a modification of their long-term medical approach to heroin and addiction, but since the clinics opened, the growth of addiction has slowed markedly, so that, although it is not wiped out, it seems by any standards normally applied to public-health problems to be contained. Therefore, the natural urge is to invoke the British experience with lawful heroin to settle immediate American policy issues—which may explain why that experience has regularly been misunderstood and misrepresented by both sides of the American debate. Some Americans advocate that the United States should experiment with allowing addicts to have heroin legally. Others propose, on the contrary, that the United States should expand existing programs that treat heroin addicts by long terms of compulsory hospitalization, and that this should be done through the legal process known as civil commitment—which would amount to treating addicts the way psychotics were treated before tranquillizers and related drugs revolutionized psychiatric care. These two extremes define the axis along which the dispute over American policy will move in the next several years. The dispute will grow more strident as the chief present treatments—methadone maintenance and abstinent therapeutic communities—come closer to enrolling all the addicts who will volunteer for them, while leaving many addicts, perhaps a majority, untreated. There are already signs that this is happening: in the past year, in several cities, including New York and Washington, the long waiting lists for methadone programs have shortened dramatically. But the lessons to be learned from the British approach to heroin cut crazily across the grain of the immediate American debate. Even the success of the British approach raises problems in applying its lessons to America, for the British have incomparably fewer addicts to deal with, and, even today, have only a small and unorganized illicit market. The United States may yet come to heroin maintenance for addicts. The legalizing of abortion suggests how suddenly the weather can change. But if we do turn to lawful heroin for addicts, the reason cannot be that we have learned from the British success anything as simple and gratifying as that the British methods would work here.



Of the lessons that Americans can legitimately draw from the British experience, the first and most salutary are lessons of doubt. Heroin swirls in myth. Addicts share myths about heroin that enslave their behavior more than the pharmacology of the chemical itself: abrupt withdrawal is an agony carrying the risk of death; once hooked, always hooked; you can't understand a junkie unless you've been one. Doctors, sociologists, policemen, social workers, science writers, and bureaucrats who deal with addicts share powerful myths about heroin, too, some of which they have learned from the addicts, and it is often difficult to break down the amalgam of truth and error that makes these professional misconceptions so durable. The dialogue, insofar as there has been one, between British and Americans working in drugs has been particularly useful in exposing such miscon-

# Most people just accept their mail system without questions. George Chesley didn't.

**Why wasn't I getting my mail until 10 or 11 o'clock?**

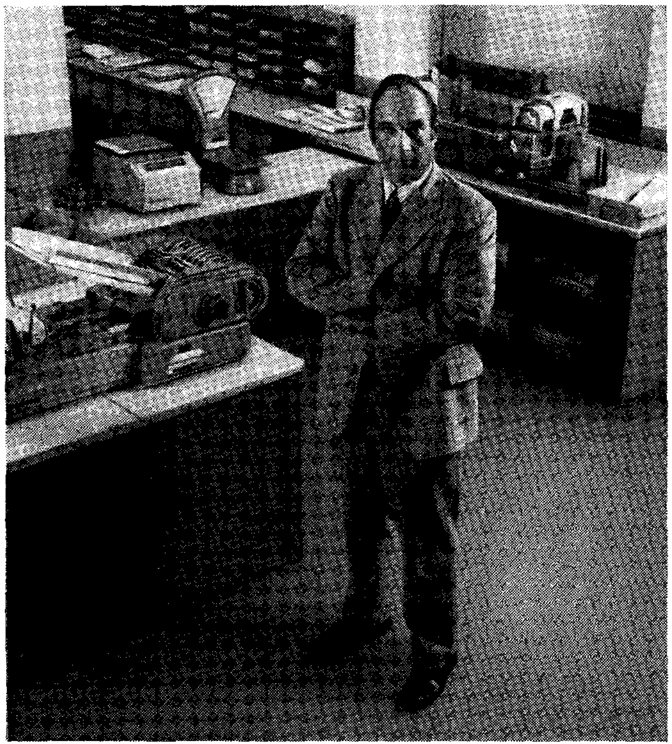
**Why were secretaries stamping the mail?**

**Why were salesmen complaining about getting information too late?**

**Why were we only sending out one mail a day?**

**Why was so much floor space taken up with mail facilities?**

**Can we keep mailing costs down with a 40% increase in volume?**



George Chesley, Manager Corporate Administration, Arrow-Hart, Inc., a leading manufacturer of electrical distribution equipment.

Once George Chesley had asked himself these questions, he called in Pitney Bowes to do a complete analysis of Arrow-Hart's mail and paper-handling system. He discovered he was right. Problems did exist and they could be solved.

At Arrow-Hart Pitney Bowes discovered a great deal of paper was being generated in every department. Paper systems were spread all over the company and processed, to a great extent, by hand. Hand inserting, hand folding, hand collating, hand stamping. Just dealing with paper was taking up too much time and too much space not to affect overall efficiency.

As a result Pitney Bowes completely redesigned Arrow-Hart's mailroom and patterns of paper flow. Some functions were centralized. In other areas equipment replaced people freeing them to do the jobs they were hired to do. New ways of handling and processing paper replaced older, more time consuming operations.

Arrow-Hart was able to pick up 5000 square feet of costly floor space and put it to more profitable use. Paper, in general, began to move faster and more economically through every part of the company. As George himself said: "The result was increased efficiency with paper and mail moving in and out much faster." In the end, Arrow-Hart was actually able to cut their mailing costs in spite of a 40% increase in mail volume.

You probably have these often overlooked problems in mail and paper flow, too. And whether you realize it or not, they affect the efficiency of every aspect of your business. It's very easy to find out. Pitney Bowes will be happy to do a complete analysis for you, at no cost, and make recommendations on how you may be able to match George's performance.

For more information write Pitney Bowes, 6298 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904, or call one of our 190 offices throughout the U.S. and Canada. Postage Meters, Mailing Equipment, Copiers, Counters and Imprinters, Addresser-Printers, Labeling and Marking Systems.

**Pitney Bowes**

**Because business travels at the speed of paper.**

ceptions. This dialogue began to be widely audible in the United States in the mid-sixties, when the English recognized their own problem, and has grown in intensity since their clinics began functioning, five years ago. For one thing, the clinics provide a frame, unrivalled elsewhere, for research into heroin addiction. Their clients are not merely a good sample but almost all the addicts there are in Britain—or so I have become convinced. The numbers are manageable. The records have been kept. The addicts are known personally. There is nowhere in British addiction research or control the vast blank space that is at the center of the drug map of any large American city. The greatest disappointment is that only in the last couple of years have the English begun to explore the most interesting areas for research—such as what makes the difference between addicts and nonaddicts from the same background, and which methods of treatment work best. But the lessons of clinic practice are as valuable as research. For five years now, clinic staffs have been learning how to prescribe to addicts, what psychiatric and social services are necessary, and what progress toward getting addicts off drugs is possible. They have been learning these things not just with a relatively tractable, relatively well-motivated sample, such as the volunteers for methadone or for abstinent communities in the United States, but—once again—with nearly all the addicts there are in Britain. In five years, ideas have evolved, sometimes surprisingly, and diverged. Researchers, clinic staffs, and civil servants are by no means unanimous on such fundamental issues as whether an addict can be stabilized on heroin for any length of time, whether methadone is a better drug for addicts than heroin, whether many heroin addicts are able to hold employment, whether many can successfully quit drugs, whether, despite the clinics, the small black market in heroin is a serious danger, and whether heroin addiction in Britain will reëmerge as an explosive social problem. The divergences of English clinical practice also have salutary lessons for Americans.

Surely the myth most deeply rooted in the rock of American experience is the one about the extreme pleasure *heroin gives, the ease* of becoming addicted, and the agony of withdrawal. Addicts and the general public the world around, and many doctors in the United States, believe that the truly addicted who are abruptly deprived of drugs will experience severe distress from purely physical causes. The effects of withdrawal have hardly seemed

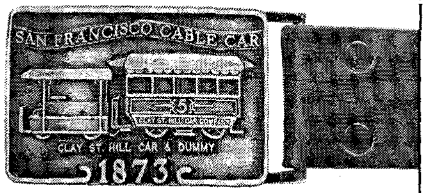
**No light too dim**
**no subject too close**

It's possible, with the incredible Sankyo LXL-255 Macro Movie Camera. Film in available light that's barely available. And as close as 0mm. That's *zero.* The front surface of the lens, literally. The Sankyo Macro-Focus Zoom Lens is a blazing fast f/1.2. And the shutter opens to a wide-eyed 220° instead of the usual 150°, to admit much more light. The LXL-255 Macro is loaded with special features like an instant 9 fps for exceptionally low light conditions—like an accessory titling and special effect kit included at no extra cost. It's one of 14 very good reasons why tomorrow's movies will be made with Sankyo today. See Sankyo home movie equipment at your camera dealer or write for catalog and prices.

Tomorrow's movies will be made with Sankyo.
Sankyo

**Sankyo Seiki (America) Inc.**
149 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010 / 212-260-0200
*West Coast Branch:*
13000 S. Athens Way, Los Angeles, Calif. 90061 / 213-321-0320

TRADITIONAL
**CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS**
*San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1946*



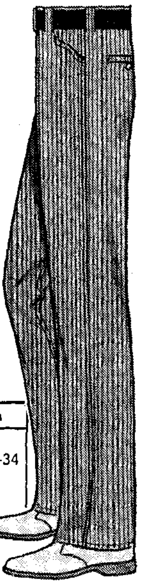
**Unusual New Antique Plaque Buckle Belts 8.50**

Our exclusive unusual Cable Car antique plaque metal buckle reproduction..... reflects the 1860's and 1870's era. Includes 1¾" rich cordovan soft steerhide saddle leather belt, handcrafted and oiled to an antique leather finish. Ideal for wider belt loops. Coordinates well with Frisco jeans and casual slacks. Sizes 28 to 44. ..............8.50

**Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

**"Fuller Cut"™ Cotton Corduroy Frisco Jeans® $14**

For over 40 years, these heavy duty corduroy pants have performed well under the most extreme wear and today are more in demand than ever before. Machine washable. Four large pockets plus practical watch pocket. Designed for heavy duty work use and as a casual pant to fit a man . . . a more ample, comfortable and better fit. The size dimensions are proportionately balanced for excellent fit with extra room in the seat, thighs and knees. Classic straight legs. Navy, brown, olive.



**Satisfaction Guaranteed**

| Waist Size | Length Inseam |
|---|---|
| 30-31 | 28-29-30-31-32 |
| 32-33-34-36-38 | 28-29-30-31-32-33-34 |
| 40 | 28-29-30-31-32-34 |
| 42 | 28-29-30-31-32 |
| 44-46 | 28-29-30-32 |

**Mail Orders to: Belts, Frisco Jeans**
**Cable Car Clothiers, No. 150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108**

| Circle Item | Qty. | Color | Size | M.O. or Check ☐ |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jeans | | | | Cable Charge ☐ |
| Cable Car Belt | | | | Sorry, No COD's |

☐ **Please send catalogue** (415) 397-4740

Name........................................
Address........................................
........................................Zip..........
Add $1.75 Ship & Hdlg. • 5½% Sales Tax in Ca. M10-1

**OUR TAKE-A JAMAICA BREAK-A**
(IT WON'T BREAK YOUR BUDGET.)

**A room and a terrace by the sea**
**(the only kind we have)**
**and agreeable, low summer prices.**

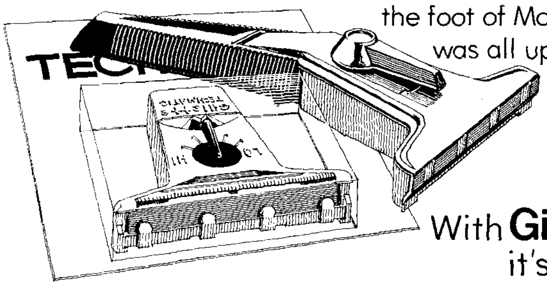
**7 days, 6 nights Only $184** per pers., double occ. 'Til Dec. 15

Includes: Rental car, unlimited mileage, full insurance. Ocean-front air conditioned room. Breakfast, gourmet dinner daily. Welcome drink. Nightly music, dancing, entertainment. Private beach, new swimming pool, tennis. Admission to Dunn's River Falls, Shaw Park Botanical Garden. (Golf, fishing, sailing available.)

**SHAW PARK**
**BEACH HOTEL**
Hugh Maitland-Walker, General Manager
**OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA**
See your travel agent or WDI MUNDY, INC.
(212) 868-0420
Out of state, call toll-free: (800) 221-7390

open to question. Much of the original research on withdrawal was done at the United States Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, in the nineteen-thirties. There various scales were drawn up that, with portentous scientific precision, graded the signs and symptoms of sudden abstinence from narcotics as ranging from mild, including yawning, lacrimation, rhinorrhea (runny nose), and diaphoresis (sweating), through moderate, with tremor, gooseflesh, anorexia (loss of appetite), abdominal cramps, mydriasis (dilated pupils), and marked restlessness, all the way to severe, with vomiting, diarrhea, priapism, and weight loss of five pounds or more in twenty-four hours. In one version or another, the Lexington scales are still quoted, often in the tell-tale original jargon, in medical textbooks. Yet as a practical matter the relation between the signs and symptoms of withdrawal and the degree of addiction is peculiarly hard to determine. Though urine tests can tell the fact of heroin use, no test exists to tell the quantity. The English clinics bear out what anyone who deals with addicts would expect—that even in the most familiar, least coercive settings addicts will lie about the combinations and amounts of drugs they take and the distress they feel without them. Some addicts can fake withdrawal with great skill. To complicate the problem, heroin in the United States varies so widely in dilution that not even the addict can really know the severity of his addiction. He reckons it in dollars. The fact remains that many American doctors have seen addicts go through extreme and degrading displays of withdrawal.

English heroin addicts reckon their habits in ten-milligram pills, and there is no question that they have averaged far higher daily doses than American addicts can afford. In England, a few addicts, whose habits have been established for more than a decade and who are now attending clinics, are injecting six grains or more a day—three hundred and sixty milligrams—and a grain a day, or six pills, is cited by clinic doctors as typical of addicts getting any heroin at all. Despite these quantities, many English doctors are skeptical about the demon of withdrawal. They can't doubt that it terrifies their addicts. They don't question the need, when taking someone off narcotics, to use a scaled reduction of doses, possibly masked for the time by tranquillizers or barbiturates. But they do suspect that the signs of withdrawal and their severity are elaborated from a slender physical basis by a robust mixture of conditioning and self-delusion. English



There were more cuts on my face than on my records...

"Good-bye NICK"

My name is Tim Wheeler. I started singing for free beer, then the General discovered me and I was asked to sing at a concert at the foot of Mount Rushmore.

My songs talked of the quiet, peaceful life. But people were noticing the bandages on my face. I always nicked and cut myself when I shaved. People called me "Nick." There were more cuts on my face than on my records. The General called me out on the veranda. "Nick," he said. "They cancelled your appearance at Rushmore. I can't sell a peaceful singer who looks like his appearance at Madison Square Garden was a ten-rounder, instead of a concert. Good-Bye Nick."

On the bus for Atlanta I told a guy my story. From his cardboard satchel he took out a razor. "This is a Gillette Techmatic® razor," he said. "Instead of blades with sharp corners that can cut and nick your face, it has a continuous razor band all safely enclosed in a cartridge. And it's adjustable to your skin and beard, for a smooth, safe shave."

I bought a Gillette Techmatic, and got great shaves. I sang at the foot of Mount Rushmore, and it was all up from there.

With **Gillette TECHMATIC** it's good-bye Nick.

©The Gillette Company, Boston, Mass.

For people who are still individuals...

*the Irish country hat*

Each Irish country hat is handcrafted with pride by skilled artisans on the wild, western coast of Ireland. These hats are created by individuals, not production lines, and are designed to become an extension of your own personality.

*Benedicte Boullet, Paris, France*

**Shape your Irish hat to suit yourself**

The style of your hat can say a lot. That's why the Irish hat leaves the final shape up to you.

*Peter Christian, London, England*

The hand-woven tweed is extra thick, and fully lined in the crown. It sheds rain, protects from the wind, and can give you a comfortable shade from the sun.

Irish country hats are made exclusively for Norm Thompson, and come in distinctive gray or brown tweed mixes. Sizes 6¼ to 8. Each $14.50. Two for **$28.00.**

You have full return privileges.

**Norm Thompson**
Dept. Q-1
1805 N.W. Thurman
Portland, Ore. 97209

*Telephone orders any time:* (503) 221-0380.

| | Qty. | Size | Brown | Gray |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Irish Hat(s)** | | | | |
| | | | | |

☐ Check enclosed. ☐ Charge to my BankAmericard. ☐ Master Charge. (Include all raised letters and numbers on card.)

Card No.

Signature X

☐ Send free 80 page color catalog, *"Escape from the ordinary"*

Name

Address

City

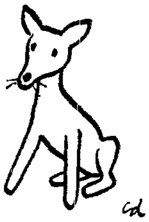
State Zip

doctors working with addicts say they have never or only very rarely witnessed a bad case of withdrawal.

Most telling is the evidence from prisons. The ranking expert on this is Ian Pierce James, a forensic psychiatrist, who in the years of the changeover to the drug clinics was chief medical officer at Brixton Prison, in south London. Brixton holds adult men. Because they include prisoners freshly arrested and arraigned and sent there from all over southeast England to await trial, Dr. Pierce James saw the raw realities of all kinds of drug addiction. He now teaches at the University of Bristol and directs an in-patient drug unit at Bristol's Glenside Hospital. On a ringingly bright West Country morning a while ago, he picked me up at the new railway station outside Bristol. Dark, of middle height, heavyset, and infectiously confident, Pierce James can shatter a preconception about drug addiction with practically every sentence, as I discovered as soon as we had settled into his car. There were very few addicts in Bristol, he said—until the end of 1971, only two, to his knowledge. But then, in just six months, there had been at least ten amateurish thefts of narcotics from pharmacies in Bristol suburbs; a little later, one or two at a time, eleven new addicts had surfaced, all in their early twenties or their teens, all close kin or friends. "These are unusual in that none had first turned on in London," Pierce James said. "They stole heroin, tincture of morphine, injectable ampules of morphine, even Nepenthe—that's an injectable narcotic for children. They tried them all. But I would think that, of the eleven, perhaps two or three were in any way really addicted. You may say this mini-demic is very alarming, but in fact a fair proportion of the stolen drugs was recovered and no illegally imported heroin has been seized from these addicts. They have certainly not been buying on any black market.

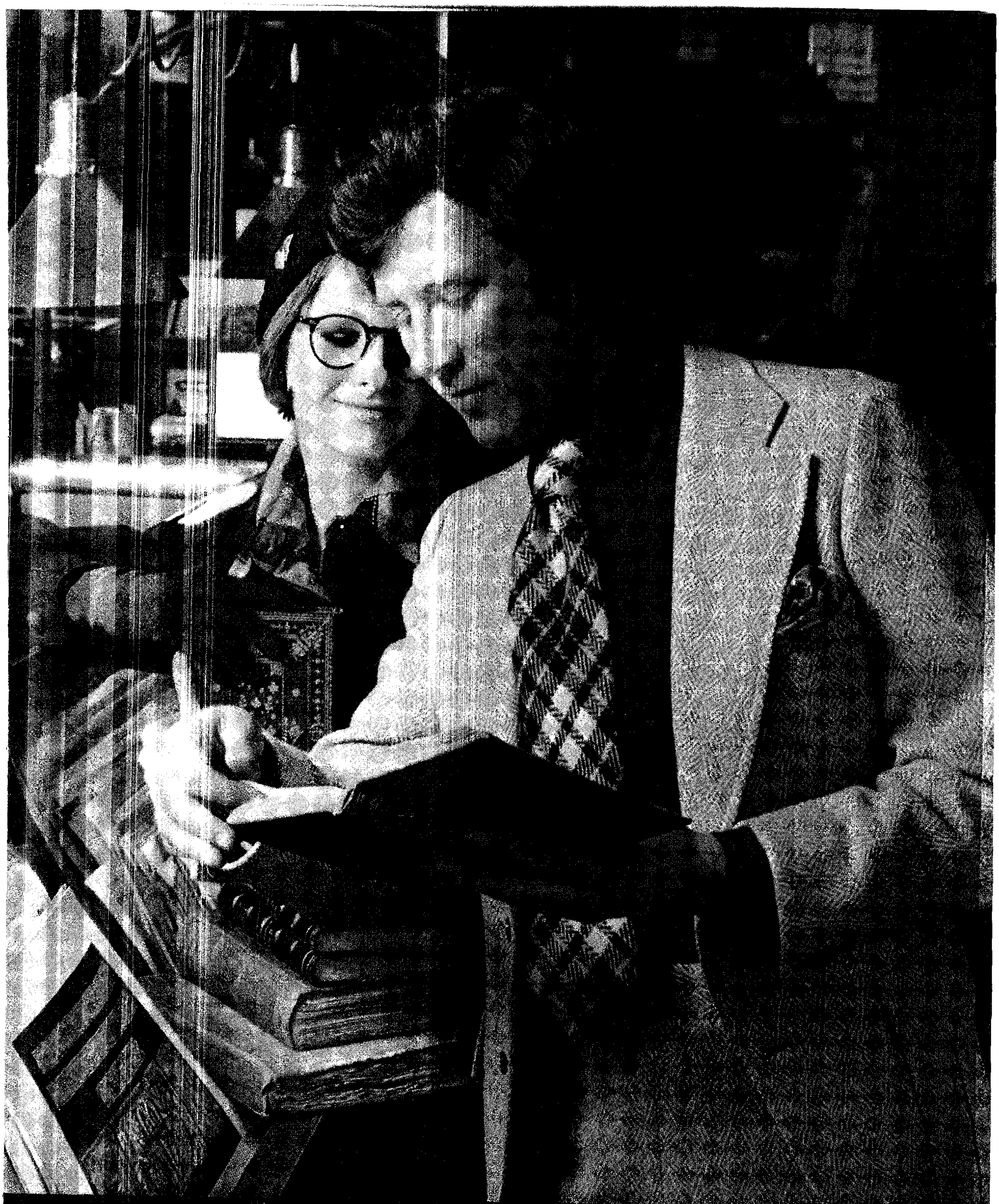
"We're hard-liners about heroin in Bristol. Any addict who presents himself to hospital will be taken in straightaway for gradual withdrawal. Or he may be put on oral methadone, as in the States. But no injectable narcotics for addicts. People tend to stress the differences between heroin and the other drugs, like alcohol, but the similarities are far greater. And nobody would think of prescribing a bottle of gin fortified with Vitamin B1 to an alcoholic every day. I'm taking you to Bristol Prison—that all right? I've got an office there; I'm a part-time forensic consultant."

We pulled up at a gateway through the thick prison wall. Pierce James bustled into a guardroom and came back in an instant with a ring of big jailhouse keys. We drove into a cobbled parking yard surrounded by steel-mesh fence. Inside the prison, the air was cool, fresh, and silent. "English criminals are a lot different from American," Pierce James said as we made our way to his office. "Much more passive, on the whole. In fact, now that so many English mental hospitals have changed to open, short-stay institutions, we get a certain number of men for whom prison is really an asylum from a world they can't handle." We went around a corner, unlocked a heavy door, and entered a large office furnished with a steel desk, bookcases, old maps.



Addicts don't get heroin in any British prison, Pierce James said. Instead, when they arrive they are withdrawn over a period of ten days with methadone by mouth. "In '68, '69, and '70, at Brixton, I was seeing about two hundred and fifty people with clear signs of physical dependency on heroin every year. This was about a quarter of the known population of male addicts over twenty-one in all England. One thing about the Home Office index—if there were a large number of addicts the Home Office had missed, who thus had to be getting their supplies on the black market, you'd expect them to show up in places like Brixton. And they don't. In those years at Brixton, I saw very few addicts who were not already on the index—fewer than ten per cent.

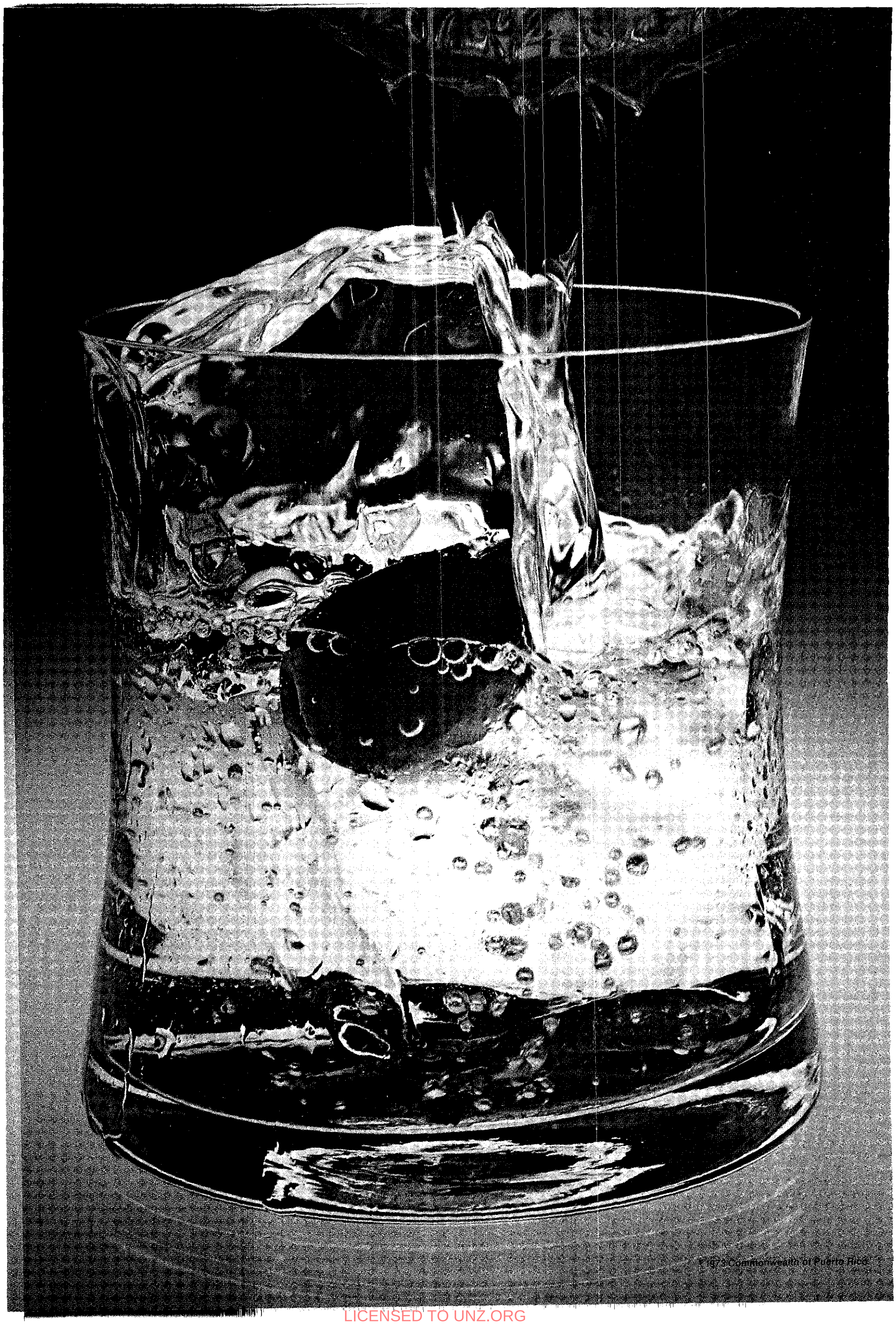
"The junkie culture instills a dread of withdrawal. These were people who had kept themselves euphoric for months on the most powerful analgesic ever in use, until they had lost their tolerance for even the normal discomforts of life—a stiff neck, a Monday-morning depression. Abrupt withdrawal is usually no worse than a very bad flu. I've seen one case—one—with really extreme withdrawal signs, though even that was a withdrawal not from heroin but from methadone. At Brixton, I had far more trouble from barbiturate withdrawal than from heroin. Withdrawing from barbiturates, you can get convulsions, you know." Pierce James paused, then said, "We look at addiction the wrong way round, I think. We pay so much attention to the addict, and none to the kids from the same street who never become addicted. Addiction is not easy. I suspect you



A country-in-the-city look as you and your bottle green Gant shirt explore the stacks of the bibliophile's delight. The Argosy Bookstore. The fabric is twill. In 65% DACRON® Polyester/35% Cotton. The collar is Earl. The look is inevitably Gant. With matching Gant tie. Of course.

A CONSOLIDATED FOODS COMPANY • RESPONSIVE TO CONSUMER NEEDS

THE GANT ATTITUDE



©1973 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

# A white rum martini?

*Three martinis made with gin (left), Puerto Rican white rum (center), and vodka. White rum looks exactly like gin and vodka, but is drier and smoother.*

We wouldn't have dared suggest a white rum martini to you a few years ago even though we knew how good it tasted.

But overnight, America's taste in liquor has changed. Changed? It's darned near a revolution!

The switch is on — from the heavy liquors to the light.

*In* are gin and vodka — the "white liquors" — clear, dry and light. Deliciously light.

One out of four drinks served in America is now made with white liquor. And the imperious martini is the nation's most popular cocktail. But now there's a surprising new twist.

## America discovers a new white liquor

Suddenly, white rum has eased its way into the driest martinis. Not just any white rum, mind you, but white rum from *Puerto Rico* (80% of all rum sold *is* from Puerto Rico).

Are you surprised to learn that rum can be white? Some people still believe all rum is dark and sweet, like the rum made famous by our Caribbean neighbors in Jamaica.

But, as you can see, a martini made with white rum from Puerto Rico is as crystal clear as any made with gin or vodka.

## Why a martini with Puerto Rican white rum?

White rum is as dry as gin without gin's sweetness. Gin contains herbs and an oil made from the juniper berry. That's what gives it a faintly sweet smell. And that's why your mouth is apt to taste like a bunch of flowers after a few sips of a martini made from even the most expensive English gin.

White rum is *not* sweet.

It contains no herbs or juniper-berry oil. So if you've been a confirmed gin martini drinker, you may be flabbergasted by the dryness of a martini made with white rum.

White rum is more mellow than vodka. Let's face it, vodka is no sissy drink. After all, it is virtually straight alcohol and water. This may account for the involuntary flinch you often notice on the face of a man who has just sunk his teeth into a vodka martini.

A white rum martini doesn't knock your block off. It goes down smooth as silk. That's because our white rum from Puerto Rico is *aged,* while vodka is not.

Vodka can be sold as soon as it's made. But Puerto Rican white rum, by law, must be aged for no less than one year in oak casks.

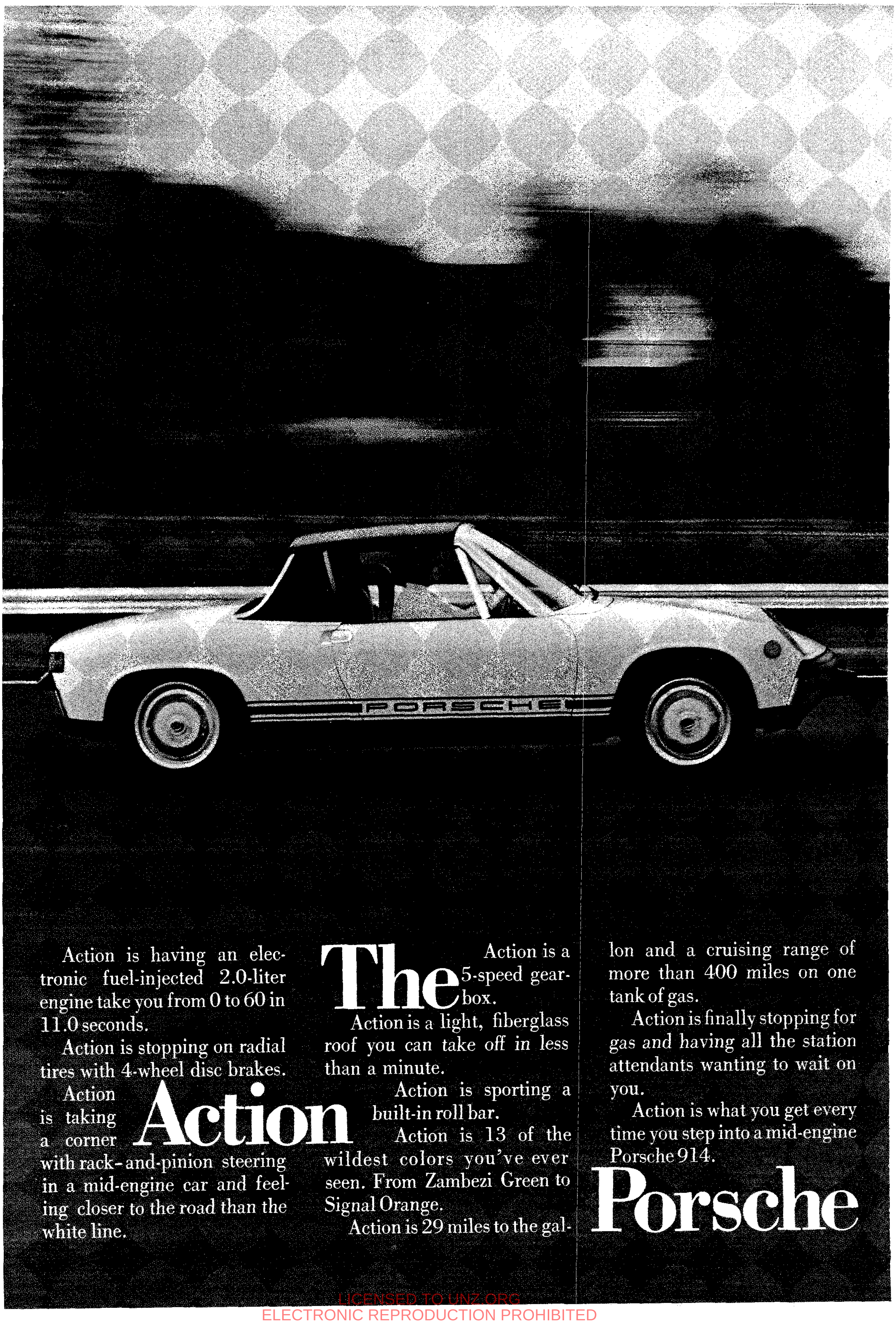
By not hurrying the making of our white rum, we're able to smooth out the harsh edges while maintaining the dryness.

## The real test: Compare all three martinis yourself

Next time you're in your liquor store, buy a bottle of Puerto Rican white rum (there are many brands to choose from) and use it in your martinis instead of gin or vodka.

After a week of drinking white rum martinis, we think you'll find gin too sweet and vodka too harsh, and we'll bet you never go back to them again.

**PUERTO RICAN RUM**



# The Action

Action is having an electronic fuel-injected 2.0-liter engine take you from 0 to 60 in 11.0 seconds.

Action is stopping on radial tires with 4-wheel disc brakes.

Action is taking a corner with rack-and-pinion steering in a mid-engine car and feeling closer to the road than the white line.

Action is a 5-speed gearbox.

Action is a light, fiberglass roof you can take off in less than a minute.

Action is sporting a built-in roll bar.

Action is 13 of the wildest colors you've ever seen. From Zambezi Green to Signal Orange.

Action is 29 miles to the gallon and a cruising range of more than 400 miles on one tank of gas.

Action is finally stopping for gas and having all the station attendants wanting to wait on you.

Action is what you get every time you step into a mid-engine Porsche 914.

**Porsche**

have to work at it. It's not an escalation; it's an escalade, rather—a series of walls to be got over. A lot of individuals start with marijuana, but heroin is a citadel few ever get to. Why?"

That afternoon, as we were driving to the train, he came back to the difficulty of becoming addicted. "The real question is, put it this way, why do all the people who have been exposed to alcohol not inevitably become alcoholics? Why not compare a group of addicts with a group who have 'failed' to become addicts?"

A STUDY to reëxamine the physiological signs and symptoms of withdrawal—with results that upset received opinion—was carried out recently at the in-patient drug-dependence unit at the Bethlem Royal Hospital. Bethlem is historically the direct descendant of the Bedlam, just north of the Roman Wall, that was London's first insane asylum, as early as the end of the fourteenth century. Relocated three times, most recently in 1930, Bethlem is now an affiliate of the Maudsley Hospital, Britain's foremost psychiatric-research center; Bethlem sprawls on the border of Kent, south of London, where there are woods and lawns, walks, cricket fields, and tennis courts—all told, more than an acre of grounds per patient. The drug-dependence unit at Bethlem is on the top floor of a two-story building, with day facilities and separate bedrooms for twenty-one patients, who can be withdrawn in two groups, isolated from each other not by the drug they take but by how they take it—by pill or by needle. The twenty-one patients, who pay nothing, are attended by three doctors (who also treat out-patient addicts at the Maudsley), two full-time psychiatric social workers, a psychologist, a full-time occupational therapist and another half-time, and twenty-two nurses. On top of all that, the unit is directed by a consultant psychiatrist, Philip Connell, who spends six half days a week there. Since the needle ward is locked, illicit drugs could be kept out; thus Dr. Connell had a controlled setting in which to study withdrawal. "I have only once seen a patient in acute withdrawal, and that was in an ambulance," he told me one morning. "There's evidence that you can control some patients' withdrawal symptoms with an injection of water—a simple saline solution. I am *very* skeptical about physical factors' being the most important element in explaining withdrawal. Addicts have this big inventory of symptoms—I wonder whether it's not a very complicated psychophysiological conditioning. For example, there is such a thing as conditioned withdrawal, where even months after an ex-addict has been completely detoxified he can show the signs of classic opiate withdrawal, triggered just by the sight of a hypodermic syringe."

Connell set up an experiment in which a small number of narcotics addicts were given "medicine"—a paper cup of syrup to drink—once every day for twenty-eight days, which they understood was the length of their withdrawal treatment. Actually, the patients were divided at random into two groups—one group withdrawn all the way by decreasing doses of methadone in their syrup in just ten days, the other group taken down in twenty-one days. Connell observed the one essential procedural safeguard for all research on the effects of pharmaceuticals: he worked "double-blind," which means not only that the patients didn't know what their doses were but also that all the staff members were kept ignorant of what was in the paper cups they were given to hand out, so that the staff's interpretations of patient behavior would not be influenced unconsciously by knowledge of who was getting what. (At the Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, in the nineteen-thirties, the work on withdrawal was not even single-blind; on the contrary, as a 1938 report boasted, the patients were encouraged to watch each other, "to observe for themselves that the abstinence syndrome is not so severe as they had imagined.") At Bethlem, Connell and his co-workers put together for each case the nurses' daily notes, the patient's own complaints, individual interviews by doctors, and a chart that showed which of the classic withdrawal signs showed up, and when, so that it became possible after the end of the twenty-eight days to relate them to the true physical state of withdrawal. "You'd expect the ten-day and twenty-one-day groups to cluster differently if physical factors were paramount," Connell said. "They didn't. The most important factor in the timing and development of their withdrawal symptoms seemed to be the nearness of the twenty-eighth day and complete withdrawal from 'medicine.'"

Withdrawal, however open to question, is a syndrome addicts and research psychiatrists can at least talk about explicitly. But at the back of that cave shimmers the question of the pleasure heroin can give. The myths about the delights of narcotics are compounded

Gleneagles® warmer you'll live in all winter.

All Wear-Dated® clothes are guaranteed for a full year's normal wear, refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto.

This pile-lined Condor coat looks great wherever you take it. Feels great, too, because the pile is super-warm 100% Acrilan® acrylic. Both lining and coat are color-keyed. In British tan, carbon blue, black or brown. Reg. sizes: 36-48; long: 40-48.

Monsanto

The Wear-Dated® Guarantee covers a lot of living.

Available at Rogers Peet Co., New York; Jacob Reed Sons, Philadelphia; Capper and Capper, Detroit; Nebraska Clothing Co., Omaha; Nordstroms, Seattle and fine stores everywhere.

Slip into something completely cling-free. This molded top Lace Shaper in nylon tricot is perfect under today's little knits and clingy things. The Lace Shaper slip $8. In sizes 32 to 38 short or average. Matching petticoat and bikini. Black, white, champagne. Available at your favorite store or write Formfit Rogers, Dept. 01, 530 Fifth Ave., New York 10036.

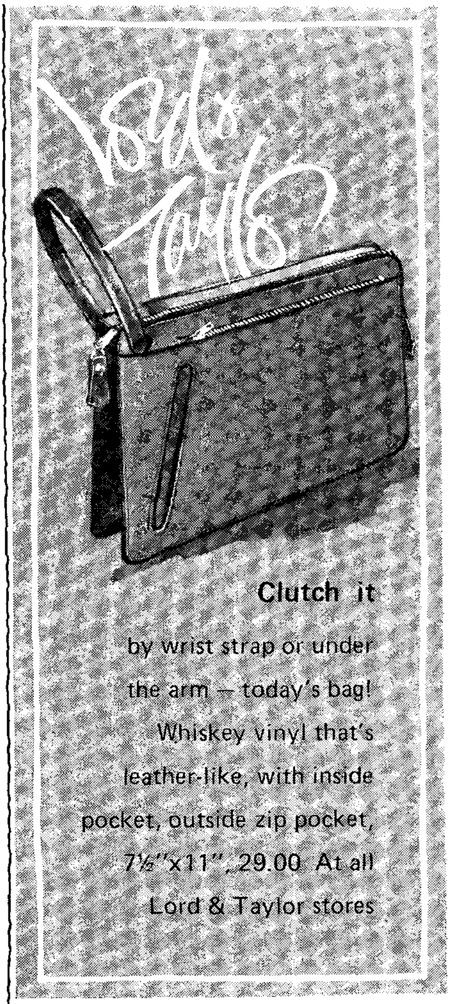
**Be Somebody with Formfit Rogers.**
a division of Genesco

of dread and fascination. In the United States, they lie deep in the popular consciousness; even American doctors who work with addicts will sometimes talk about heroin with a vehemence that strikes the observer as not only exaggerated but salacious. Primary sensations in some ways beggar words, of course. What is the redness of red? Why is sweetness pleasant? Can we hope to ask the monkey with the microelectrode in his thalamus to type a sonnet about just why he presses the lever in his cage? Yet the pleasure of narcotics, for those who get any, must be complex—and not absolute, like a primary sensation. In the prevailing incoherence, one of the earliest descriptions still stands as one of the most persuasive. In 1700, a London physician, John Jones, wrote, in a book titled "The Mysteries of Opium Reveal'd":

> *It causes a most agreeable, pleasant, and charming Sensation about the Region of the Stomach*, which if one lies, or sits still, diffuses it self in a kind of *indefinite manner*, seizing one not unlike the gentle, sweet *Deliquium* that we find upon our entrance into a most agreeable *Slumber*, which, upon yielding to it, generally ends in *Sleep*: But if the Person keeps himself in *Action, Discourse*, or *Business*, it seems . . . like a most delicious and extraordinary *Refreshment* of the Spirits upon very *good News*, or any other great cause of *Joy*, as the sight of a dearly beloved Person, & c. thought to have been lost at *Sea*. . . .
>
> It has been compar'd (not without good cause) to a permanent gentle *Degree* of that Pleasure, which Modesty forbids the naming of.

When the opiate is heroin, taken intravenously, some addicts claim that all those sensations are luridly intense. In the early weeks of addiction, or for some established addicts with a sharply increased dose, there is reportedly a bursting euphoria in the first seconds after injection—a rush that is described as though any sexual comparison were inadequate. No English specialists deny the extreme seductiveness of heroin for many people. It really is an addictive drug. What they question is how the fact gets amplified—by credulity, loathing, or fear of temptation—into myth. Thus, an American doctor of great experience in the New York City addiction programs, visiting the London clinics, once said to me earnestly, "From what people tell me, it's just so goddam great, it's the most magnificent feeling in the whole world, it beats orgasm, it just beats anything." From the perspective of professionals working in the world of London drug addicts, that sounds as though mythmaking were salted with prurience.

The fact is that not everybody finds



**Clutch it**
by wrist strap or under the arm – today's bag! Whiskey vinyl that's leather-like, with inside pocket, outside zip pocket, 7½"x11", 29.00 At all Lord & Taylor stores

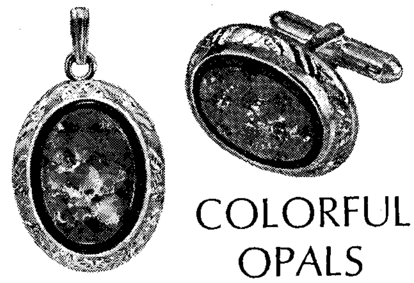
*Qualité Belgique... C'est Magnifique.*

**LADIES & GENTLEMEN'S CASUALS and LADIES SHOES**

*Color brochure on request.*

**BELGIAN SHOES**
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PL 5-7372
in San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED



COLORFUL OPALS

Beautiful blue-green opal inlay pendant flashed with fire, neatly bordered in black onyx and framed in textured 14K gold. Matching cufflinks for him. Your nicest jeweler has them. **14K**

*Send for illustrated catalog of other 14K gold jewelry gifts for every occasion, together with name of nearest jeweler. Mail 35¢ to Box 1674, Grand Central Station, New York City 10017*

pleasure in heroin, as the English are in a position to know more clearly than most Americans. Addicts on a stabilized dose find nothing more than the prevention of withdrawal symptoms (of which even the slightest will, of course, trigger a powerful conditioned urge to seek relief with the drug) and some tranquillizing of anxiety. Non-addicts given heroin for analgesia in England often dislike its dissociating, deadening power. "When they gave it to me when I had a coronary, I asked them to stop it, because I didn't like its effects," a psychiatrist told me. "I preferred a certain amount of pain." Not everybody who tries heroin for pleasure enjoys it enough to become an addict. The possibility that in the United States there are tens of thousands of occasional users of heroin, not addicted, has on occasion been raised, and obviously could make an important difference in attitudes toward addiction and in plans for its control. But under American conditions—with heroin, so to speak, widely available except to investigators—research into occasional users would be difficult and its meaning debatable, for many American specialists automatically consign all such users to the ranks of what they call pre-addicts. In this way, fear of the omnipotent seductiveness of heroin affects the very definition of the addict; he is grossly simplified, from somebody who has acquired an overpowering desire for the drug's continuance to anybody who has tried it once. (In form—and in ambiguity of motive as well—the error must be classed with the temperance definition of the alcoholic or the hypermasculine definition of the homosexual.) The result is circular. The way an addict is defined determines how many addicts will be found; and simplified definitions that inflate the numbers reduce the apparent chance for success of any treatment plan.

The English, now that the clinics are in their sixth year, have evidence that is beginning to be suggestive about sociological questions like why some of those who try heroin don't persist—Dr. Pierce James's "failed" addicts—and they have amassed a great deal of information about the ones who do become addicted. A basic source is still the index of all known addicts which the Home Office has kept for nearly fifty years. Since the clinics were established, the Home Office has shared responsibility for the handling of addiction with the Department of Health and Social Security, that being the ultimate fount of staff and funds for treatment institutions of all kinds; separately from the Home Office index, the

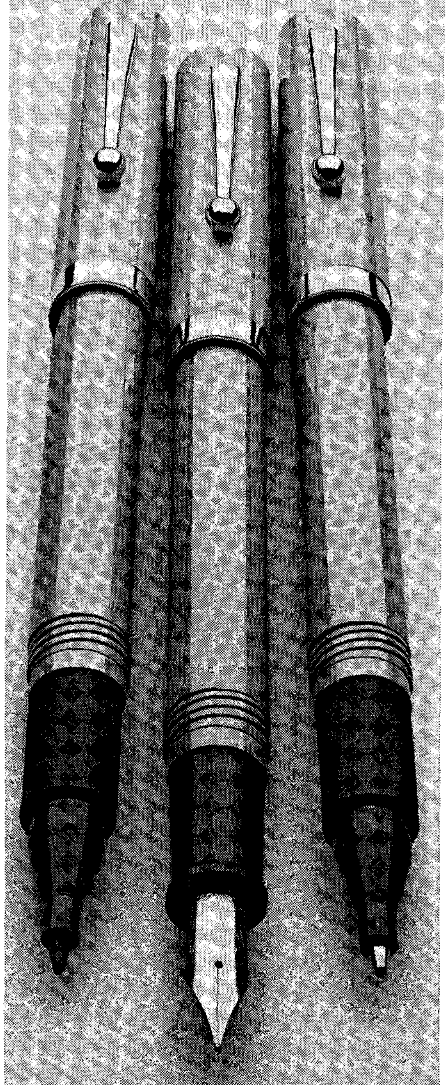
Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.

SUPERB AT HOME OR ABROAD, THESE BEAUTIFULLY THOUGHT-OUT TURN-OUTS. SAX ASCOT-BLOUSE OF HELANCA® NYLON IN ONE OF THE FLOWER COLORS OF INA'S POLYESTER SKIRT: BLEYLE'S HOUNDSTOOTH DOUBLE KNIT WOOL JACKET AND MATCHING SOLID PANTS; SAX TURTLENECK IN RIBBY HELANCA® NYLON. ALL IMPORTED FROM EUROPE BY HOOPER ASSOCIATES. AT THE BEST STORES. FOR THE NEAREST ONE, WRITE: 1451 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10036. IN CANADA: 1470 PEEL STREET, MONTREAL 110, QUEBEC.

W.A. SHEAFFER
No Nonsense Pen™

Simple, straight-forward, classic, out of step with today's throwaway culture. Refillable cartridge, ballpoint or fiber tip marker in basic tan or navy blue. $1.98: not bad for a pen you may use the rest of your life.

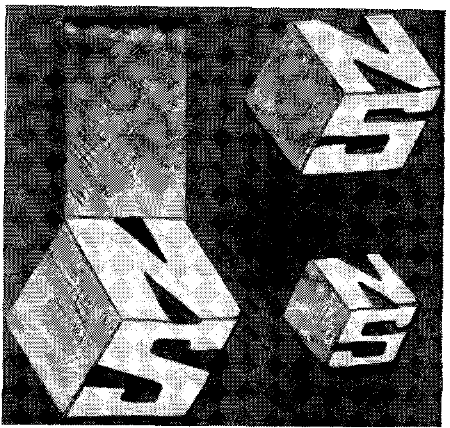
$1.98



SHEAFFER, WORLD-WIDE, A textron COMPANY

Department of Health has kept its own, more detailed records of addicts. (Surveying the shelf where stood the black loose-leaf binders containing an up-to-date case history of every addict who has ever been to a British clinic, a Department of Health statistician said recently, "Nobody has a record of this kind anywhere else in the world." With unconscious heartlessness, he added, "Quite a nice size for statistical analysis.") Certain facts are established, if not always explained. In England, as in America, heroin addiction is primarily a disorder of young men. In the mid-sixties, it was clear from the Home Office index that almost all the several thousand new addicts who made up the English heroin epidemic of those years were in their late teens or early twenties. Indeed, English addicts tended to be even younger than American ones. The most recent study, carried out by a team of physicians and sociologists at the Addiction Research Unit, at the Maudsley Hospital, considered all the addicts showing up for the first time at any of the London clinics in the course of twelve months, and found that more than a quarter were in their late teens, that the average age was twenty-one years and eight months, and that only two per cent were thirty or over. Men outnumbered women four to one. There are some instructive contrasts to the United States: addicts in England are drawn quite evenly from the several social classes, and average about the same levels of education as the general populace, while black addicts have always been disproportionately few. It continues to be true that English addicts are likely to use not just one drug but almost anything available, and seemingly almost at random—heroin, methadone, amphetamines and barbiturates, tranquillizers, marijuana, alcohol. This situation, too, is instructive. In the last two years in the United States, such multiple drug use, which was once rare among adolescents who were experimenting with heroin, has been growing rapidly; doctors from English clinics who have observed American treatment programs in the last several months have warned that multiple drug use may soon be as great a problem in the United States as heroin alone.

Moving beyond these elementary descriptions, another English study that has just been tabulated shows that a startling number—thirty per cent—of the people who turn up once at a clinic (usually with enough evidence of narcotic addiction to require notification to the Home Office) never come back. Several of the most recent studies agree



Exclusive
a Sterling Idea

. . . big handsome hunks of silver that make your monogram monumental in dimensional block letters. Cufflinks, $35 . . . tie tac, $15 . . . and a clip to keep your assets together, $20. Please add $1 delivery beyond our area and allow two weeks from the date we receive your order, Bergdorf GoodMAN, Street Floor.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
One West Fifty-Seventh Street

INCOMPARABLE

Orient Point, L.I., N.Y. Superbly built 1740 farmhouse of great charm overlooking own fields and Gardiner's Bay. 9 rms, 2½ baths, 6 frpls, 2 brick ovens, rare hot water well. Unsurpassed wide pine floorboards, 9 over 6 windows. Comfortable in all seasons. With its indescribably happy atmosphere this enchanting dwelling is three miles from lovely unspoiled village. 27 acres, 1 side protected for all time by state park property, another by meadow. With 2 acres $85,000; with 27 acres $265,000. Principals only. 516-323-3583.

DISPLAY YOUR SILVER . . .

and use it whenever you wish. You can now buy silver serving pieces with impunity. You merely don these two polishing gloves, whisk over the silver and voila! the job is done. Polish is inside the mitt. A blessing for busy women who can't spend a day a week cleaning silver. One size fits all. Long lasting. $3.00 the pair which includes postage.

Add $1.00 if sent gift wrapped.
N.Y. State residents add 12¢ a pair for tax.
EC Edith Chapman ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

on a related surprise: that a long time elapses, on the average, between an individual's first injection of a narcotic and his first appearance at a clinic. The lag is two years, by Department of Health statistics, or, according to an independent study, fully three years. Such new findings hardly upset the weight of evidence that the British approach has so far been generally successful in containing addiction. Yet they are puzzling. To solve the puzzle, researchers are beginning to examine more closely the patterns of drug use among the young. Clinic staffs, of course, see these patterns daily, and their impressions, though they are partial and not rigorous, offer some leads. Staffs say, from their dealings with the one-time visitors and with their regulars as well, that many hundreds of people may have experimented with narcotics without progressing to addiction—at least, not yet. Some English doctors go further (as do some Americans), and suggest that it is actually hard for the average youth to become an addict.

The availability of the clinics and their captive clientele makes possible research projects designed to penetrate the causes of addiction. Yet the questions researchers face are genuinely difficult. Addicts make unreliable witnesses, with poor and self-serving memories; the drugs they take are almost sure to have altered precisely the social behavior and personality traits that are at issue. Thus, any research, wherever carried out, that looks retrospectively into the biographies of addicts begins with grave problems. An alternative is to work forward in time; that is, to start with a group of addicts today—or, ideally, with a very much larger and younger group in which nobody is yet using drugs—and follow all its members for years, in order to see what happens to them and how their fates might have been predicted. Research like that is easier in England than in America, but it is expensive anywhere, and obviously takes a great deal of time. English studies along such lines have only recently begun. Most are being done by the Addiction Research Unit, where they are designed with an intellectual elegance that is the mark of the Unit's director, Dr. Griffith Edwards. Some of the most important projects will not be completed for years. But what has emerged provisionally is a social psychology of drug use, a picture of experimentation by adolescents in small, mutually reinforcing groups or subgroups of friends. Several things about the groups' influence on their members are clear enough: for one, the repeated availability of a drug

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY
1966 1971

The check, please.

The glen check, naturally. Finest British worsted in shades cleverly blended. Glen check never looked better or bolder. Shaped into a suit for the man of the moment. Totally and inimitably Aquascutum — internationally famous for good reason.

At fine stores throughout the world.

Aquascutum
OF LONDON

2 East 37th Street, New York 10016. Tel. 685-9570.

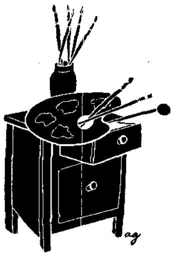
Shine after dark

You're a star in our 3-piece dress that combines all the most important looks for fall—the new softer shaping, the rhinestone-buttoned cardigan jacket topping a V-necked sleeveless blouse, both edged with sweatery ribbing. In brown or black polyester matte jersey for 6 to 16 sizes, $84. Prices slightly higher on the West Coast. Sportdress Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

or the presence of a syringe does have an effect; for another, an addict is very rarely given his first injection by a stranger. The decision to take drugs will sometimes hinge on almost accidental factors, but, perhaps unexpectedly, it often seems to be a deliberate choice—though a choice not just of a drug but of a role or a relationship. If a young man is using many different drugs, getting them through a number of small-scale black-market sources, he may avoid going to the clinics because they offer only methadone and heroin; or because he has heard that the clinics won't prescribe enough to satisfy him; or because he doesn't want to admit he's hooked; or because he doesn't want to be involved with authorities, regular appointments, and so on. It is also clear that within the youth subgroups drug-taking and even outright addiction are seen very differently from the way they are elsewhere in the society. Drug use may be recognized in such a group as, so to speak, an accepted way to be deviant, giving the users a recognized role to play—or the users may not feel deviant or "sick" at all, but normal and right. So far, such explanations agree with some that have been offered by a number of thoughtful people in the United States; there has been a lively transatlantic traffic in such ideas during the past five years. English investigators are naturally trying to push them further, though the effort soon runs ahead of research evidence now available. The effort also requires that drug-taking and present-day adolescence generally be placed in the context of a more comprehensive sociological vision. Meanwhile, results that should be among the most useful are promised by several more narrowly conceived studies. Some are trying to uncover the attitudes and prescribing policies of clinic staffs, and what effects these have on addicts. Others aim at getting the first objective evidence, where possible through double-blind studies, about which drugs and which treatment approaches work best for different sorts of addicts.



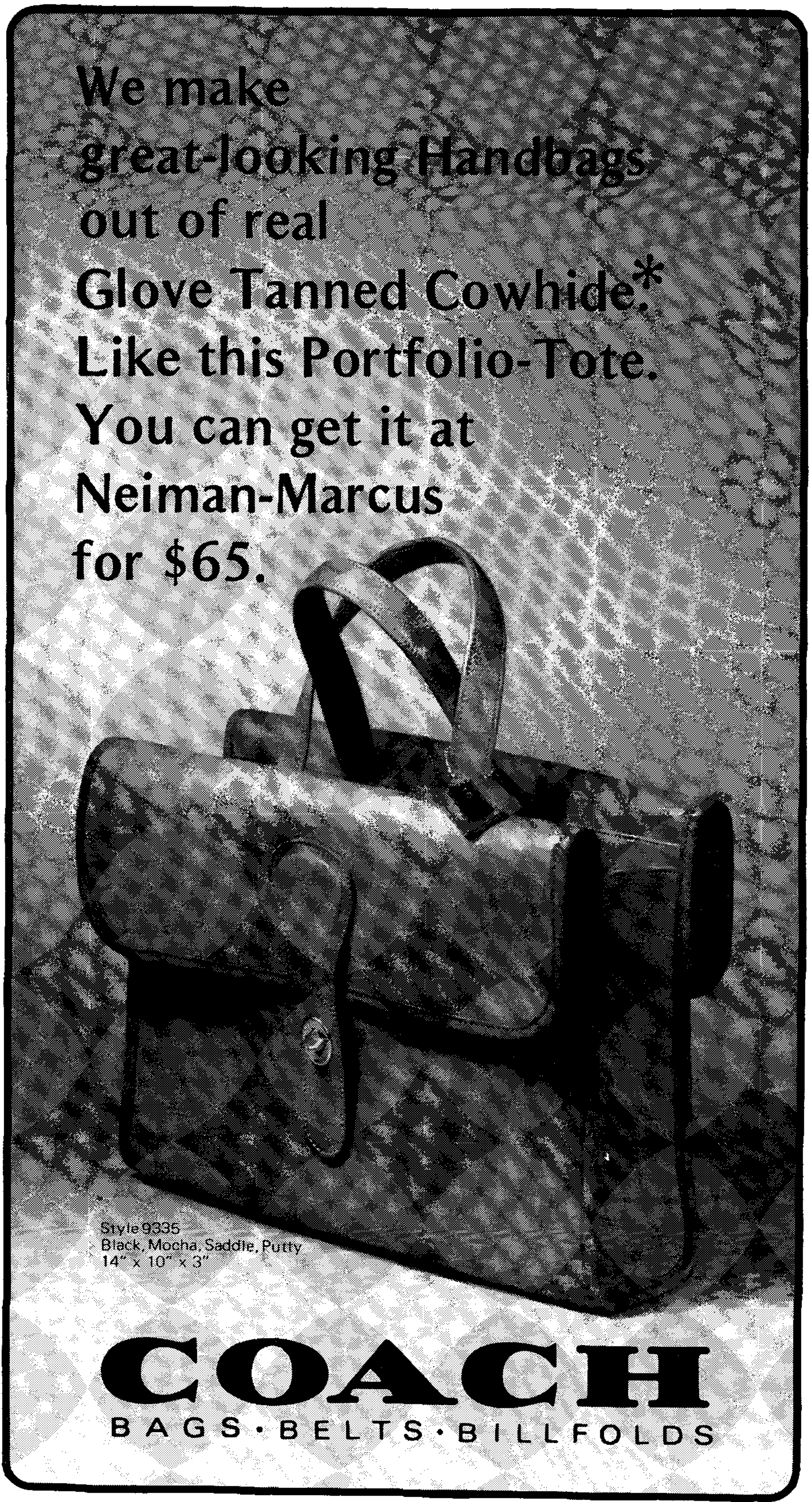
In the winter of 1967-68, as the drug-dependence clinics were organized and began to open, research was far from the minds of their staffs. Their entire energies went into curbing chaos and incipient panic—their own as well as the addicts'. And the addicts were wildly excited by the drugs they were taking, the life they were leading, and the public controversy they had aroused; beneath the excitement, they were apprehensive about what the clinics would do to them. The clinic staffs were almost entirely inexperienced in the work; they had almost no guidelines, and they, too, had little idea of what to expect. The law was clear but brief. Compulsory notification of new cases was to begin February 22nd. After April 16th, to prescribe heroin or cocaine to an addict would require that the doctor have a special license from the Home Office. What the government had arranged with the senior consultant physicians, who largely run the British medical profession, was a plan that shifted responsibility for maintaining addicts from general practitioners in their offices to psychiatrists at the clinics. Several of the general practitioners who had been working with addicts applied to the Home Office, but not one has ever been issued a license. The rare general practitioner who wants to work with addicts now has few tools, though he can still prescribe methadone.

The treatment of addicts had always ranked low in British medicine; the change to drug-dependence clinics gave the work only slightly more prestige. Thus, at the last minute the organization of the clinics was huddled through. Fourteen out-patient heroin clinics were decreed for London. Other treatment centers were subsequently set up in provincial cities, from Belfast and Glasgow to Brighton, but these are much smaller than the ones in London, and not all take out-patients. Each clinic in London was attached to one of the teaching hospitals there. British teaching hospitals, though nominally responsible to the Department of Health, are powerful princedoms. Being independent of regional hospital boards, they could be given money directly by the Department and could then make their own decisions about housing and staffing the clinics, and, as it turned out, about almost every other aspect of policy as well. Though American visitors often find it hard to believe, there is no central direction or administration of the clinics.

Several clinic psychiatrists pointed out to me that British psychiatry is different from American in ways that affect one's understanding of the clinics. It is less highly regarded, and does not have the strong intellectual tradition that supports it in the United States. Its practices, out of which the drug clinics evolved, are those of a cadet branch of physical medicine. Among British psychiatrists in 1968, perhaps a majority were extremely uncomfortable about the idea of maintaining addicts with heroin, and many protested that their profession was being forced into unethical conduct just to solve a Home Office problem, the *police problem of preventing the growth* of an illicit market. Yet there were ironies. To possess one of the new Home Office licenses to prescribe to addicts became, instantly, a mark of status among psychiatrists; some six hundred licenses were issued, many to the same men who had said categorically that they couldn't conceive of giving an addict heroin. The licenses are only now being weeded out. Most were never exercised.

Recruiting the staff for the new clinics, though fewer than two-score doctors were needed, was not easy. With the general practitioners excluded, nobody who had any experience whatever was left except a few consultant psychiatrists who had been working with addicts as in-patients in hospitals. These now spread themselves over several clinics each. Virtually all the full-time members of the clinic staffs, though, were new to addiction. Some of them say even today that they were press-ganged. The low standing of the drug-treatment centers was evident, too, from the quarters they were given, which were quickly converted from other uses and were usually cramped, even hard to find. "We were started in the old chest clinic," I was told by Martin Mitcheson, the psychiatrist who runs the drug clinic at University College Hospital, London. "You must understand that addiction has succeeded tuberculosis as a social disease, and you hide addicts at the backs of hospitals." Yet the shabby clinics certainly didn't seem crisp and institutional; they almost felt like part of the underground scene, and, if anything, made the addicts feel safer. "Anyway, unlike your American street junkies, our addicts have always been doctor-oriented," an English social worker told me in 1968. That winter, the addicts began to find their way to the clinics—at first mainly the wiser, middle-class, Piccadilly addicts but by spring also the half-articulate youths with their Cockney triphthongs. They were strung out on apprehension and excitement. They were used to wheedling and bullying their general practitioners. They thought they had a legal right to heroin. Their numbers gave them a sense of cohesiveness. The raw clinic staffs immediately faced the problems that had overwhelmed even the most responsible of their predecessors among the general practitioners who had prescribed to addicts.

The medical skills required for deal-



We make great-looking Handbags out of real Glove Tanned Cowhide.* Like this Portfolio-Tote. You can get it at Neiman-Marcus for $65.
Style 9335
Black, Mocha, Saddle, Putty
14" x 10" x 3"
COACH
BAGS · BELTS · BILLFOLDS

* This remarkable leather has been cured in our own formulation of tanning extracts in order to render it especially soft and supple to the touch. • The scars, scratches, veins and wrinkles that are characteristic of Full-Grain leather have deliberately not been covered over. • Instead, subtle gradations of color have been achieved with clear aniline dyes that enhance rather than conceal the beautiful natural markings of the hide, even as the application of boiled linseed oil brings out the beauty of a finely grained piece of wood. • Hug it. Squash it. Use it. Your Coach bag will gradually take on the rich, burnished patina of a well-worn English saddle and the warm glow of the favorite accessory it is sure to become.

In other fine stores, too. For nearest one write: Coach Leatherware, 516 W. 34th St., N.Y. 10001

antartex
sheepskin coats
from Scotland

No. 40: $130
white fleece

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond—our model, Linn Macdonald. All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women–35 styles, 9 skin colours, 7 sheepskin types–from $90.00. Slippers, boots, hats, rugs and handmade knitwear. We supply Antarctic Expeditions.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS

**New York City:** 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) 10021.
212-LE 5-9079.
14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 10019.
212-765-1455
**Greenwich**, Conn: 120 Greenwich Ave. 661-5788
**Cambridge**, Mass: 50 Boylston St., Harvard Sq., 02138. 617-868-6083
**Chicago:** Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E.W. Tollway to 31) 60134. 312-232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertson's
240 E. Deerpath, 60045. 312-CE 4-9100
**Minneapolis**, Minn: 920 Nicollet Mall, 55402. 612-339-1276
**Washington**, DC: Sheep Shop, 3220 'O' St., N.W. 20007. 202-338-8078
**Philadelphia:** 80 E. Wynnewood Rd., Wynnewood, Pa. 19096. 215-Mi 9-5722
**Montreal**, Canada: 1624 Sherbrooke St. W. 514-935-4142

Send $1 for your catalogue and real sheepskin samples with your name and address to:—
ANTARTEX MAIN SHOP (AT.1)
120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn., 06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

ing with a heroin addict are fairly crude, the administrative precautions minimal—or they are if maintenance is the first aim and no sizable black market is competing. The new clinics did have a prototype. The city of Birmingham had experienced its own small epidemic of heroin addiction a year or so earlier, and this had been fought to a standstill by John Owens, at All Saints' Hospital there, and his head nursing officer, Edward David Hill. Dr. Owens, a psychiatrist, had come to All Saints' in 1964 and set up a clinic chiefly to treat alcoholics, though he had expected to get an occasional more exotic case from Birmingham's large population of Pakistani and Indian immigrants. To this day, his clinic sees a number of Sikhs, older men, who had become addicted to an opium tea they brewed by steeping dried poppy heads in boiling water. They are given morphine tablets by mouth, some as much as two grains a day. Without morphine, they can't function. With it, they work and support families. Owens withdrew his first young heroin addict, as an in-patient, in the summer of 1965. By the end of the year, he was getting two or three new cases a week. By March, 1966, there were about fifty addicts in Birmingham. Owens determined to monopolize heroin in Birmingham. Working with the police, the pharmacists, and the local medical association, he got everyone to agree that nobody else would prescribe to addicts.

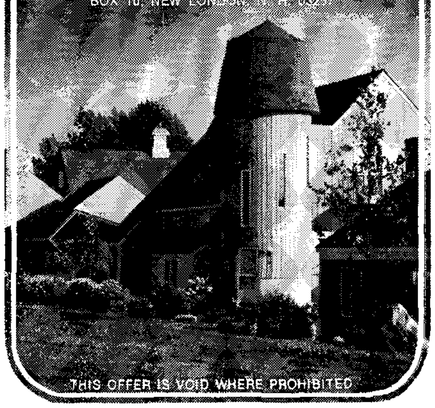
The practices that Owens' clinic then evolved were simple. When a new addict presented himself, Hill, the nursing officer, would take a urine sample, complete a brief questionnaire, and then examine the addict's arms. "It's not too hard to read the scars," Hill told me. "Tattooing of veins, signs of abscesses, a needle or a pin—some lads would come in, swear they were heroin addicts, and show an arm full of punctures, every one made that same day with a pin." An hour later, Dr. Owens would interview the new case. Then the addict would wait, under observation, for the results of the urinalysis. Analyses for drugs have been developed to the point where they are not difficult, just tedious and finicky. Narcotics, barbiturates, and amphetamines can all be identified, but only by running three different series of separations, while extra tests for tranquillizers and even for aspirin may be necessary. ("Poly-drugs? They'd inject salad dressing!" Hill told me in Birmingham. A doctor in New York had told me of an addict who once injected peanut butter.) Heroin itself breaks down to morphine in the body before it is excreted. Some American

Retirement
condominiums
in a small New England town

New London, N.H., is a charming, small college town, located in the Sunapee Lakes Region just two hours from Boston. It has long been considered a most desirable community in which to retire.

A limited number of distinctive condominium residences have now been carefully blended into this delightful environment. The result is a unique way of life that combines the advantages of condominium ownership with a rich colonial heritage and intellectually stimulating surroundings. Send for our illustrated brochure.

Country condominiums at . . .
Hilltop Place
BOX 10, NEW LONDON, N.H. 03257



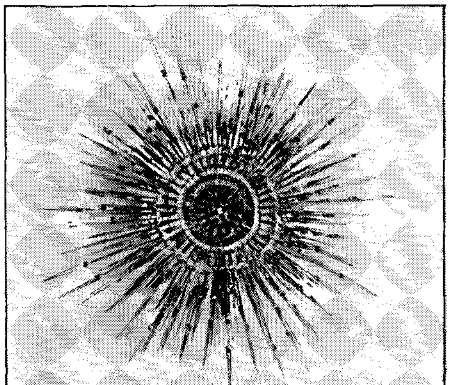
THIS OFFER IS VOID WHERE PROHIBITED

The dignified beauty of an aged tree
BONSAI

Here is a choice collection of Bonsai Trees selected for their hardiness, elegance and charm. Each tree is an exquisitely dwarfed specimen, born of an ancient art form painstakingly cultivated over a thousand years. These landscapes-in-miniature make a memorable gift. Prices include packing and shipping charges. Guaranteed live delivery.

| | |
|---|---|
| ☐ Blue Moss Cypress 4 years old | $13.50 |
| ☐ Chinese Juniper 4 years old | 13.50 |
| ☐ Creeping Blue Juniper 5 years old | 25.00 |
| ☐ Chinese Juniper 7 years old | 25.00 |
| ☐ Japanese Elm 20 years old | 35.00 |
| ☐ Dwarf Japanese Juniper 8 years old | 40.00 |
| ☐ Blue Moss Cypress 20 years old | 41.00 |
| ☐ Japanese Juniper 25 years old | 47.00 |

Send name, address, zip code, check or money order (Ill. residents add 5% sales tax) to:
HALE'S Lifetime Nursery Products™ Dept. 929
1866 Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Ill. 60035
*Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery*

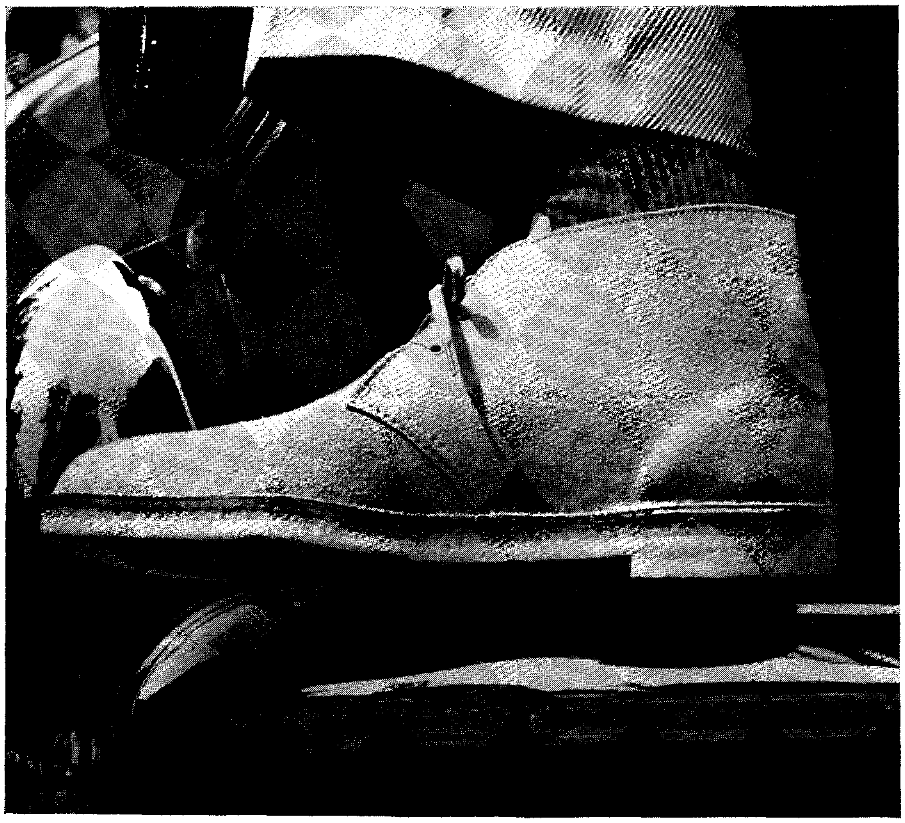


STARBURST 27", 2 tiers $125

WILLIAM Bowie
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO
Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

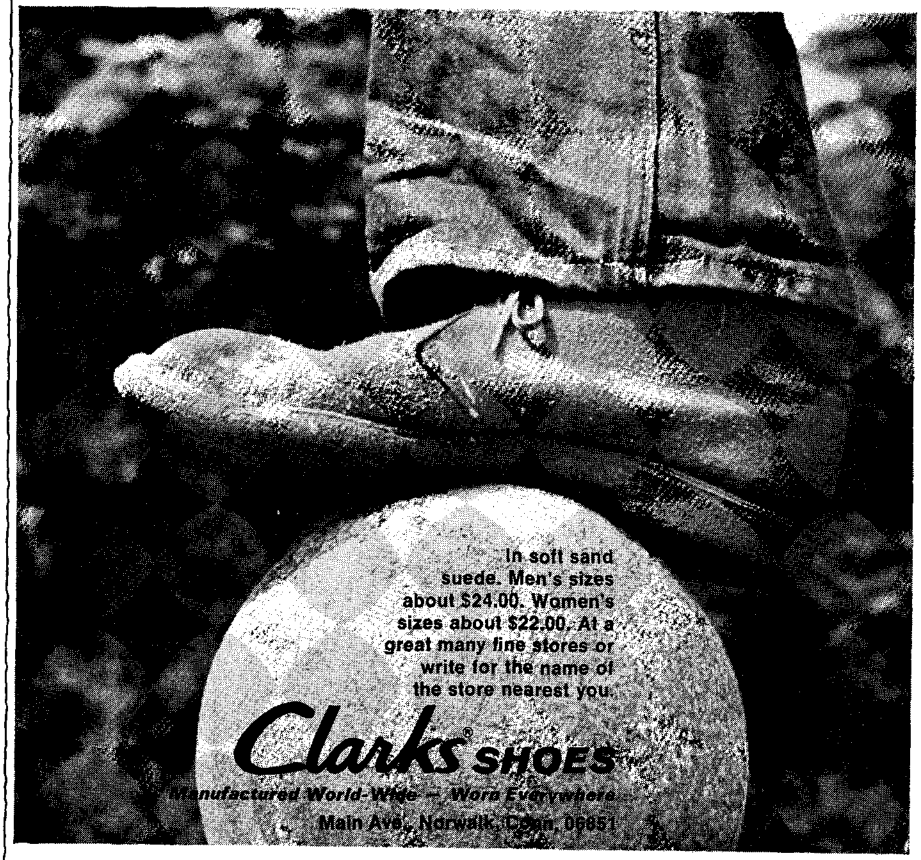
laboratories are now equipped so that a single technician can screen sixty urine samples that thoroughly in a working day, but when the Birmingham clinic opened, the techniques available were much slower. If the tests indicated that a new addict at All Saints' had taken heroin that day, and if he was showing withdrawal signs, Hill said, he would be given perhaps half a grain of the drug and a syringe; the way he injected the drug would indicate how experienced he was, and the effect of the dose could be judged. Owens began by prescribing heroin to addicts weekly, but found they would use a week's supply in two days. The clinic was soon writing prescriptions for each day. The clinic was open several afternoons and one evening a week, and addicts were required to come in every week at an appointed time for a talk, however brief, with Owens, and a urine check. To stop forgeries and to keep the addicts from congregating all at one place, Owens began introducing each addict personally to one of several selected pharmacists, to whom the addict's prescriptions were thereafter mailed in weekly batches. These sensible procedures devised by Owens and Hill have become standard clinic practice.

The clinic at All Saints' drew attention and many visitors. The Home Secretary then—it was the midpoint of the last Labour Government—was Roy Jenkins, who was personally committed to an energetic program of reforms, including, for example, a liberalization of the laws covering abortion and homosexuality. Jenkins visited the Birmingham clinic in the fall of 1967. "As I recall, I was very encouraged by this visit," he told me in a conversation at the House of Commons several months ago. "I was encouraged by their evident and apparently well-grounded confidence that a clinic approach to controlled prescribing could work." That fall, Jenkins also visited the United States, with the object of learning about the drug problem, particularly in New York City. "The American experience certainly never began to move me to consider total prohibition of heroin here," he said. "I saw a lot of people and a lot of treatment centers. The thing that struck me first and most forcibly in the United States, however, was the link—only too obvious a link—between addiction and crime. Such a link did not exist in this country, and to go out of the way to create such a link seemed self-evidently foolish. Throughout, I was firmly against criminalizing addiction, as I think we all were. What was



**Clarks... The only Desert® Boot no matter how you look at it.**

(Clarks Desert® Boots Thrive on "loving neglect".)


In soft sand suede. Men's sizes about $24.00. Women's sizes about $22.00. At a great many fine stores or write for the name of the store nearest you.
Clarks® SHOES
Manufactured World-Wide — Worn Everywhere
Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851

Crompton is velveteen.

Don Sophisticates halter dress.
Crompton cotton velveteen.
Black, brown or burgundy.
6-14. About $78.
B. Altman, New York;
J. L. Hudson, Detroit;
Charles A. Stevens, Chicago;
D. H. Holmes Co., New Orleans.
Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc.,
1071 Avenue of the Americas,
New York 10018.
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

wanted was other kinds of social controls, for the addicts under medical care and also—very importantly—for the doctors themselves. We thought that a chief objective had to be to institutionalize the care of addicts through the clinic setting, in which nobody would be acting alone but, instead, as part of a group with checks and supports for the doctors as well as the more visible controls supporting the addicts."

Owens' success in Birmingham with what turned out to be the pilot English clinic suggests a lesson in method for the United States. American proposals to try heroin maintenance for addicts, like one made last year by the Vera Institute of Justice, in New York, are put forward as experiments, but they are written as though the English experience proved that the test could start in a Harlem storefront. The All Saints' clinic got clear and instructive results partly because Birmingham is a town of manageable size, relatively isolated from London. Owens and Hill set out intending not to cure a disease but to corner a market. Birmingham, indeed, is regarded by businessmen as a test-market town. London is not; neither is New York City. Surely any American test of heroin maintenance should begin in a small and controllable setting. American proposals for such maintenance have also envisioned medically supervised injections at the clinic. Many American doctors are disgusted by this idea; and the addicts coming to the clinic for every shot, perhaps every five or six hours, would keep the clinic open around the clock, all week. The British never thought that that would be practical, or attractive to addicts. Yet observers fear, perhaps rightly, that the British prescribing method would be too easily abused in the American setting, with its organized black market and its great numbers of addicts. The dilemma is not easy to resolve.

THE difficult first months of the new clinics were described to me with remembered disquiet, even five years later, by Margaret Tripp, the psychiatrist who ran the Addiction Unit at St. Clement's Hospital, in London, for its first three and a half years. In the early months of 1968, all the new English clinics prescribed heroin with fair abundance. Their staffs believed they had little choice, if they were to prevent the growth of illicit sources of heroin and to keep addicts from turning to other drugs. "As you clearly realize, our purpose at the beginning was to *seduce* the buggers," Dr. Tripp said. "But a lot of my colleagues would cheat themselves about this. When the general practitioners were prescribing heroin—ah, that was vicious. 'But when *I* give heroin it's medical treatment.' " We talked in the kitchen of her house in Colchester, an hour northeast of London, while she fried sausages for her children's lunch and then put out cheese and fruit for us; as she worked and talked, her recollections at first seemed self-depreciatingly slangy and almost cryptic, but gradually she built up a remarkable impression of the psychological pressures, and even physical dangers, that clinic staffs faced in bringing a large number of addicts under control—and an impression, as well, of stubborn and womanly integrity that kept her at it. She had trained in psychiatry "at the bin down the road," meaning the mental hospital in Colchester; in the fall of 1967 she had answered a help-wanted ad for drug-clinic staffs in the *British Medical Journal*. "There was no competition for the job, needless to say. I went to St. Clement's in January. Started dishing out heroin at the end of February." The addicts in her area—St. Clement's is just off the Mile End Road, which is the Piccadilly of the Cockney East End—were drawn from a distinctive urban working-class community with a marked criminal tradition, centuries old. She inherited most of the addicts who had been getting heroin and cocaine, and other drugs as well, from Dr. Christopher Michael Swan, one of the more notorious of the prescribing doctors of the nineteen-sixties. Their extortionate pressures on him had grown so great that he turned over a block of signed prescription blanks to one young man, who sat in the office filling them in. (Swan is now in Broadmoor, the British prison-hospital for the criminally insane.) For about seven weeks, from the opening of St. Clement's clinic until the Home Office licensing regulation at last came into force, on April 16th, Dr. Swan was still legally prescribing heroin in generous quantity, in competition with Dr. Tripp.

"Addicts have this very bent relationship with their doctor," she told me. "I had the same pressures on me in the out-patient clinic that Swan had in his surgery, and I therefore had a lot of feeling for him. He was an unfortunate and ill-used man, and when I first met him was by no means mad. He explained to me at great length and in great detail why the clinics were going to fail. At that stage, he had begun to see himself as the only one who understood the addicts, and as their savior. I was fortunate in being a woman. They were often wildly aggressive and threatening, but they would not actually harm a woman, though there were times I was not so sure of that. Later, some of my favorite patients were the ones who had leaned on Swan, because they were the ones who were most solidly, genuinely East End. At the beginning, the addicts were ostracized by everyone else at the hospital; even the staff was ostracized. We weren't worried at first about overprescribing, but wanted to be generous enough to net all the addicts at one go. Quite unawares, we were doing what the government really wanted. We had over a hundred patients by May. They ranged in age from seventeen to thirty-five. Some of my older guys were taking up to fifteen grains of heroin a day. The highest I ever had was a musician, older, working regularly for the B.B.C. He took twenty grains a day. But most of my guys were around seventeen years old, and for them a *high* dose would be four or five grains."

I asked her if it was possible to stabilize an addict—his dose, and his life—on heroin, and she said, "This is one of those things you don't believe in the States, isn't it? But a lot has to do with the intentions of the guy himself. Some seem insatiable; some do stabilize. I had kids in the same dull job for months—sometimes we even found ourselves wondering why they weren't more ambitious. When we got all the addicts in, we began to get the doses more nearly right; knowing the boys and their families—they were ninety per cent boys, and most were living with their families—we made fewer mistakes. After a year, perhaps half of them had stabilized their dosage." When Dr. Tripp's children had finished their lunch and gone out, she said that prescribing heroin to addicts had not been comfortable. "It was a profound emotional experience. At first, I felt like the archetypal bad mother. These were my patients, and they felt like my children. And I was giving them this poison. I got over that later. For the most part.

"You Americans are at the stage of calling addicts delinquent. When we started, we were calling them sick. I can see how that would look to you like a big advance. But after a time, when I knew them, I wasn't calling them anything. I gave up being a headshrinker with those guys almost immediately. It would be nice if you could profit by our mistakes. It would be nice

THE WORLD'S GREAT VINTAGE WINES DON'T ALL COME FROM FRANCE.

adriatica
1971
adriatica
PRODUCT OF YUGOSLAVIA
1969
CABERNET
RED WINE FROM ISTRIA
adriatica
PRODUCT OF YUGOSLAVIA
RIZLING
WHITE WINE FROM FRUSKA GORA

Many of them come from Yugoslavia. And in Yugoslavia, the finest vintage wines are Adriatica. You'll enjoy discovering them.

**Adriatica Wines**

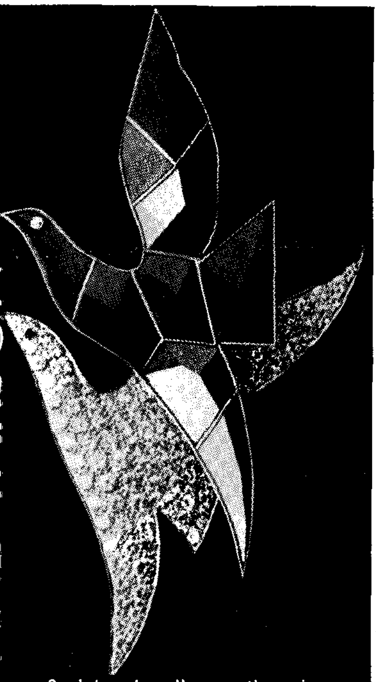
**From the great vineyards of Yugoslavia.**
**About $2.00.**

Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co. N.Y.

if you could miss out the 'sick' stage altogether. The addicts themselves are against being labelled sick. The main reason I finally left was that to perpetuate my job I'd have had to create work, to go on labelling people sick who had not yet perceived themselves that way."

Dr. Tripp made me see that though the clinics were not explicitly planned in these terms, probably the most important thing they achieved was a restructuring of the relation between doctors and addicts. On the one side, the clinics erected an entirely new protective scaffolding around the doctors, and, on the other, they broke down many of the supple but tenacious bonds that had joined the addicts and had lent addiction much of its strength. "This is what that recent lot of drugs legislation is about—not drugs at all but getting at my profession," Dr. Tripp said. "What do the clinics do? They save a physician from isolation: no man in isolation can hope to deal with a hundred drug addicts."

A hundred addicts is about the number actively attending a typical London drug clinic. Each is required to come in once a week; the hundred appointments are scheduled across two or three long afternoons, with one night session for those who can't get away from their jobs during the day. To deal with a hundred addicts, a clinic has the half-time services of a senior psychiatric consultant and the full time of at least one other psychiatrist. There are also two or three nurses. Four social workers for every hundred addicts are called for by official standards; clinics usually have two, though some have one more, half-time. Organization on a comparable scale to treat New York City's hundred and fifty thousand true heroin addicts or its quarter-million users (if that really is how many there are) would require over fifteen hundred clinics and, at a doctor and a half each, nearly twenty-three hundred fully qualified psychiatrists; the Medical Directory of New York State lists fifteen thousand four hundred and forty-six doctors of all sorts in New York City. Some four thousand nurses would be needed, and from four to six thousand social workers. In London, each clinic is at a different hospital. Within the clinic, and enveloping the clinic staff within the hospital as a whole, there is a network of almost constant professional contacts that range upward from canteen tea breaks; the support these contacts give was pointed out by both Roy Jenkins and Dr. Tripp, and had been explained to me by Martin Mitcheson, of University College Hos-



FIRESTONE AND PARSON

Sculptured gulls on the wing. Jaspar and Pavé Diamonds set in platinum and 18K gold. Shown in actual size. $4,950.

Ritz Carlton Hotel
Boston, Mass. 02117
(617)-266-1858

We are interested in purchasing your precious jewels or antique silver. Please call collect at (617)-266-5276

Member: The National Antique and Art Dealer Association of America, Inc.

HAVE YOUR NEXT AFFAIR WITH SPAIN

Discover the allure of the world's newest Riviera on Spain's magic Costa del Sol.

Fly with us on October 26 and see Marbella—the exciting international meeting place of today.

R.E.A.L. is now offering townhouses, condominiums, villas and fully serviced homesites carefully blended into this most desirable old Spanish environment.

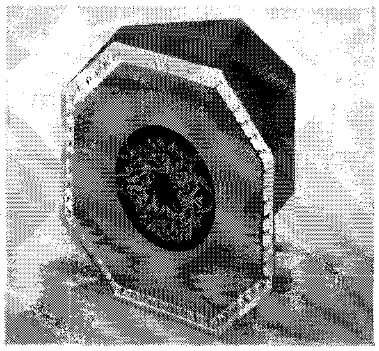
Invest in a beautiful lifestyle, uniquely yours in old Marbella.

Now, let us arrange your next affair by introducing you to Spain with Sangria in one of our local offices, prior to joining our trip on October 26.

REAL INTERNATIONAL
2233 Wisconsin Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20007
Phone (202) 965-4170

Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
Home Ph. ____ Bus. Ph. ____

New York—Washington, D.C.—Montreal, Can.
This is not an offering in those states that an offer cannot be made



Once you've sent a Brett card
You'll never settle for anything else.

Golden wreath tied with shocking pink ribbon on dark background, framed in champagne satin threads and gold border. A Jacquard Tapestry design woven exclusively for the Brett Collection. White envelopes lined in gold. Message reads:

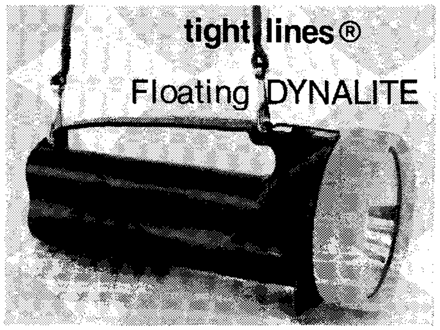
*Merry Christmas and a*
*Happy New Year*

With or without Name Imprinted: 25 for $24: 50 for $42: 100 for $78. Three line name & address imprinted on envelope flap, $7. for 100 or less.

For Mail Order: Add tax where applicable and $1 for postage/handling. Print name to be imprinted clearly.

(Send $.50 for our gift catalog)

**DEMPSEY & CARROLL**
*Stationers & Engravers*
38 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK
(212) 989-6062
ATLANTA-PALM BEACH-HOUSTON



tight lines®
Floating DYNALITE

The choice of many wildlife officers. Zoom switch adjusts from dim to super bright 92,000 candlepower. Waterproof, dent proof, unbreakable, floats, beam up. Lens rim and switch plate glow so you can find it in the dark. Overall length 10". Convenient shoulder strap. Uses 6 regular "D" size batteries (not included). Get one each for house, car, boat, or send for free outdoor catalog. $10.95 ppd.*
*Mass. residents add 3% tax.

tight lines, inc.
223 Rte. 28
W. Bridgewater
Mass. 02379

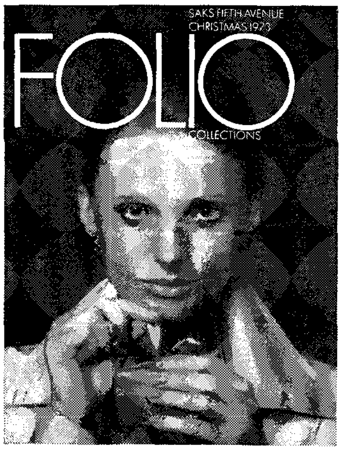
Slazenger
Manufacturer of Fine Sports Equipment
Since 1881

Challenge House Feasterville, Pa. 19047

pital. "At the teaching hospitals, we are much more subject to our colleagues' criticisms and unspoken controls than we would be if we were operating an independent clinic or working anyplace that doesn't have a structure of committee meetings and dining clubs and so on," Dr. Mitcheson told me. "I think this is important. And then, you see, London is a small enough drug scene so that we *all* meet together. It is a custom that grew up spontaneously. Each of the various subprofessions concerned with the clinics has a monthly meeting. The nurses meet—over wine and cheese, I believe. The social workers meet. The doctors meet. The secretaries don't—but, you know, perhaps they should, for they have a key role when the addict walks in the door. And then there's the official quarterly meeting at the Department of Health, which we all have to go to, because we're terrified somebody else might get an extra ration of jam. Which is another control mechanism. Now, I don't think this could be done in the States, given the size of the American drug scene."

For addicts, the advent of the clinics meant a social change; the cohesive youthful subgroups characteristic of addiction are now quietly discouraged and replaced in a variety of ways. "When you get a group of addicts together and talking, they reinforce each other's addiction" is an English clinic maxim. Whatever the psychiatric orientation of the clinic directors, almost all of them actively resist the therapeutic and encounter groups they see as the most conspicuous, and bizarre, feature of American rehabilitation efforts. "Oh, yes, we've watched your shouting sessions on television," Dr. Tripp said. A clinic's waiting room will not often have as many as half a dozen people in it, counting girl friends and babies. The mailing of prescriptions directly to pharmacies—each chosen because it is near the addict's job or home—with a pickup hour set, and with no pharmacy asked to handle more than a few such prescriptions, has shut down Piccadilly and the Mile End Road as marts for addicts. Perhaps the most conspicuous change is the transformation of Boots' all-night pharmacy in Piccadilly Circus, where six years ago addicts used to wait by the dozen, edgy and shrill, as midnight approached and their next day's prescriptions would be negotiable. These midnights, Boots' is deserted; only about twenty addicts fill their prescriptions there now, during the day. The temptation to flaunt junkie behavior publicly has been greatly reduced; no small part of the British tol-

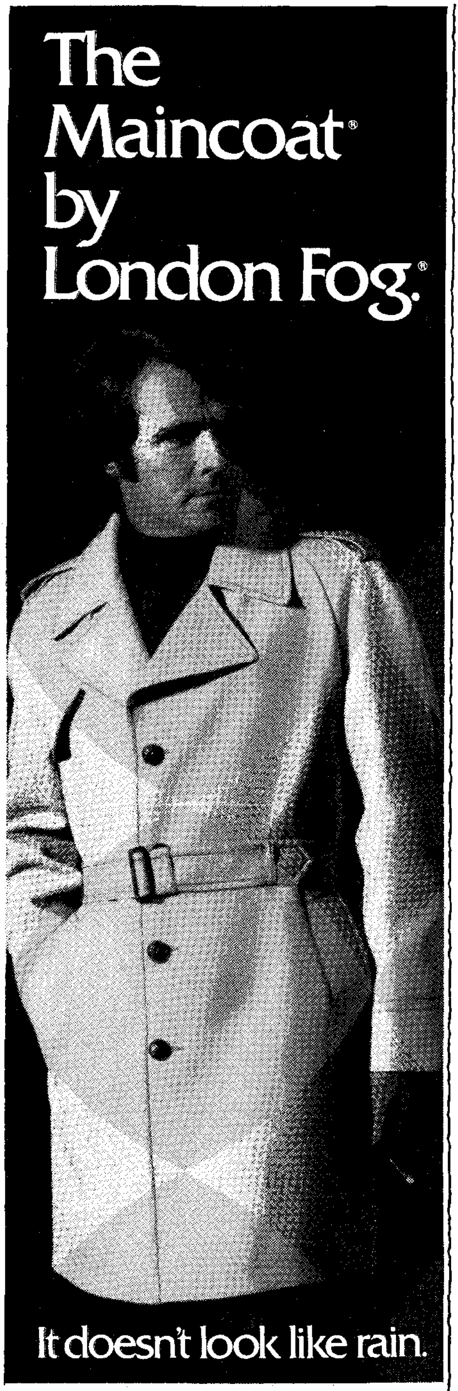
Folio of treasures...



The S.F.A. Folio Collections, Christmas 1973, is like having one of the famous Saks Fifth Avenue stores right in the house. 72 pages in color, filled with rare imports, the latest fashions, the best of just about everything for just about everyone... her, him, them, the kids, the house. The book is now on its way to Saks Fifth Avenue Charge Customers. If you do not have an account with Saks Fifth Avenue, you can get a copy by sending $1 with your name and address to SFA Folio Collections, Inc., 450 West 15th Street, New York, N.Y. 10014. Send for it today and do your shopping the easy way, at home. $1, redeemable with your first order.

Saks Fifth Avenue
SFA Folio Collections, Inc.

ESPAÑA IN ESSENCE
...*DIAGONAL*, THE PERFUME by PERTEGAZ



It's made of unflappable Imaginit,™ 100% texturized stretch woven Dacron† polyester. Doesn't wrinkle, doesn't lose its shape or yours. Plus it's protected by ZE PEL.† In Natural, Navy, 38-46 regular and in long and short at most branches. $90.
Mail orders: Bamberger's, Box 176, Newark, N.J. 07101.
Or phone (201) 565-4444.
**NOW AT BAMBERGER'S NEWARK, PARAMUS, MENLO PARK, MONMOUTH, MORRISTOWN, PLAINFIELD, PRINCETON, CHERRY HILL, WILLOWBROOK, NANUET, EAST BRUNSWICK, LIVINGSTON AND OXFORD VALLEY.**
†DuPont Registered TM

eration of legal addiction is due to the clinics' success in getting addicts out of sight. Addicts can no longer swarm from one doctor to a new one; clinic transfers must be justified, and are infrequent. American doctors working in drugs often seem to think that the size of a prescription at an English clinic is set by outright bargaining between doctor and addict; Americans I have talked with don't mention poison but flinch at prescribing pleasure, and say that to haggle over it seems intolerably unprofessional. Haggling undoubtedly used to take place between addicts and prescribing general practitioners; it is no longer at all characteristic of English addicts' meetings with their doctors. At the best-run clinics, the prescriptions for the next seven days are determined and written during a weekly closed-door all-staff conference. The prescription is what brings the addict in every week; once he is there, what he talks about with the psychiatrist and the social worker, if he is at all stable, will be his job, his housing, his parents, his girl—ordinary things—and drugs chiefly in relation to these. The concerns of the occasional female addict are often still more poignant, since she is very likely to be living with a man who is an addict, too, and may also be painfully anxious about the effects of drugs on possible children. "Many of my addicts like to pose as deliberate dropouts from the middle class," Mitcheson said at University College Hospital. "But I know them well enough by now to be sure they don't want to write a William Burroughs book. What they do want is a semidetached council house and a car." ("Most of *ours*," said John Mack, a psychiatrist at the drug clinic at Hackney Hospital, "have already *got* a council house and a second-hand car.") Thus, the structural transformations brought about by the clinics have enabled the growth of the therapeutic essential—a relationship between doctor and addict in which both expect that they will be working together over months and years. If the clinics have accomplished nothing more than this, they must be counted a heart-stirring success.

That was not the first and most visible accomplishment, however. The numbers were—the marked slowing of the growth of heroin addiction. It is surely one of Satan's greater strengths that in social crises the numbers make headlines, while in social victories the numbers make only statistics. But since any judgment of the clinics depends on how the statistics are viewed, they can't be left to the many who view them with prejudice. The Home Office index continued to yield several numbers, in parallel, working down from the over-all total of addicts to all kinds of narcotics. For 1967, the figure on that top line was seventeen hundred and twenty-nine. Three-quarters of those—twelve hundred and ninety-nine—were heroin addicts. Nine people were still counted as having acquired their addiction to heroin in the course of medical treatment for something else, usually cancer; these, if not in a hospital, were transferred to the new clinics, too, but, as a Home Office source said, "we didn't insist that a seventy-year-old come sit in the waiting room every week with the junkies." That left twelve hundred and ninety heroin addicts in 1967—an apparently irreducible figure. As the clinics were being set up, the Home Office maintained that the true number of narcotics addicts of all kinds could not be more than three thousand.

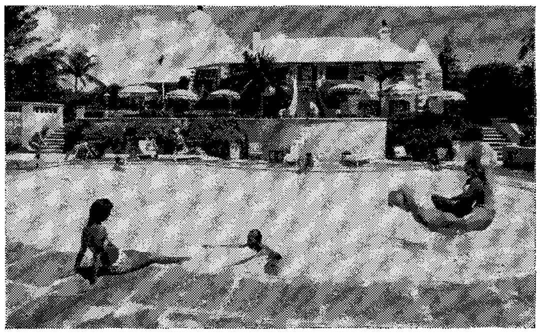
Through 1968, as compulsory notification and the clinics brought the addicts in, the index swelled. By the end of 1968, the year's total for addicts of all kinds known to the Home Office reached twenty-seven hundred and eighty-two. There it stabilized, though the actual peak figure, reached a year later, was ninety-nine higher. Even allowing for some the index may have missed, the Home Office estimate for narcotics addicts of all kinds turned out to be essentially right—and it is said that nobody was more surprised than the Home Office. Of the fewer than three thousand addicts of all kinds, the ones that counted were the ones taking heroin—twenty-two hundred and forty of them that year. Because death, emigration, prison, and cure had subtracted some heroin addicts since 1967, the figure of twenty-two hundred and forty included thirteen hundred and six new heroin cases. Thus, it looked at first glance as though the rate of increase had itself increased, and that is how the English changeover was often reported in the United States. So another sturdy myth was born, for the truth seems to be that though there were indeed new addicts, the apparent increase in the rate of increase was due to a change in the way the numbers were collected—combined with the pressure, wherever several addict friends had been dividing up a single private prescription, for them all to come to a clinic. At the end of the nineteen-sixties, no one could seriously charge that the index, newly based on compulsory notification, was missing any vast number of heroin addicts. If it had been, those missed would have begun to turn up with withdrawal signs in police stations and jails, in hospital emergency and casualty wards, and in morgues. But Dr. Pierce James' experience in those years at Brixton Prison, where fewer than ten per cent of the many addicts he saw were not on the index, was duplicated everywhere else. For instance, of the ninety-eight addicts who died in 1969 and 1970 only four were not known to the Drugs Branch.

Besides heroin, the clinics had methadone to work with, and when a doctor thought an addict needed a barbiturate or tranquillizer he could prescribe it—in pills, of course. But other strong, injectable drugs were often available to addicts outside the clinics, and from time to time, unpredictably, a craze for one of them would sweep English adolescents. The first of these drugs to confront the clinics was injectable methylamphetamine, in 1968. As the day approached when general practitioners could no longer give addicts heroin, two of the prescribing doctors—John Petro and Christopher Swan—had begun deliberately switching their customers to methylamphetamine, and this drug helped create the manic emotionalism among young addicts in the clinics' first year. It was marketed in thirty-milligram ampules, almost entirely by one supplier, Burroughs Wellcome, under the trade name Methedrine. Injected repeatedly—and Pierce James warned his colleagues in a letter to the *Lancet* in April, 1968, that some users were injecting ten ampules a day—methylamphetamine produces a psychosis that had been described a decade earlier, at Bethlem, as "identical with paranoid schizophrenia." Though the London youth newspaper *International Times* shouted the slogan "Speed Kills," borrowed from the United States, Pierce James saw over four hundred cases of intravenous amphetamine use in Brixton in 1968. That October, with inspired simplicity, the Drugs Branch and the Department of Health got Burroughs Wellcome to agree to supply Methedrine ampules only to hospitals. When Methedrine dried up on the street, H. B. Spear, the deputy chief inspector of the Drugs Branch, spent part of the weekend in central London searching out addicts and getting them to doctors and clinics for help; it is an experience he refuses to talk about. The Methedrine craze was quenched literally in days; the addict community visibly calmed down. Observers are still surprised that the strategy worked, and baffled that no laboratories in

**Bermuda gives you a little more when you stay at one of these special resorts.**

Sometimes these specially Bermudian resorts are hard to get into, but they're worth the wait. They offer you the congenial atmosphere of a private club—small enough to make your welcome personal, large enough to give you the finest accommodations, cuisine, service and carefree fun. Have a little more Bermuda next time, at any one of them.

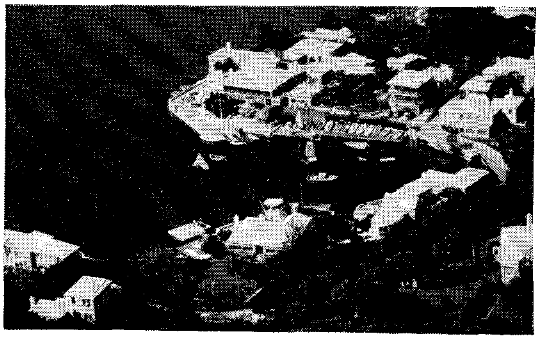
**Horizons in Bermuda.**
Atop a hill overlooking Coral Beach. Luxurious old Bermuda mansion with elegant cottages. Large pool, tennis courts, golf, marvellous ocean swimming — and the mood is relaxing.
Representative:
Robert F. Warner, Inc.,
630 Fifth Ave., New York,
JU 6-4500.



**Cambridge Beaches.**
Charming cottage colony with white beaches and pool. Excellent cuisine, calypso entertainment. Fishing, sailing, tennis.
Representative:
R. R. Hotel Representatives, Inc.,
1270 Ave. of Americas, New York,
PL 7-4666.

**Lantana Colony Club.**
Beautiful cottages and clubhouse on the Great Sound. Choice cuisine. Private beach, pool, tennis, sailing, all water sports.
Representative:
David B. Mitchell,
217 East 49th St.,
New York,
371-1323.

**Glencoe.**
Sailboats at the door, in lovely Salt Kettle inlet. Dine on cove terrace. Sail, swim, water ski, fish at this informal waterside inn.
Representative:
David B. Mitchell,
217 East 49th St.,
New York,
371-1323.



It's not just another shirtdress.

It's from Donald Davies, in hand washable Irish wool. Comes in specially dyed colors woven into plaids, checks and solids that are perfect for any number of occasions. Sizes 6-16. $80.00 (Add $1.50 for mail or phone orders.)

**Donald Davies**
**of Dublin**

19 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 935-1064

**EAST AFRICA WILDLIFE**

**COMPREHENSIVE** in-depth viewing of abundant, various wildlife concentrations in famous National Parks and Reserves of Kenya and Tanzania: Nairobi, Treetops, Mt. Kenya, Tsavo, Amboseli, Mt. Kilimanjaro, Arusha and Ngurdoto Crater, Lake Manyara, Ngorongoro Crater, the Serengeti, and Masai Mara. *East Africa Wildlife Society* briefing and membership. Finest hotels and lodges. Only 5 guests to each Microbus. Everyone has a window seat. Leisurely pace. Small party. Tribal life, Masai and Chuka dances. *Only $1519* plus air fare. All land services, tipping, Park fees included. Expert escort.

**PRIVATE AIR SAFARI** flight-seeing for spectacular views and ease of travel. Everyone has a window seat!

**ALSO** four other Africa tour programs from 22 days to a Grand 49 days, from $1383 to $3521 plus air fare.

**ASK** your Travel Agent for Maupintour's new 36-page Africa tour book or write to:

**MAUPINTOUR** NY
270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.
Please send new 36-page Africa tour book.

*name* __________

*address* __________

*city* __________

*state/zip* __________

England ever made amphetamines illegally, as laboratories in the United States and Canada do.

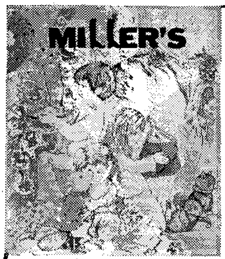
JUST as the methylamphetamine problem was solved, traces of illicitly imported heroin began to appear. Its first arrival was due to no organized criminal effort, and, indeed, was fortuitous; it was not intended for English addicts, and at the start few of them would touch it. Unlike the pure, safe tablets they were used to, illicit heroin in England is a brownish powder, which in recent seizures has been perhaps thirty per cent narcotic (and very low-grade narcotic at that, the morphine not fully converted to heroin), adulterated with caffeine and sometimes with barbiturates as well as with fillers, ranging from sugar to talc. The real surprise was its source. Though France is so close to England, and has been said until recently to be the proximate source of most heroin in America, not since His Majesty's Customs seized six grams of French heroin in 1937 has there been the faintest suspicion that any important quantity was coming across the Channel. The illicit brown granules are from Hong Kong. Heroin addiction is widespread among the Chinese in Hong Kong, I was told last winter by Commander Robert Huntley, of Scotland Yard, who had just been there. The rate is at least one in seventy, perhaps one in thirty. The users there rarely inject the mixture, however; instead, they sprinkle it on metal foil, light a match, move the flame beneath the metal, and inhale the fumes through a drinking straw in the nostril or through the cover of a matchbox. They call this "chasing the dragon." Illicit heroin in England is known as "Chinese" to addicts, police, and doctors alike. One afternoon in the fall of 1968, I was talking with a leader of the London youth underground, a beautiful ex-model named Caroline Coon, who had just organized a twenty-four-hour-a-day legal-aid service for adolescents arrested on marijuana charges, when two of her addict friends stopped in with the news that something called Chinese heroin was on sale in the East End. The caffeine in it, they said, gave it an exotic potency. That was its first appearance among the addicts.

The explanation of the arrival and spread of Chinese heroin in England is so unlikely that before offering it my informant at the Home Office cleared his throat and looked away. "We've had in recent years, as I suppose you are aware, an explosion of Chinese restaurants in this country," he said.

ENTRANCING
innovative
enjoy
Enchanting fashion gifts from Sakowitz 1973 Christmas Book for family and home. Mail one dollar; and we will mail you our Christmas catalog in October. Your dollar applies to your first purchase. Sakowitz, P. O. Box 1387NY, Houston, Texas 77001

Sakowitz
TEXAS

*Catalog orders filled 'til Nov. 15.*



**Open before December 25.**

**It's free.**

**It's our great Christmas Catalog.**

Full of special gift ideas for the equestrian. Jewelry, books, imports large and small for the horseman, his home, his horses and stable—they're all here. And all yours right now.
A great convenience—whether you order direct, or through your local dealer—this unique gift book is yours for the asking. Write:

**MILLER'S**
**Dept.NY2, 123 East 24th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10013.**

Portraits by
YOUSUF
**KARSH**
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

"With substantial immigration from the Crown Colony to staff them. What information we have points to the conclusion that there are now about fifteen Chinese users—smokers—in the Soho area. Evidently, there are some others in the provinces. Chinese restaurants have opened everywhere. How the contact arose between our indigenous junkies and this lot we are not sure. One British addict told us that he had been living over—or in—a billiard hall in London with some Chinese, who had this powder they said was heroin. They smoked it. He tried injecting it. It is pretty certain that the original customers among our junkies were known addicts who were supplementing their clinic supplies. Then, in August, 1969, again for unexplained reasons, we just ceased to hear of Chinese heroin. Several explanations were suggested. One was that there had been two or three fatalities pretty clearly linked with Chinese H, and they scared the kids off. Another was that the local Chinese themselves choked off the supply to the kids; the Chinese community is authoritarian, and possibly didn't like the police attention that was being attracted to it. But in April, 1970, Chinese heroin was suddenly back on the streets. Where it has remained ever since. And it is unquestionably true that many addicts have learned to supplement their clinic drugs with Chinese heroin."

The English understand that one of their greatest protections against an invasion of drugs from Marseille is the American market's limitless appetite for heroin at high prices. In London, the price of heroin held steady for years at one pound a grain, or from a twelfth to a twentieth of the New York retail prices. After the clinics had opened and had begun to cut back overprescribing, the price slowly climbed. A packet of Chinese heroin containing about half a grain now sells for about five pounds. Convictions for possession of illicit heroin have more than doubled over the past three years but are still relatively few. Those convicted for illegal possession of heroin or any other narcotic, or of one of the major hallucinogens, can be sent to jail for seven years—fourteen if they've been dealing in the drug or manufacturing it—and can be fined any amount the judge determines.

There is a shadow zone in the statistics of English addiction. As can be shown in several ways, some narcotics users are not attending clinics. How many? Because nobody is quite sure, Chinese heroin is worrisome. And yet the shadow zone existed before Chinese heroin appeared. As soon as the clinics were operating, a new statistic

Atelier Martex

Atelier Martex. A special-edition collection of couture bed linen. Pillowslips and shams, bed rolls and ruffles, top and bottom sheets, comforters and covers. The lot, in uncommonly beautiful, paled prints. Undoubtedly, the finicky attention to detail will recall other times when the pursuit of luxury was a way of life. At Martex, it still is.

This extravagantly beautiful gathering is ready now in America's most impeccable stores. Filene's, for instance.

FOR INFORMATION. CALL UN 1-8955. OR VISIT OUR STORE AT 831 MADISON AVE., 10 TO 6. MON-SAT.

GEORGE KOVACS

THE INVISIBLE LAMP WITH THE VISIBLE LIGHT. $25.00.

Only 12" tall. More than small, almost non-existent. Tuck it into the corner of a room and though the lamp will all but disappear, it won't be for lack of light. A 150 watt reflector flood-light! On mail orders add $2.50.

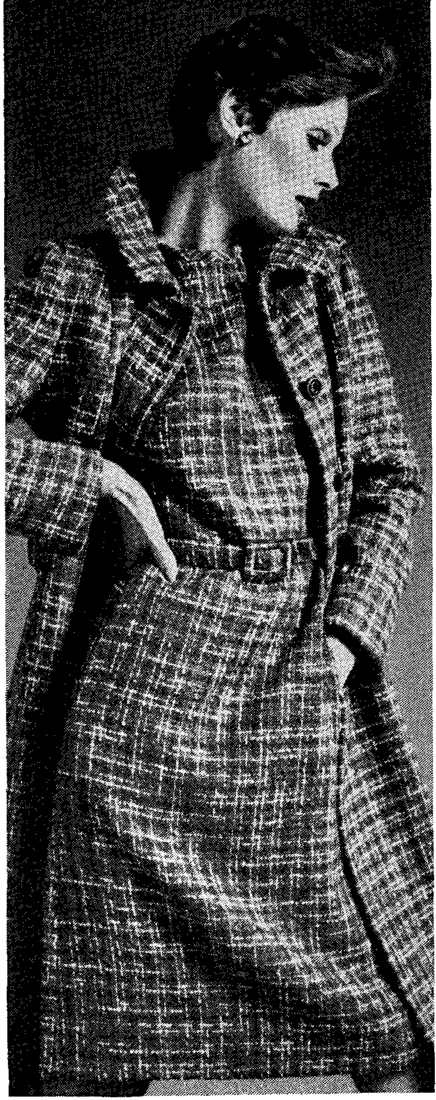
FOR OUR EXCITING CATALOG OF OVER 200 CONTEMPORARY LIGHTING DEVICES, SEND 50 CENTS TO:
GEORGE KOVACS, DEPT. N-218, 831 MADISON AVENUE, (69TH ST.), NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10021

**Custom Casuals**

warms up to a
winter flurry with
an elegant ensemble.
The fabric woven
in Great Britain
makes a great mix of
red/navy, or
green/lilac.
Sizes 8-18. About $180*

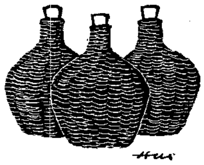
Lord & Taylor
Montaldo's
Jacobson's
Neusteter's
Frederick & Nelson
I. Magnin

Custom Casuals
205 W. 39th Street
New York 10018



*Higher in the West.

became possible—the clinics' muster of addicts actually under treatment, totted up by the Department of Health. That figure leaped to eleven hundred and seventy-one by the end of June, 1968, then advanced, much more slowly, to twelve hundred and forty-one on the last day of that year. But the Home Office index showed a total of twenty-two hundred and forty heroin addicts that year. Where were the missing nine hundred and ninety-nine? (When I asked Martin Mitcheson, he snapped, "Prison, hospital, or India.") The gap has been used by the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, among others, as evidence that the British clinics are reaching "less than fifty per cent of the addict population." But part of the gap is clearly unreal. The Home Office index number, though it contained few duplicate entries, was cumulative through the year, and it included those who showed up once or twice at a clinic and got themselves notified to the Drugs Branch yet were not truly addicted and never returned. Just as clearly, part of the gap is real. And evidently it left room for a bureaucratic confrontation. At any rate, since 1969 the Home Office has offered two sets of index figures—not without internal grumbles. As always before, there are cumulative totals for the year, but now there are also totals for those known on the last day of the year to be addicted, and these figures are lower. Thus, through 1969 the index accumulated twenty-eight hundred and eighty-one addicts, of whom twenty-four hundred and eighty were using heroin or methadone or both. But for the single day December 31, 1969, the index showed only fourteen hundred and sixty-six addicts of all kinds, of whom twelve hundred and fifteen were using heroin or methadone or both—and this corresponded to the Department of Health's figure of twelve hundred and thirty-five addicts under treatment.



A fringe exists, as every clinic director knows, if only because his addicts tell him they have friends who use narcotics but who are not enrolled at a clinic. These are the adolescents who wait two or three years between their first shot of a narcotic and their first trip to a clinic, or who try a clinic once and don't like it. But these are also the ones who experiment and don't get hooked. How one estimates the size and seriousness of the fringe determines how one judges the success of the clinics at containing addiction and bringing addicts into care; at issue, once again, is the definition of the addict and the possibility of the occasional user. But the fringe cannot in any case be large. Even a deliberately pessimistic calculation from the Addiction Research Unit this spring reckoned that there were no more than four hundred addicts who were not on the index.

The threat of the black market has grown real enough, though, to give a sharp polemical edge to the first fundamental disagreement about British drug-addiction policy that has arisen in England since the clinics themselves were decided on. The great surprise about the British clinics is how very little heroin they now in fact prescribe, and how deeply divided they have become about the drug. "When an American doctor visits the English clinics, he is appalled to find that they are all doing something different," Dr. Edwards, of the Addiction Research Unit, said not long ago. "We have no White House drugs coördinator in this country, no czar telling the clinics what to do." One thing that has never been changed is that the choice of treatment—heroin, methadone, or nothing at all—is the doctor's, not the patient's; and there are as many British systems of narcotics control, clinic staff members maintain, as there are consultant psychiatrists running clinics. At All Saints' Hospital in Birmingham, Dr. Owens' clinic still prefers to prescribe heroin except when the addict himself asks to change to methadone. At Glenside Hospital in Bristol, Dr. Pierce James refuses to treat heroin addicts with any kind of injectable narcotic. At several provincial drug-treatment centers, the refusal to prescribe heroin for out-patients is so sweeping that the Department of Health and even the local police have raised alarmed questions. Similar divergences of practice characterize the clinics in London. James Willis, who is in charge of the Drug Addiction Unit at St. Giles's Hospital there, has a reputation among other consultants and among addicts for being relatively liberal with heroin. In a recent conversation, Dr. Willis said, "The thing is, doctors are influenced by an idea that's never been proved; namely that methadone is somehow 'better' than heroin." And Dr. Willis is one of those people who have asked whether a small gray market in British heroin tablets—that is, the addicts dealing among themselves in any excess from their prescriptions—may not be preferable to Chinese or

French heroin. Addicts who report to the Drug Treatment Centre of St. Mary's Hospital, which is in an area of some strategic importance—the Notting Hill district, where the last of the West End flower children have gone to seed—complain that it takes at least six weeks to be taken on, during which their only source of drugs is the black market; they also complain that they are forced to change to methadone. The conflicts among the clinics are muted as yet. But the issues are the most fundamental of all: the use of heroin itself and the proper role of the clinic in relation to the addict and to the community.

Methadone is one focus of the controversy. Some clinic directors say that the drug is the worst thing they could have borrowed from the United States. But the two countries use methadone so very differently that American specialists often think their British colleagues have completely missed the point of the drug; British doctors, in turn, believe that the Americans, desperately searching for a "clean" alternative to the absolute evil of heroin, are concealing from themselves the dangers of methadone. The I. G. Farbenindustrie laboratory at Höchst am Main created methadone in the search for a morphine substitute late in the Second World War, when Germany was cut off from opium supplies. Yet it is a narcotic—an "opioid"—for in action it is fundamentally similar to morphine or heroin, and it is fully as addictive. In American practice, methadone is always given by mouth, as a substitute for heroin by needle. It is normally taken in Tang or Kool-Aid. Given by mouth, methadone has two qualities about which there is no dispute: it can prevent heroin-withdrawal symptoms while producing little or no euphoria, and it is so long-lasting that one dose can replace the heroin addict's five or six daily shots, with their time-devouring swings from restlessness to preparing the injection to euphoria to stupefaction. The dispute begins with the other qualities claimed for methadone. The original American technique, publicized by Vincent Dole and Marie Nyswander in New York City in the early nineteen-sixties, builds the addict up to large doses—a hundred milligrams or more a day. The claim was that the addict's nerves become so saturated with the narcotic that he could not enjoy heroin even if he did inject some. Dr. Dole and Dr. Nyswander called this "methadone blockade." An alternative American procedure, developed by Jerome Jaffe at the end of the decade, when he was

Give an 'heirloom' to your family this Christmas

**The Wittnauer Mint's first Sterling Silver Christmas Plate, in a limited edition of 3500.**

You can make this Christmas one your family will remember and treasure through the years with a splendid new work of art in solid Sterling Silver from The Wittnauer Mint.

This is the Mint's first Christmas Plate. Unlike many Christmas presents, it is meant to last—to become a permanent part of your family's life.

The Christmas 1973 Plate is made from 10 troy ounces (4800 grains) of solid Sterling Silver. It comes to you in a presentation case lined with rich, burgundy satin. It is issued in a strictly limited edition of just 3500 copies.

The plate bears a striking high-relief carving of an old-fashioned American country Christmas by the noted sculptress, Karen Worth.

This Sterling Silver Christmas Plate is an art investment that will repay you and your family in enjoyment and a sense of well-being for many Christmases to come . . . even when this year's Christmas children are parents and grandparents themselves.

**FREE 14-DAY HOME EXAMINATION!**

Mail to:
**The Wittnauer Mint**
Wittnauer Square New Rochelle, N.Y. 10810

Please send me your Christmas 1973 Sterling Silver Plate. I may examine it free for 14 days, then either return it (I will owe you nothing) or keep it and make 10 payments of $15 each, billed every 4 weeks, for a total deferred payment price of $150, plus shipping, processing and applicable sales tax. Last payment will vary. There is **no down payment or finance charge.**

Name ____________________
(please print clearly)
Address ____________________
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Telephone No. ____________________ C4D90-004

Orders subject to credit acceptance or request for prepayment by our National Sales Office.

*It's Carroll Reed for...*

**. . . carefree comfort.** A crisp, all-purpose black and white dress in washable 100% polyester. Ribbed knit black top. Flared skirt in black & white plaid. Vivid scarlet belt with brass sunburst buckle. By The Sporting Tailors. Sizes: 6-18, $53.00 Ppd. Wouldn't you like to hang one on? **Write for our carefree catalog. Right away.**

**Carroll Reed**
(Mail Order), Inc.
BOX 501, NORTH CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03860
SHOPS: CAMPTON, N.H., SIMSBURY & WESTPORT, CT.
WE ACCEPT BANK AMERICARD, MASTER CHARGE AND AMERICAN EXPRESS

**9½" x 11"** **$26.00**

AMPLE AND ABLE

The perfect handbag for everyday use or travel. Plenty of room for everything, yet compact in size. Three zippered compartments. Plus one side that opens into fitted panel of easy to use, quick access card cases; convenient checkbook holder (case included); and pen. Other side has stitched on large divided pocket — great for eyeglasses, gloves, maps, etc. Adjustable shoulder strap. Vinyl-chiffon patent. Gold trim. Black, Navy, Camel, Bone, Brown, Red, White.

Mail orders carefully filled.
Please add $1.00 for handling.
California residents add 5% Sales Tax.

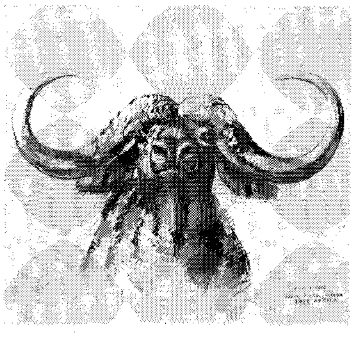
GENE BURTON
505 SO. LAKE AVE., PASADENA, CALIF. 91101

directing the addiction program of the state of Illinois, uses methadone in lower doses, in what amounts to a direct bid to undercut the illicit market—that is, as a cheap and legal way to maintain an addict. Followers of both Dr. Dole and Dr. Jaffe usually take it for granted that methadone should be a long-term, even a lifetime, addiction.

Methadone has its critics in the United States, who make a number of charges against it: that methadone blockade is phony, a much overstated figure of speech, and that the addicts who volunteer for methadone programs were probably ready to stabilize their use of narcotics anyway; that withdrawal from methadone is more difficult and uncomfortable than withdrawal from heroin; that the replacement of one addiction by another seems no great gain, since a serious black market in methadone has sprung up in New York and, particularly, in Washington, where, it is said, those addicted to methadone now outnumber heroin addicts (this market has so far been supplied with methadone diverted from legal sources, but illegal synthesis demands neither technical virtuosity nor imported ingredients); that at most American methadone clinics one of the greatest problems is alcoholism (although good pharmacological research is still lacking, many critics believe that methadone facilitates drunkenness, and possibly makes other drugs more attractive as well, to a degree that heroin does not). Such objections have especially aroused American blacks, whose leaders often speak as though they believed methadone maintenance had been plotted to sedate ghetto protest; proposals for heroin maintenance are attacked as "genocide." Within American city and federal bureaucracies, whose addiction programs are increasingly committed to methadone, criticism has been more scattered. But it is true, for example, that when Graham Finney, the Commissioner of New York City's Addiction Services Agency, quit that job last fall, he gave as one reason his mistrust of methadone and the good-guy image of it that has been so energetically promoted.

English clinics use methadone not only orally but also by injection. Doses by mouth are low. Doctors in England have no faith in methadone blockade and see no point in putting an addict on the long-term high dosage that the blockade theory requires; they say it's too difficult to get his dosage down again. Methadone syrup is prescribed for the new addict at some clinics, and universally for the addict who requests it in the last weeks or days of progres-

RAY HARM'S
AFRICAN
SKETCH BOOK



A collection of 80 authentic field drawings, 12 in full color, faithfully reproduced in a beautifully bound volume 11" x 15", with slip case. Edition limited to 10,000, with each book signed by the artist. Introduction by Ray Harm recounts his exciting 6-week safari along with detailed description of sketches.

$50
Brochure on request

Frame House Gallery, Inc.
Department NY103
110 East Market Street
Louisville, Kentucky 40202
Telephone: (502) 587-7424

Dealerships available in some areas

Philadelphia
Museum of Art
CHRISTMAS 1973

Distinctive Christmas cards priced from 10¢ to 35¢
*Unusual Gifts:* Stained Glass, Needlework Kits, Jewelry
*The Intensity of Vision, 1974 Engagement Calendar*
A collection of distinguished photographs–boxed, $3.95 (handling and shipping, 50¢)
*For full-color catalogue send 25¢ to:*

The Museum Shop, Box 7646
Philadelphia, Pa. 19101

The Magic Pan
CRÊPES

*Lunch • Dinner • Late Supper*
*Cocktails • Wines*

| | |
|---|---|
| San Francisco | Atlanta |
| Beverly Hills | Chicago |
| Denver | Philadelphia |
| Aspen | New York |

sive withdrawal from all narcotics. But the British practice that shocks American specialists is the use of injectable methadone for addicts. Injectable methadone is prescribed in sterile ampules, ten milligrams of methadone hydrochloride in solution. Its use for heroin addicts became general at the time the clinics were established, and this happened at first, in some part, because English doctors new to drugs believed that American experience had proved methadone better than heroin, but grossly misunderstood how Americans used it. Poignantly, English addicts have also absorbed the idea from the United States that methadone is better; though they almost always prefer the effects of heroin, they almost always feel that a switch to methadone represents a step toward cure. An addict may request the change, even when he is not prepared to give up using the needle. Simply this aspect of methadone—the addicts' own belief that it symbolizes a readiness to try to live more stably—appears to explain the good reports some English clinics make about the drug. But even the testimonials can take strange twists. Thomas Bewley, an Irishman, staccato of speech and manner, who directs the Drug Dependence Clinic at Lambeth Hospital, said recently, "As far as my patients are concerned, the ones on heroin are all doing much better in their lives than those on methadone. But that result is completely artificial, don't you see. Because whenever I have an addict who is doing badly, I switch him onto methadone." Methadone taken intravenously loses many of its reputed advantages. It is as likely as heroin to spread diseases like serum hepatitis, which come from passing around a dirty syringe. And, though oral methadone may produce no euphoria, when enough of the drug is injected it will certainly produce a high that most addicts say is nearly as delightful as heroin's. For that reason, and also because a drug when taken intravenously is excreted more quickly than when taken orally, addicts who take methadone by needle are likely to inject themselves frequently enough to lose much of the gain of a longer-acting drug.

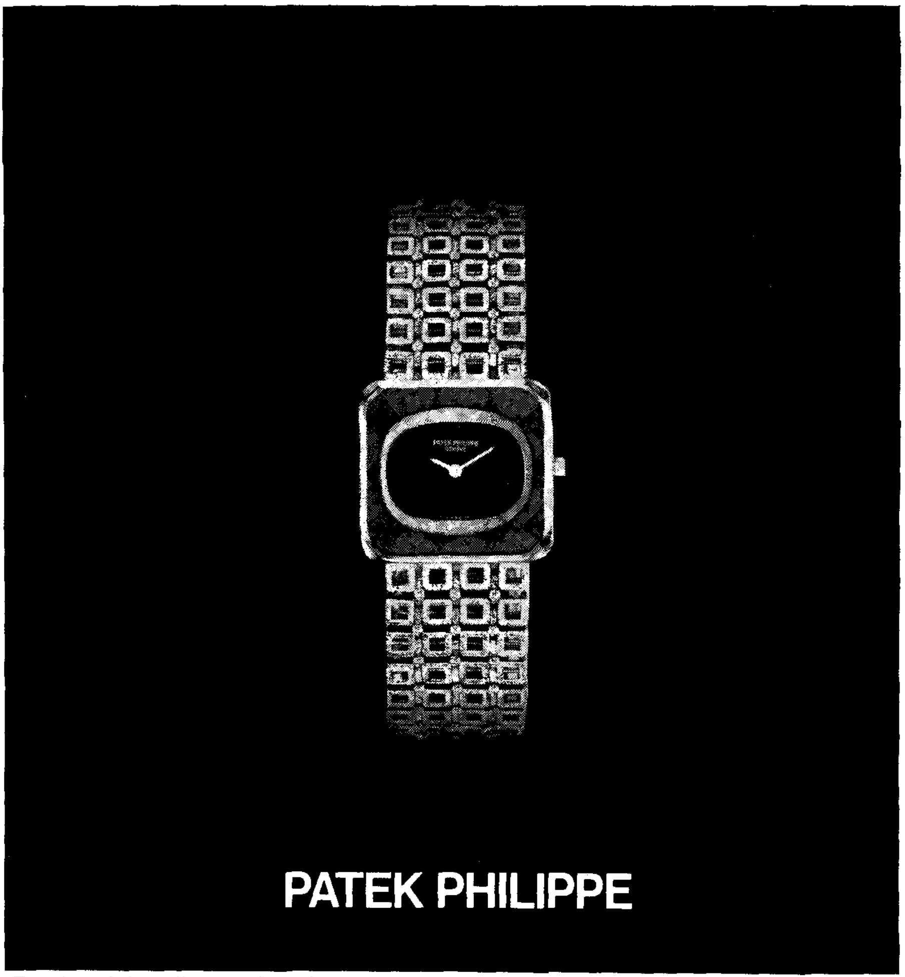
Once the clinics were functioning smoothly, the doctors' inclination to switch addicts to methadone was reinforced by mutual example; as heroin doses became smaller, competition developed to demonstrate success by cutting heroin use still further. Under all these pressures, though the total number of people addicted to heroin or methadone or both has remained more or less steady, methadone has sup-

POSH PERFORMERS BY BORG ® POSH PERFORMERS BY BORG · POSH PERFORMERS BY BORG · POSH PERFORMERS BY BORG · POSH PERFORMERS BY BORG

This Teddy Bear® jacket and hat by White Stag begs to be hugged, fondled and most of all enjoyed. That's because it has one of Borg® Textiles' soft, deep pile fabrics outside. The inside has quilted lining. Entirely machine washable. Sizes 7-14 about $28.00. 4-6x $24.00. Electra, fudge, camel, forest, boysenberry, peuter, cream or scarlet.

At B. Altman & Co., New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Rich's, Atlanta; L.S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

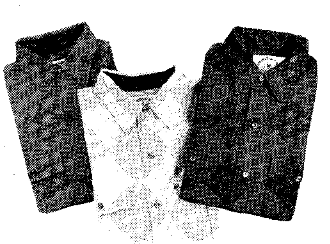
BUNKER RAMO Borg Textiles, 10201 West Lincoln Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53227



For the 1974 collection brochure, write: 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020

**Bauer Goose Down Guarantees You Head-to-Toe Warmth**

**Eddie Bauer Goose Down Bonnet** is sleekly styled to flatter your face, warmly insulated with fluffy Bauer Down to protect your head, ears and neck. Visor keeps snow off your goggles and sun out of your eyes. Colorful, durable Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Yellow, Red, Navy, Powder Blue, Butterscotch, Sienna Brick, Dark Green. **Sizes:** S/M/L. **No. 0137** Bonnet, **$12.95** postpaid.



**Eddie Bauer Chamois Cloth Shirt** is double-fleeced for luxury inside and out. Densely woven, pure Sanforized cotton protects you from wind, weather and biting insects. Extra-long shirttails; collar lined with whiskerproof Nylon. **Colors:** Red, Camel Tan, Moss Green, Navy. Men's Neck **Sizes:** 14-18, in half-sizes. **No. 1462** Chamois Cloth Shirt, **$9.95** postpaid.

**Tuck these Eddie Bauer Goose Down Sox** into a travel bag, wear them to bed, enjoy them as slippers or as inner sox for your cold weather footwear. Quilted in soft, long-wearing Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Red, Winter Blue, Powder Blue, Taupe. **Sizes:** Specify men's or women's shoe size and we will supply proper fit. **No. 0123** Sox, pair **$7.95** postpaid.

**Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!**

Enclosed is my check or money order for $______. (Add sales tax where applicable.)

Charge my ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Card No.__________

"Good thru" date__________

Please RUSH my order.

☐ 0137 Bonnet. Size______Color______

☐ 1462 Shirt. Size______Color______

☐ 0123 Sox: Men's Size______Color______

Women's Size______Color______

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

State__________Zip______

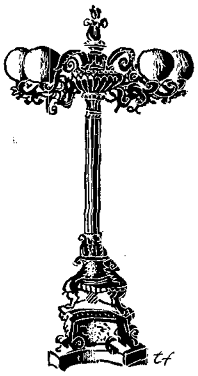
☐ Send me FREE your color catalog of over 1000 great outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. BNW Seattle, Wash. 98124

planted heroin as the drug most commonly used by addicts; in 1971 only four hundred and forty-nine addicts known to the Home Office were taking heroin alone. Clinics report that they now get new patients who started injecting methadone rather than heroin. The total amount of heroin prescribed in August, 1968, the peak month at the clinics, was thirty-two hundred and nine grams—over seven pounds. By the summer of 1971, less than two-fifths that much heroin was being prescribed by the clinics each month, and consumption now seems to have stabilized at around thirteen hundred grams. Methadone use has meanwhile slowly climbed; the latest figures available show the clinics prescribing over fifteen hundred grams a month, three-quarters of that in injectable form, one-quarter by mouth. And though doctors outside clinics may legally prescribe methadone for addicts, few do; methadone has not been significantly misprescribed, as heroin was by general practitioners in the early nineteen-sixties, nor will it ever be, for new regulations are now coming into force that give the Home Office the power to hale a doctor before an extraordinary professional tribunal, which can take away his right to prescribe particular substances, like methadone or amphetamines. Nonetheless, to compound the clinics' problems, a gray market in English methadone ampules has sprung up—addicts trading their clinic supplies among themselves for other drugs or selling surpluses outright. Many people who are close to the problem believe that such dealing in methadone may be as serious a danger as Chinese heroin.

Meanwhile, at one clinic in London, a study has begun which will, for the first time, compare the fates of addicts maintained on heroin with a matched group maintained on oral methadone. New heroin addicts showing up at this clinic are assigned at random to get one drug or the other; their progress or deterioration, medically and socially, is watched. The study, which promises to be extremely important, will take at least three years to complete, in part because so few new addicts are appearing these days.



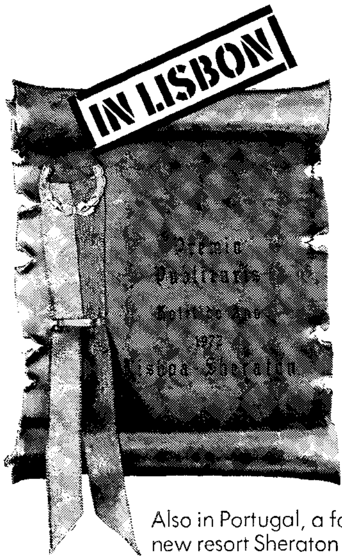
THE addiction clinic of Charing Cross Hospital, in central London, is in a converted shop across the street from the back entrance to the hospital proper. A plastic sign by the door identifies it as the hospital's "Psychiatric Unit Annexe." A smaller plate by the doorbell advertises that antenatal classes are held there. Within, the clinic is a puzzle box of partitions and tiny offices. Gisela Brigitte Oppenheim, who has directed the clinic since it opened, in February, 1968, is a handsome, dark-haired, briskly sensible psychiatrist. In the spectrum of English clinic opinion, Dr. Oppenheim is known to be generally opposed to prescribing heroin. She has an excellent reputation for getting addicts into jobs and off drugs. "We have seen between seven hundred and eight hundred addicts, or more," Dr. Oppenheim told me a while ago. "We have around ninety-five current attenders, and eighty-five or ninety others who at this moment are off drugs altogether and are being followed up in the community. If a new addict walked in the door today, it would be from ten days to a fortnight before he had a prescription. We always tell them, 'If you're in severe withdrawal, come in,' but no patient has ever taken us up on that. We insist on three positive urine tests, several days apart. You certainly can't go by the state of their arms. Many will come in here to try to get an injectable narcotic with the idea of selling it to get soft drugs. When we *are* convinced, we will offer the new patient methadone syrup. If we can't get away with that, injectable ampules. I haven't prescribed heroin for a new patient in three years. Most who come in are poly-drug abusers, and settle for methadone. On heroin, it is much more difficult for them to function in the community. Currently, we have only two patients left who are on heroin only. And they are chaotic: it's a full-time job for an addict to be on heroin; injections are necessary every four or six hours, and, in their condition, they can take anywhere from twenty minutes to an hour just to get a fix organized. We have ten other patients who are getting some heroin in addition to their methadone.

"When we started, our brief from the Ministry of Health supposedly was 'You maintain the addicts until they are motivated to go into hospital to get off drugs.' But when we started we had no in-patient facilities; we were obliged from the beginning to work in a way that would get the patients into condition to function in the community. In our experience, many addicts who are detoxified as in-patients go back on drugs when they get back into the community. Sixty-five per cent of our current attenders are gainfully employed—some work as laborers, one is a teacher, several have gone back to their university courses. They can be so stable that nobody would guess they were addicts. Once they are working, once they have other interests, personal relationships, they get fed up with the drug life. It isn't a conscious decision; it just happens. In many cases, we can't explain just how and when this point is reached. Certainly it's nonsense for the doctor to claim the credit. Our psychiatric approach is supportive, and not analytical—perhaps, in American terms, nonpsychiatric. We have two full-time social workers. The addicts get a great deal of help with simple practical matters—even accommodations, food. The important thing is to teach them that there is an alternative to the way they were living when they first came in. We want them to mix with non-addicts. It is very important to have their leisure time organized. We often find that the addict makes a complete break with the drug-taking group that he has been involved with before he is able to kick the drug habit."

A civil servant from New York City remarked recently that he came away from a four-day visit to the British clinics questioning whether they would be conceivable outside the total setting of the National Health Service, with its presumption of universal free medical care, its rational administration, and its controlled costs. The question is a sophisticated one—or, at least, it has different answers at different levels. "In policy discussions, I now ask, 'If we are interested in the British approach to drugs, are we willing to build the underpinning that seems to be the key?' " he went on. "You know, in a funny way the addiction problem brings into focus a lot of the unfinished business of this country."

When the American visitor first asks what the British clinics cost, he gets the wonderful reply that the figures aren't known. "Administratively, our 'drug program' doesn't really exist," an observer told me. "There's no coördinating point. And we don't separate the figures any more than the functions." But when I found the right bureaucrat, "costing the clinics" seized him as a refreshing and possibly useful American sort of idea; so after three months I received a letter from the Department of Health and Social Security setting out "the respective annual costs of Clinic A and Clinic B" in terms that agreed well with the reckonings of a couple of clinic directors. The numbers of addicts attending Clinics A and

What has Sheraton done for you lately?



The new Sheraton voted Portugal's "Hotel of the Year."

The magnificent 30-story Lisbon-Sheraton Hotel was just named winner of the annual "Hotel of the Year" award in *Publituris* nationwide survey of travel agencies and airlines in Portugal.

Located between the center of the city and the airport, minutes from the impressive historical attractions of colorful Lisbon.

Sun by the open air pool. Enjoy a fabulous evening high above the city in the rooftop restaurant and lounge.

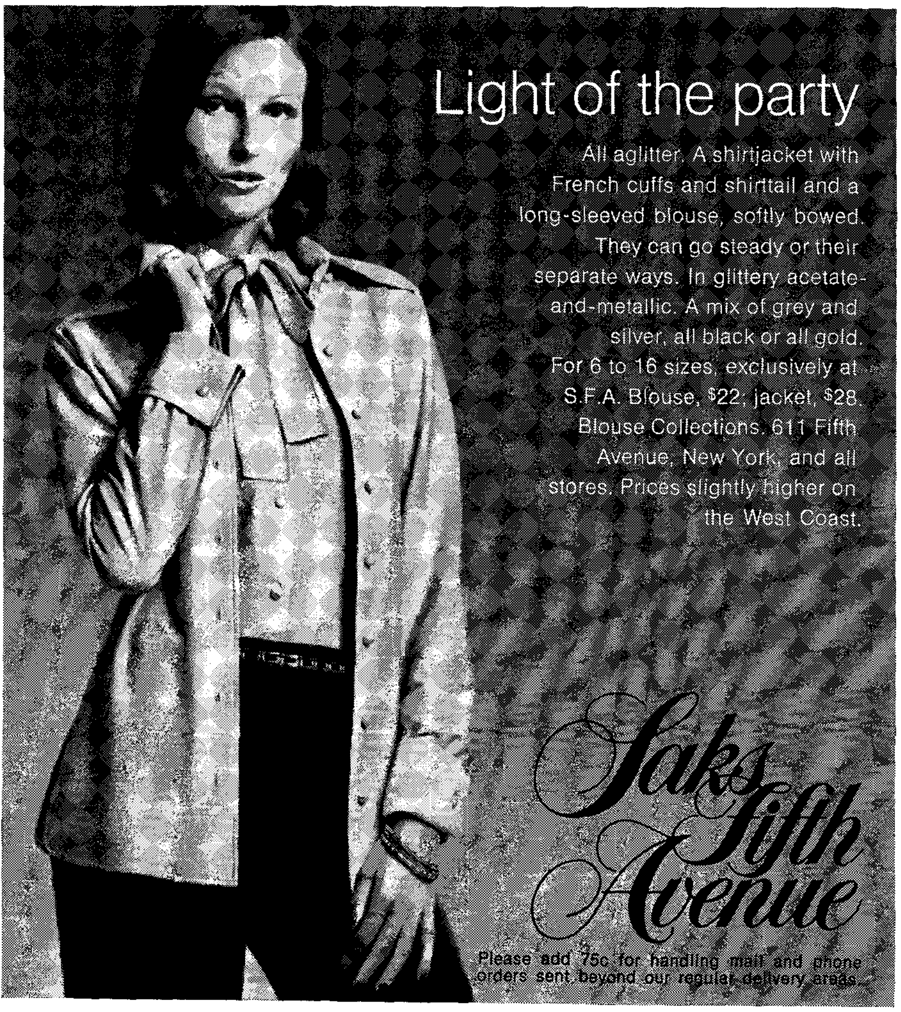
Just call **800-325-3535.**
Or have your travel agent call.

Also in Portugal, a fantastic new resort Sheraton Hotel on the island of Madeira.

**Lisbon-Sheraton Hotel**
SHERATON HOTELS & MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
RUA LATINO COELHO 2, LISBON 1, PORTUGAL TELEPHONE 56.39.11

Memorable vacations in Portugal start aboard TAP
THE INTERCONTINENTAL AIRLINE OF PORTUGAL

In many itineraries the fare to Madeira costs no more than the transatlantic fare to Lisbon.

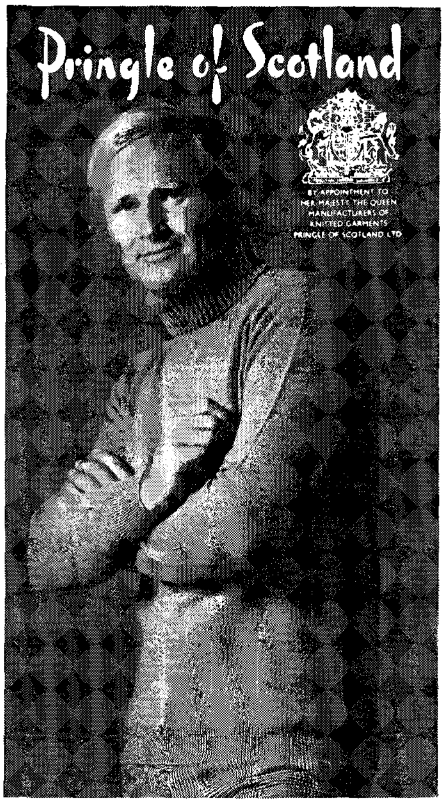


Light of the party

All aglitter. A shirtjacket with French cuffs and shirttail and a long-sleeved blouse, softly bowed. They can go steady or their separate ways. In glittery acetate-and-metallic. A mix of grey and silver, all black or all gold. For 6 to 16 sizes, exclusively at S.F.A. Blouse, $22; jacket, $28. Blouse Collections, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.


Pringle of Scotland
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MANUFACTURERS OF KNITTED GARMENTS PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LTD

The Lewis. A classic turtleneck of fine Lambswool that goes to the better places. In White, Navy, Tartan Green, Regal Red, Wine, Yellow, Blue Frost, Iced Caramel. Sizes 38-46. About $26*

Pringle of Scotland, 24 W. 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018 *Slightly higher in the West

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
*San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1946*

**Lightweight Travel Nightshirt With Golf or Tennis Motif $13**

**New handsome, unusually comfortable, cool, cotton-and-Dacron® batiste nightshirt, with unique golf or tennis motif, is of the highest standard for quality, comfort and good taste. Fully cut. Ideal for travel. Dries quickly. Golf motif available in soft Blue, soft Green or Tan. Tennis in White ground with red, navy or green motif. Sizes: S (34-36), M (38-40), L (42-44), XL (46-48).**

Mail Orders to: Golf or Tennis Night Shirt,
**Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108**

| Circle Item | Qty. | Color | Size | M.O. or Check ☐ |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Golf or Tennis | | | | Cable Charge ☐ |
| Night Shirt | | | | Sorry, No COD's |

☐ **Please send catalogue** (415) 397-4740

Name..........

Address..........

..........Zip..........

**Add $1.75 Ship & Hdlg. • 5½% Sales Tax in Ca. M10-1**

B full time are certainly typical. The staffs quoted for them seem slightly below the levels at most clinics I have observed; personnel were figured in fractions of a five-and-a-half-day week, priced at the top of each Health Service pay category—£7,348 ($17,635) a year for the full time of a consultant psychiatrist, £5,313 ($12,751) for a physician as medical assistant, £1,800 ($4,320) for each nurse, and so on. The cost of dispensing heroin and methadone by pharmacists was excluded. Including rent and utilities, the cost of Clinic A, which had ninety-five patients, was £21,248 ($50,995) a year—£224 ($538) a patient. For Clinic B, which had seventy-five patients, the cost was £14,276 ($34,262)—£190 ($456) per patient. Separately figured, the annual cost for drugs prescribed to addicts was about £129 ($310) for each patient. The over-all total came to between $800 and $850 per English addict per year. There the British calculation stopped. American pay scales and rents would multiply these figures by three or more, bringing the cost to at least twenty-five hundred dollars a year per addict, as long as doctors and nurses did not become scarce. Greater precision is not really possible.

HACKNEY HOSPITAL is ten miles northeast of Charing Cross. It is set down among terrace rows of housing—not the cream and white town houses that swell along the great leafy squares of the West End but narrow-shouldered mud-gray brick rows, block after block. The Special Psychiatric Unit at Hackney Hospital is directed by Dr. John L. Reed, but he turned me over to the man who, he said, does the work—a psychiatrist named John Mack. Dr. Mack, slight, dark-bearded, and looking nearly as pale and young as some of his clients, holds opinions about heroin which are at the other end of the spectrum from Dr. Oppenheim's. He had with him a buxom girl with massed brilliant-red hair—Susan Norvill, one of his social workers.

"I'm very angry at you Americans," Mack began. "For getting us started with methadone." I pointed out that injectable methadone is not used in the United States. "Unfortunately, that didn't come across clearly in 1968," he said. "There *is* a black market now, and it is flourishing—in Chinese heroin, as the clinics stop prescribing heroin and go over to methadone. And in methadone itself. What worries me is that some people, thinking that methadone is somehow preferable, are giving fairly

*Visit*
**BOSCOBEL**
*One of the most beautiful homes in America.*

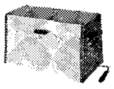
High over the Hudson River in Garrison, New York, Boscobel, built in 1804-06, is the authentically restored home of wealthy landowner States Dyckman.

A visit to this treasure house of priceless antique furnishings, in a lovely garden setting, is a delightful journey into the post-Revolutionary America of the Hudson Valley. Open daily except Tues. 9:30 to 5; Wed. & Sat. till 8 June thru Aug. For information, call (212) LO 2-7444 or (914) CO 5-3638. Write for free brochure.

BOSCOBEL RESTORATION, INC.
*Garrison-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10524*
8 miles north of
Bear Mt. Bridge on Rte. 9D

**Help stamp out soft crackers**

ELECTRIC
**BRISKER®** Keeps crisp foods dry and oven-fresh indefinitely, even in the most soggy atmospheric conditions. The only appliance of its kind, the Electric Brisker applies the principle of dehumidification to protect the flavor and crispness of such foods as crackers, potato chips, cereals, nuts and pretzels. Keeps salt shakers free-flowing. It's the "in" thing . . . a welcome asset in any home, boat or camper. U.L. approved; 115 volt AC for home; 6, 12 and 32 volt DC for boats and campers. 18¾" x 11" x 11". Polished chrome or satin copper finishes. At fine gift shops and hardware stores, or order now by mail. Literature free on request. Write:



**BRISKER® PRODUCTS $29.95**

Postpaid East of Rockies if check sent with order.
Add $2 W. of Rockies • *Prices—continental* U.S.
2343 Gilbert Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

*for executives and professional people*
**LOANS by MAIL**
**Any Amount Desired to — $10,000**

Personal, private. No security required. Your signature only. All details arranged rapidly by mail. Reasonable rates. Please mail coupon for full information. No obligation.

C. E. Wilson, Vice President
**POSTAL THRIFT LOANS, INC., Dept. 204-10**
703 Douglas St., Sioux City, Iowa 51102
Please send complete information in plain envelope.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________State__________Zip______

one of THE ST. PAUL COMPANIES

large prescriptions. And the methadone is being sold."

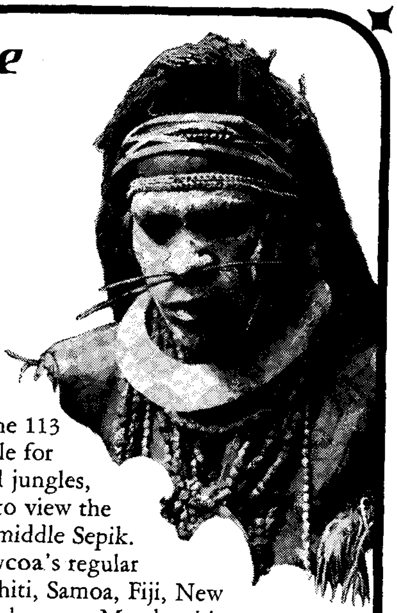
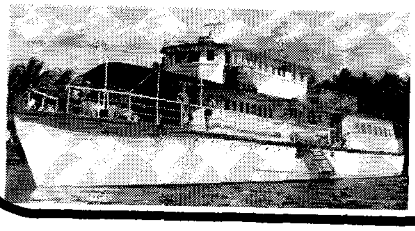
"We've seen primary methadone addicts who have never tried heroin," Miss Norvill said.

I mentioned methadone blockade. "I inherited two cases," Mack said. "By the way, what *do* you call addicts? They're not patients in the classical sense, *not* 'cases'—the best word, I think, is 'clients.' Two clients, then, who were both taking two hundred and twenty-five milligrams of methadone a day by mouth—that is twice the blockade level—and also taking twenty milligrams of heroin a day by injection, and getting *great* pleasure out of it. The morality of giving methadone for a very long term by mouth—surely there's an element of self-delusion? I use methadone for only two reasons now. Some people come here addicted to methadone, and it doesn't quite make sense to insist that they switch to heroin. Or, because methadone has been presented to the world as the drug of therapy, the addict sometimes thinks he is progressing if he switches.

"Too many of us in England are still following the medical model of treating addiction. But although we are doctors, in National Health Service clinics, the people who come to us are people using drugs—not people coming to a doctor asking for help and advice in the traditional relationship. I don't think that you can hope to solve a society's drug problem by pharmacology. You can't cure heroin addiction by giving methadone. The concept of the wicked drug with its claws into them—to say that if you took that away you would abolish the problem is to miss the point. When we started, in 1968, we could divide our clients into three groups. Most were working-class youths—almost all boys, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen years old, living with their parents at home. They had jobs, and were in every way ordinary. Then, a smaller number, somewhat older, above average in intelligence, not working—floaters, hippies, from broken homes. And the third group, the old-time prescription addicts, sometimes in their forties, who had been on heroin a very long time. One felt pretty hopeless about them. Now the ones who are coming to us are almost all working-class, and almost all adolescents, though recently they have been a little older."

What he said reminded me that I had been told elsewhere that the average age of the addicts showing up at the clinic doors since they were first opened had been rising by nearly a year

from the land of erin
for today's pipe smoker
For smokers who value good, rich flavour and distinctive aroma.
MURRAY'S
ERINMORE MIXTURE
PIPE TOBACCO
New 1¾oz. tin
Suggested retail price 90¢
IMPORTED
FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1810



Travcoa's Sepik Cruise

South Pacific

Only with Travcoa can you cruise to the primitive villages of New Guinea's Sepik River in air-conditioned comfort. The 113 foot Yacht Mareeba is exclusively available for Travcoa tour members to explore tropical jungles, native villages with stone age rituals, and to view the rare bird life and fauna found only in the middle Sepik. The Mareeba Sepik Cruise is part of Travcoa's regular tours of the South Pacific that includes Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea and the Solomons. Membership limited to 25 persons. Travcoa's South Pacific brochure also includes two unique expeditions "Islands Rediscovered" & "Unusual New Guinea and Australia."

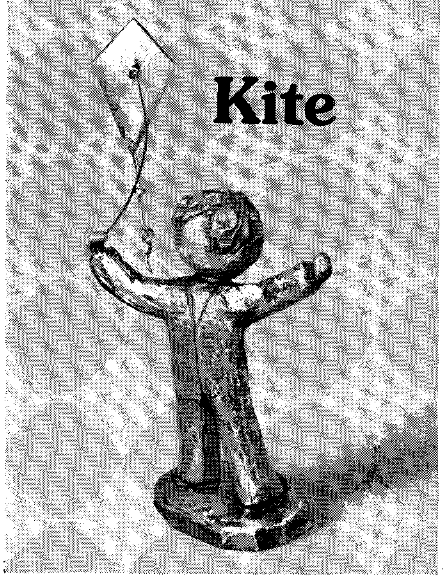
Ask your Travel Agent for the New South Pacific Brochure or Write
Travcoa
111 N. Wabash, Chicago 60602
Tel. 312-332-0950

every year. Moreover, published figures show—and it is one of the most encouraging signs of all—that even though the total number of addicts has held fairly constant, the percentage under twenty has dropped sharply. At the end of 1971, only two addicts as young as sixteen were known in Britain, and only thirteen aged seventeen. (These, by the way, are treated like any others at English clinics, while in America, with depressing illogic, addicts under eighteen are not supposed to be admitted to methadone programs—though, of course, some are.) Asked about the rise in age, Mack said, "Yes, recently the addicts have been about twenty-one. Often, they had their first heroin about the same time the others did—though their really full-scale *involvement* with heroin, or methadone, is likely to have started only three to six months before they come to us. But, as I say, they usually knew our regulars, hung around with them. Most of the people we get here first came into contact with narcotics in the late sixties."

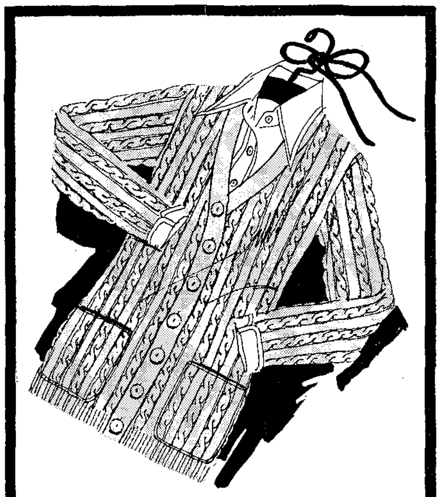
"The new thing is that they're marrying," Miss Norvill said. "A lot of ours now have young wives and babies. One would have hoped, naïvely, that forming a relationship with somebody would stabilize them. But many of them have *very* bad, messy marriages."

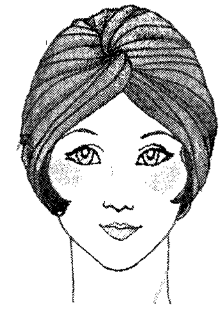
How many new addicts were they getting? "Oh, maybe two a week," Mack said. "A lot of those are reappearing—after a stretch in prison, say. First, we'll ask where they live—with fourteen operating clinics around London, we all tend to throw people back to the clinic nearest to them. It's important to realize that people are not addicted as isolated individuals. They are addicted in relation to the community or the immediate small group. So if somebody really new comes to us, we have almost certainly heard of him from our regular clients months, even years, before—or, at least, it will turn out that we know his friends."

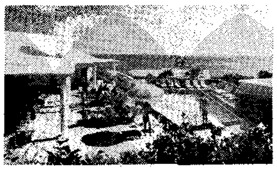
I mentioned the American stereotype of the clinic bargaining with addicts over prescriptions. "God, that would be awful!" Mack said. "No. One doesn't spend a lot of time with them talking about drugs. The addict knows that it's expected that eventually he will come off. But that isn't our only aim. Really, attaining social stability, settling back into society, getting a job—I'd put all that ahead of getting off drugs." Mack added—and his statement demonstrates just how sharply the clinic directors are divided—"I reject completely the notion, which came from America, that you can't work and be stable on heroin."

from The Littles©
by Hudson Pewter™
Sure to fly straight to your heartstrings. One of more than 20 different figurines by famous American sculptress Walli Ortman. Cast in solid pewter with little copper touches by America's leading pewter specialists. Figure 4 inches high. $30. each at all fine stores. Write for the name of the one nearest you. Exclusively distributed by Schmid Brothers, Inc., 55 Pacella Park Drive, Randolph, Massachusetts 02368.


Goodbye Mr. Clips!
Excuse the lame pun but it's true—you can now free yourself of such cumbersome paraphernalia as paper clips & staples. Our handsome chrome Paper Fastener smartly joins up to 6 sheets of paper, with just one gentle stroke. And it never needs refills. Keeps your files slim and neat, your copier from blowing a fuse and your fingernails from breaking. No quicker or less expensive way to establish yourself as a progressive executive. Order yours right now!
☐ Rush me a Paper Fastener. I encl. $15.45 ($13.95 plus $1.50 post. & ins.) Calif. res. add tax. Return in two weeks if not completely delighted.
Name________________
Address________________
____________Zip______
584 Washington St. San Francisco 94111
haverhill's
NY0101


PERFECT PARTNER
For skirts or pants. Cable knit 100% Acrylic sweater. Machine wash and dry with ease. Patch pockets. New, longer length. A great addition to your wardrobe. White, Navy, Red, or Bone.
Small, Medium, Large $20.00
Impeccably tailored, machine washable, 100% polyester crepe texture shirt. White only.
6 thru 16 $16.00
Mail orders carefully filled.
Please add 75 cents for handling.
California residents add Sales Tax
GENE BURTON
505 SO. LAKE AVE., PASADENA, CALIF. 91101


VELVET TURBAN
Very flattering — very fashionable. Perfect complement to your fall wardrobe. Black, Brown, Navy, Dark Green, Dark Red, Bright Red, Beige. One size fits all.
$17.00 plus $1.00 postage and handling.
Also available in Jersey, $15 plus $1 mailing.
Maybrant Boutique Inc.
1066 Lexington Avenue (75 & 76 Sts.)
New York, N.Y. 10021 (212) BU 8-7653

BERMUDA

One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on a beautiful sweep of natural pink beach in fashionable Tucker's Town. Enjoy breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our clubhouse with its superb seascape; luncheon on the Pool Terrace. All in the best Bermuda tradition. See your travel agent or David B. Mitchell (212) 371-1323.
PINK BEACH
CLUB & COTTAGES

“Last time we counted, which was last spring, seventy-two per cent of our clients were working, and thirty per cent had regular, long-term jobs,” Miss Norvill said. “And, about that last figure, remember that a lot of our East London working-class youth change jobs often anyway.”

“The clinic makes a therapeutic setting possible,” Mack said. “Also, I’m protected by a certain amount of mutual observation, comment, support, possibly criticism from my colleagues. And I know they’re there. Working with addicts is a pretty stressful thing to do. One has to be watched.”

But is it really possible, just physically, to maintain addicts on heroin? Don’t they deteriorate? Don’t they get hepatitis, abscesses, damaged hearts and livers? “It can be hard to get them to use good injection techniques,” Mack said. “But that’s still looking at the wanderers only, the worst ones, the extremely unstable. Looking at our steady addicts, the ones who have been with us from the beginning, on heroin, I’d say very few are *worse*. And many are a lot less scruffy.”

“As for the wanderers,” Miss Norvill said, “without the clinics they’d all be dead.”

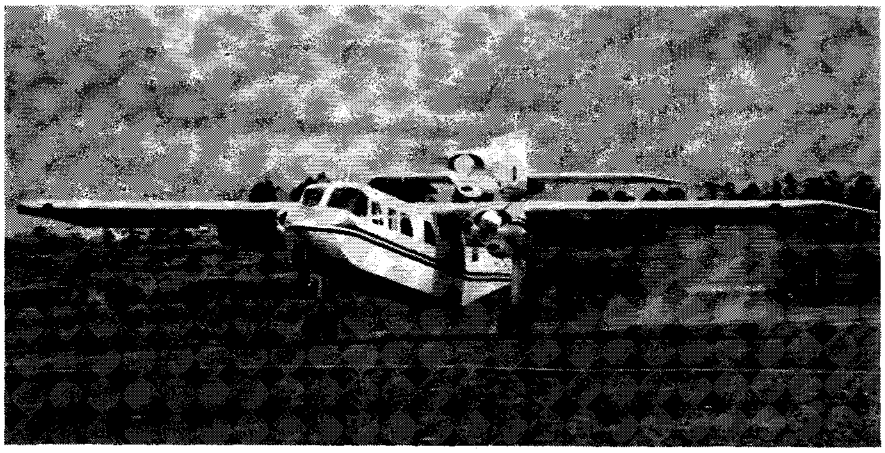
I asked about withdrawal. “We’ve honestly not seen anybody in severe withdrawal,” Mack said. “I think there is a physical withdrawal effect, magnified no end by mythology and drifting into an acute anxiety state.”

I brought up the recent reports that babies of addicted mothers show great distress within hours of birth. “Mothers and babies—the American literature is full of the problem,” Mack said, with evident perplexity. “We have now had three addicted mothers have their babies, and, apart from putting the babies into a premature unit just so we could keep a close eye on them, we did nothing. And we observed no withdrawal signs. Not even increased restlessness.”

Mack paused, and then went on, “As far as I am aware, apart from the dangers that go with intravenous injections there is no real evidence that the body cannot tolerate heroin for years. And you do not need to increase the dose, the way American doctors tell me. Given an unlimited supply, yes, most addicts—not all—would tend to increase the dose. And if you do increase the dose you tend to spend all your life preparing the next injection and you do deteriorate. But if you have some supervision you don’t deteriorate.”

“We have very few who are in a socially deteriorated condition,” Miss Norvill said.

“We have very many who are much



*THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD TRAVEL*

Lars-Eric Lindblad says: *“There’s no better way to see East Africa than on a Wing Safari®.”*

You will enjoy our VIP treatment aboard the newly inaugurated “Trislanders.” These comfortable, spacious aircraft feature oversized windows that afford unhindered views of the vast migrating herds and exciting game life below. You will visit places where no other Safaris go and travel through thick bush country in sturdy Land Rovers. These Safaris take 23 days and are limited to 10 people.

For those who may be limited by time, we have the ever-popular 15 day Value Safari done completely by land travel. Enjoy luxurious air transportation to and from these Lindblad Safaris aboard the world famous **BOAC-British Airways.** We suggest you write for our new and informative brochure.

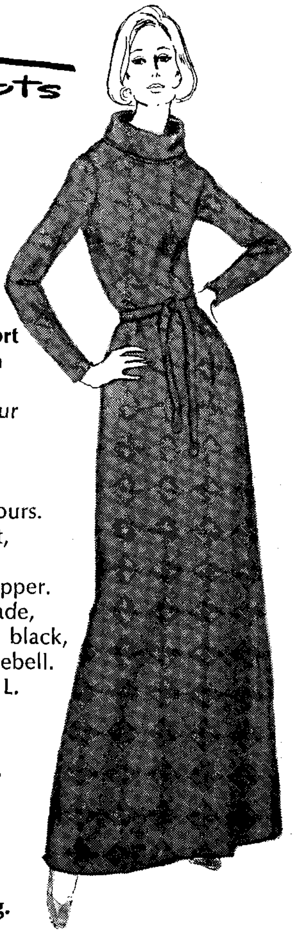
**LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.**
Dept. NYW10173 (212) 751-2300
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

A new view of travel

Our very newest travel bag flips open to reveal passport, plane tickets, credit cards, etc. all conveniently at hand in 9 separate see-through vinyl compartments. Zip top closing, 2 roomy outside zipper pockets, 10¼x9x3½. In black, brown, camel or navy glacé vinyl, $25. Handbag Collections, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

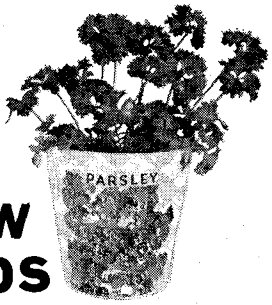


The Talbots

**Swiss Import**
You'll be in the lap of luxury in our elegant imported dress of velvety velours. Self-tie belt, cowl collar and back zipper. Hot pink, jade, bittersweet, black, navy or bluebell. Sizes S, M, L. $42.00.,
Add $1.00 for postage.

**Send for free catalog.**

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. JM,• HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.



**Grow Herbs**

RIGHT IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN
. . .RIGHT NOW, THIS WINTER!

**Nothing could be easier!** Add a gourmet touch to your cooking without stepping outside. We supply preplanted containers of rich soil. You add water and put them on your window sill. Soon you'll have a fragrant, year-round herb garden. Complete instructions included. Guaranteed.

**Your choice: Any 3 for $1.75; 6 for $3.19; 9 for $4.35, Postpaid. (US Only)**

**Earl May Seed & Nursery Co.**
**3150 Elm St., Shenandoah, Iowa 51603**

Send me the following:

☐ Parsley ☐ Basil ☐ Thyme
☐ Chives ☐ Lavender ☐ Savory
☐ Mint ☐ Sage ☐ Sweet Marjoram

Am't Enclosed: $ ________

Name

Address

City State Zip

more socially integrated than before," Mack said.

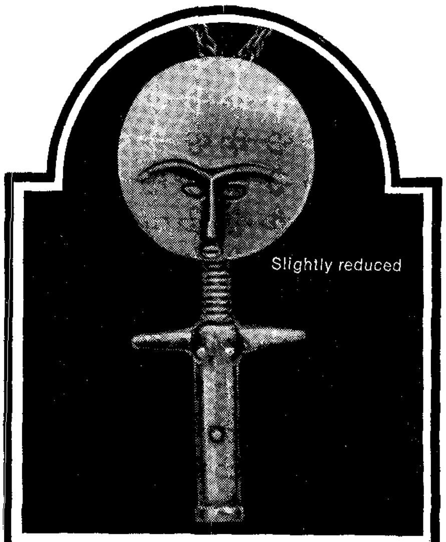
We talked about ways to promote social integration. At Hackney Hospital, group therapy is sometimes used. Miss Norvill runs a group for wives who are not themselves addicts. "I thought that their husbands were getting a lot, actually, here, but that the wives were terribly isolated by the problem," she said.

Mack spoke of two groups among the addicts, one a group of eight that had been running for eighteen months. "Measured in terms of getting people off drugs, it has been fairly successful. But the ones who could never be reached for more than grunts still grunt."

After pausing again, Mack said, "If we're not careful in this country, we are going to miss the big chance—because *here* we still have sufficiently few addicts so that we should be able to attend to *everybody*."

As I hope I have conveyed, the problem of heroin addiction feels very different in England from the way it feels in the United States. I have talked with many English addicts over the past seven years. They are ridden by numberless petty dreads and hopes, as addicts seem to be everywhere. The old street junkies are indeed very far down; a compulsion has taken them over. The young ones may be cocky, but more often they seem very tired. Grudgingly, they admit that they like the clinics and feel safe there. They all claim that they supplement their clinic prescriptions with Chinese heroin. But then it is in their interest—and on this they have a tacit but real alliance with the Home Office Drugs Branch—to persuade the clinic doctors that suppression of the black market requires that the tap be eased open on legal narcotics. Along Gerrard Street, the new Chinese-restaurant quarter at the southern edge of Soho, there is never the action you will see at any time on a New York corner like Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street. Indeed, on Gerrard Street at midnight the loudest sound is the click of mah-jongg tiles.

In the waiting room of Dr. Mitchesen's clinic at University College Hospital, I met an addict who has stuck in my mind more than any other. He said that his problem was insomnia, and that his wife had the same trouble, and that the last thing at night they used their methadone syrup so they could get to sleep. He called across the room to a staff member for a supply of sterile disposable syringes. "Twenty-one, please—seven for my wife, fourteen for me. Don't worry about the swabs, we



**African fertility doll**
**We promise nothing.**
Except complete satisfaction with this golden* Alva Museum Replica of the real thing which is in the American Museum of Natural History. So precisely reproduced and carefully hand finished it's museum authorized. Gift boxed with descriptive history. Satisfaction (but not fertility) guaranteed. *Gold electroplated.

☐ NH 78N Akua 'Ba necklace on chain, **$8.50.**
☐ NH 78P Akua 'Ba pin, **$7.50.**
Please add 50¢ per item for postage.
N.Y. residents add sales tax.

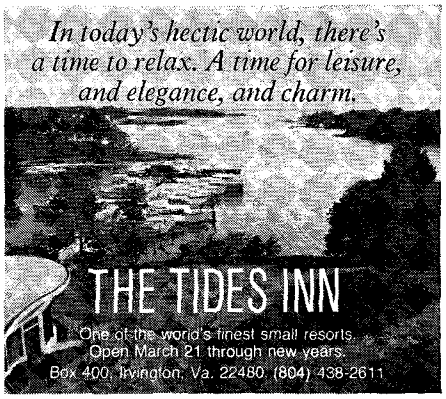
**Museum Collections**
Box 999, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019

**Old Farmer's Almanac and Apples Smock**

Original, century-old Farmer's Almanac print, black on an ecru background of 100% cotton broadcloth is spiced with a harvest of orchard-fresh, red New England apples, and crispy garden green leaves and made into a delicious, delightful, fingertip smock. It boasts a pert round collar, puff sleeves, plump apple-red buttons and pockets on the side seam for a slimmer, smarter look. Machine washable. Small, medium, large. $16.95 ppd. Knee Length Smock $20.95 ppd.

J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-101
Stockbridge Road
Great Barrington
Mass. 01230

Our Own Exclusive Designs
Write for catalog.



*In today's hectic world, there's a time to relax. A time for leisure, and elegance, and charm.*

THE TIDES INN
One of the world's finest small resorts.
Open March 21 through new years.
Box 400, Irvington, Va. 22480. (804) 438-2611

got plenty of swabs." Then he told me he was afraid of losing his job. What did he do? "I'm a fishmonger." This was addict braggadocio. He was in fact a kitchen helper who killed the lobsters and crabs at one of London's oyster houses. He had held the job nearly nine months. Now he had begun to nod off at work. And he thought his boss had noticed a needle that had failed to flush down the employee toilet. And blood on the towel. His despair was terrible. But it was uniquely personal. An American addict would find it unrecognizably innocent.

DOES the British approach to heroin addiction work? In the light of the inherent instability of the drug situation in every Western country, I think it has worked very well—for the British. Credit for containing the epidemic, however, can hardly be given simply to the prescribing of narcotics. Once again, the medical model, though an improvement on enforcement and punishment, is not enough. Any explanation of what happened with heroin in England needs to begin with the worldwide phenomenon of the nineteen-sixties: the coming of age of the children born—in such disproportionate numbers as to strain the social fabric—just after the Second World War. Behind all the teen-age phenomena so often described and imperfectly explained, there was an evident shift in the adolescents' relationships: their lives became much less tied to their parents' generation, and much more strongly controlled by their own age group. We think of the continuity of generations as characterized by rebellion—not by indifference on such a scale. Now, part of the pleasure of living in England in the nineteen-sixties was the emergent youth. The delight was greater because of the most considerable difference between the English adolescent mood and the American, which was a quality of ease. One was told many times, "The Beatles—ah, yes, d'you see, the mums love them, too." The mothers did. "The working-class lad may have his mod clothes and hair to his shoulders, but Saturday night you'll find him drinking in the pub with his dad, short-back-and-sides, in his Burton suit," I was told, and that was true, too. Across the gap there was an unexpected degree of tolerance. If it was simple-minded to place the blame for the English heroin epidemic on the overprescribing general practitioners alone, it must be inadequate to give credit for the remission in the epidemic solely to the introduction of the clinic system. At least as important was the particu-

Where IU gets its energy.

In the fast-growing energy market, IU supertankers transport oil throughout the world. We also manufacture valves, pressure vessels and other energy systems and equipment. In Canada, we supply gas and generate electricity for 397,000 customers.

In 1972, IU energy operations contributed 60% of pre-tax income. IU's commitment to this business ranges from offshore drilling rigs in the North Sea to a new fleet of liquefied natural gas (LNG) carriers which will be operational in the mid-1970's.

To know more, write Corporate Affairs, Dept. G1, IU International, 1500 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

IU International

SERVING WORLDWIDE ENERGY, TRANSPORTATION/DISTRIBUTION AND ENVIRONMENTAL MARKETS.

LOUIS LOURIOUX
French Porcelain Ovenware & Dinnerware

WILDFLOWER. The exquisite beauty of the French countryside breathlessly comes to life with this dual presentation of magnificent porcelain ovenware and matching dinnerware. Louis Lourioux has created a versatile collection in many sizes and shapes. Write for brochure LL and name of nearest dealer. Jacques Jugeat, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010

**Burberrys**
OF LONDON ®

The soft Irish tweeds and easy flowing cut of this Burberry classic harmonise dashingly. The generous sweep of this warm Burberry may sweep you off your feet. Warm. Practical. Comfortable.

A coat for people with their feet on the ground.

**Burberrys International Ltd.,**
**560 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.**
**Tel: (212) 582 3870.**

TRADITIONAL
**CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS**
*San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1946*

**Classic Neat Pattern Over-the-Calf Hosiery**
**6 Prs. $15**

Revival of a 1920's classic. The neat, clean look of the **Argyll** or **Birdseye** patterns. Made of thick, bulk Orlon and nylon. Over-the-Calf socks cover hairy legs, stay up where they belong; have a cashmere hand that gets softer after repeated machine washings. Fast drying. Coordinate well with slacks, sportcoats.

**One size: Fits 10 to 13.**

**Argyll assortment of 6 includes:** 2 prs. each Charcoal Heather, Brown, Navy, **6 pr. $15.**

**Birdseye assortment of 6 includes:** 2 pr. Black/Blue, 2 pr. Charcoal Heather, 1 pr. Loden Heather, 1 pr. Brown/Gold, **6 pr. $15.**

Mail Orders to: Argyll, Birdseye Socks.
**Cable Car Clothiers, No. 150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108**

| Circle Item | Qty. | Size | M.O. or Chk. ☐ |
|---|---|---|---|
| Argyll | | | Cable Charge ☐ |
| Birdseye | | | Sorry, no COD's |

☐ **Please send catalogue** | **(415) 397-4740**

Name........................................

Address........................................

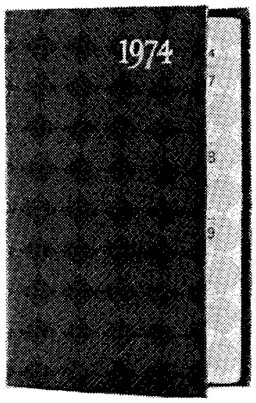
........................................Zip........

Add $1.75 Ship. & Hdlg.; 5½% Sales Tax in Ca. M10-1

lar continuity that life, the social fabric, was felt to have by the adolescents who drew back from addiction. So much for conjecture.

Does the British approach work? The clinics are impressive, for their measurable statistics and for the relationship and mood of their staffs and their clients. One meets the occasional American specialist in England who, overwhelmed by the success of the clinics, and recalling the scale and the intractability of the problem at home, will say about heroin maintenance in the United States, "My feeling is you have to try anything." The words, in fact, are those of Norman Zinberg, a Harvard psychoanalyst, who, in repeated visits, has spent more than a year in England observing drug clinics. One afternoon last year, as we sat watching peacocks on the lawn of a country house where Dr. Zinberg was staying, he said, "With the number of people in pain in our ghettos, maybe there is a need for *something* legal. I feel that what we have to do is deliberately to establish reasonable social rituals governing the way we use drugs." The comparison that Dr. Zinberg suggested was with alcohol. "The development of sustaining, informal social controls, as to what's seemly or unseemly: what the United States has done is to push these people, the addicts, outside of any such social control, while what the English have done—or, at least, begun to do within the framework of the clinics—is to establish viable social rituals for narcotics."

A few Americans go still further. One who completely reverses the all but universal rejection of heroin by the American medical profession is Elmer Gardner—who, as head of the Division of Neuropharmacological Drug Products of the Food and Drug Administration, is one of the pivotal people for federal approval of any American experiment with heroin maintenance. Dr. Gardner came to Washington three years ago from community mental-health work—what he calls "psychiatric epidemiology"—in Philadelphia. "Yes, I think heroin maintenance will be tried in the United States, at least experimentally," Gardner said a while ago. "The only reason we in this agency would have for stopping it would be lack of safety of the drug. And beyond experiment I can give you only my own opinion. First of all, I don't see any harm in people having drugs for pleasure, even if the drugs are addictive, unless they have degenerative effects as well. About heroin, the things we really don't know are in the realm of chronic toxicity—



Leathersmith®

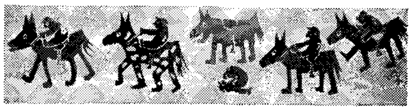
1974
POCKET ENGAGEMENT
BOOKS

From England
• FINE LEATHER • BLUE PAPER
• GILT EDGED PAGES
5" x 3" — Navy, Scarlet, Black
Slim and Flexible — $3.25

At distinctive stationers
and department stores

Leathersmith of London Ltd.
London — New York.

**Good original art**
**a**
**beautiful**
**investment**



Jean Sariano
"One Day At The Races"

Rare original lithographs & etchings signed by *Boulanger, Calder, Chagall, Dali, Kimura, Vasarely, Young* and other important artists can be yours exclusively. Send today for free color brochure.

**Original print collectors group, Ltd.**
501 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

Est. 1761
The BIRD & BOTTLE Inn
Luncheon and Dinner.
Reservations, 914-424-3000.
Route 9, Garrison, New York.

# The Sheraton-Waikiki American Express Hotel-of-the-Month

Waikiki is the most famous beach in Hawaii. It may be the most famous in the world—for many reasons. One of the newest (and most beautiful) is the Sheraton-Waikiki.

You can walk into the Sheraton-Waikiki and not be sure you're inside. Even in the 1,900 rooms and luxury suites, each with its own private lanai, the grass-green rugs and sky-blue ceilings help bring Hawaii in through the sliding glass doors.

The 5 restaurants and 5 cocktail lounges do the same.

Flaming gourmet dishes and a flaming Hawaiian sunset in the Hanohano Room.

The Prow Lounge touches the sands of Waikiki Beach. From there you can watch the surfers catching waves at a dozen places off the beach.

The Hanohano Room touches the sky. It's 31 stories above the bay, and enclosed on two sides by glass. The breathtaking view spans 90 miles from the island of Maui, past Diamond Head, to the far reaches of Ewa Beach and Barbers Point.

Even the artwork in the hotel is completely original. No prints or reproductions hang anywhere in the hotel. That's part of what makes the Sheraton a Sheraton.

Nine and a half acres of lush Hawaii surround the hotel. Gardens, lawns, two sparkling fresh-water pools, one of Olympic size. And a glistening stretch of Waikiki Beach itself.

One thing not at all unique about the Sheraton-Waikiki is that it welcomes the American Express Card.

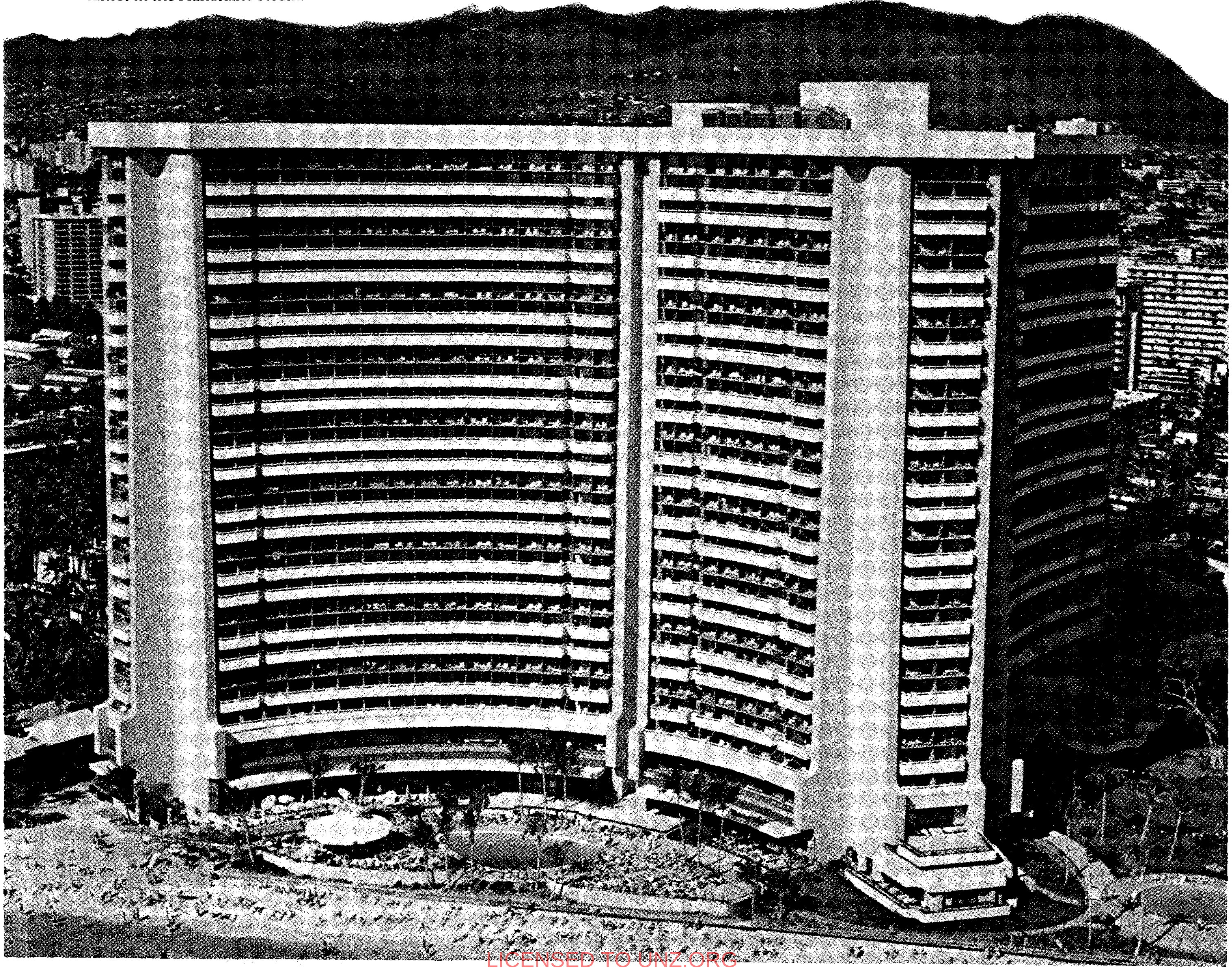
The Card is honored all around the islands for entertainment, sightseeing, surfboard rentals, shopping.

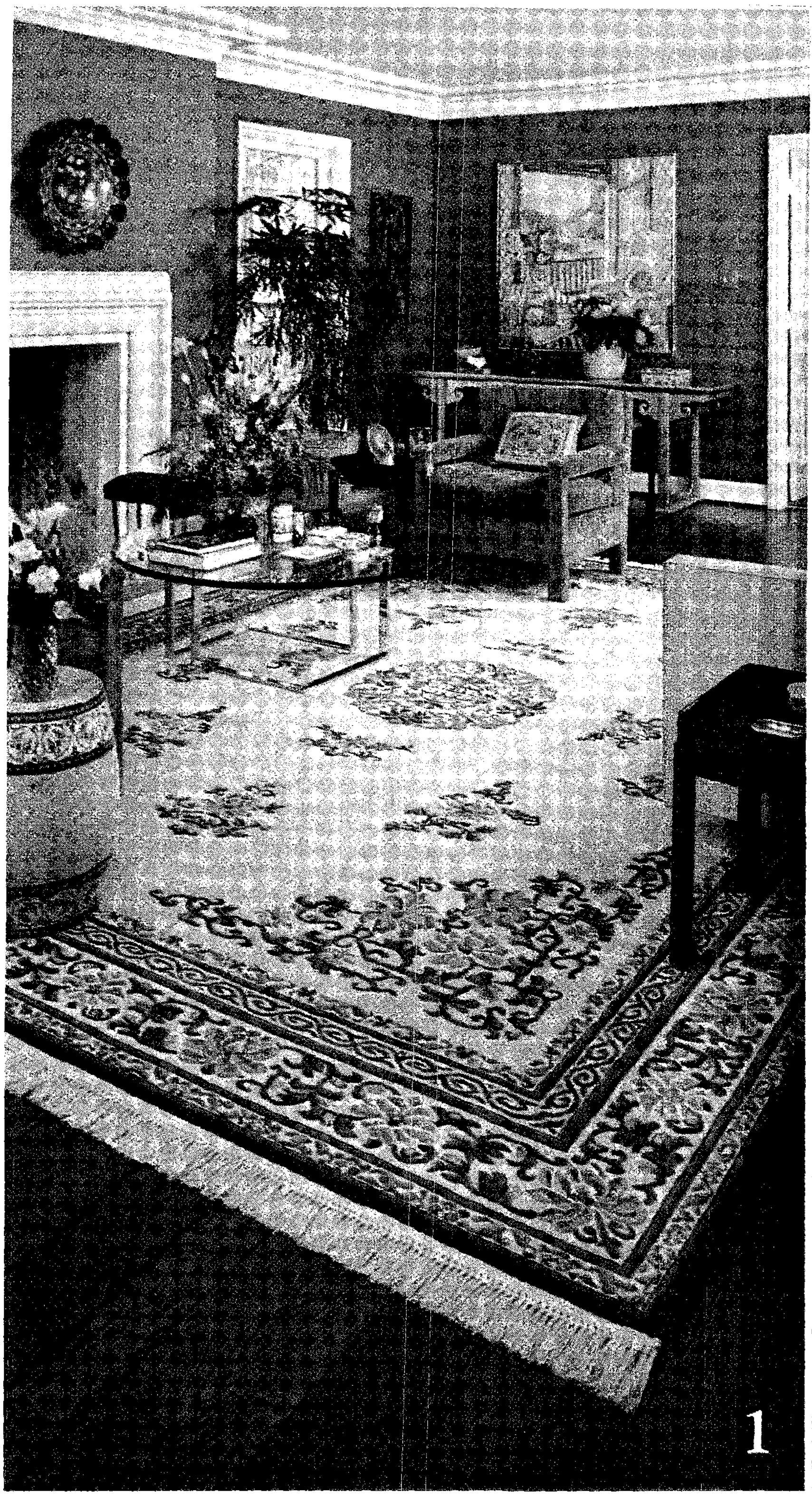
If you don't have the American Express Card you can pick up an application at most Sheraton Hotel and Motor Inns. There are 300 of them, in 27 countries around the world.

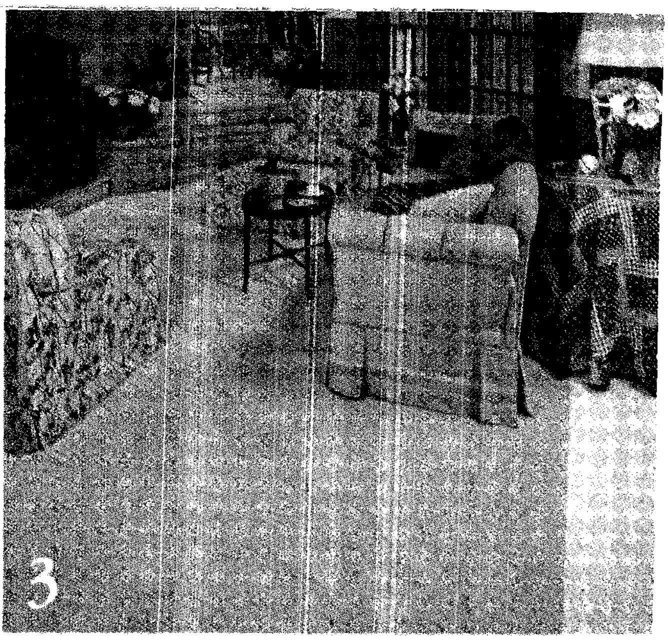
Each Sheraton is an original, designed to be different from all others. Yet all have some things in common: a dedication to service, a commitment to comfort, and a welcome for people who carry the American Express Card.

NOT TRANSFERABLE
SEE REVERSE SIDE
AMERICAN EXPRESS
THE MONEY CARD
040 072 493 6 100AX
CHARLES F. FROST
NOT VALID IF CANCELLED OR REVOKED BY AMERICAN EXPRESS

AMERICAN EXPRESS

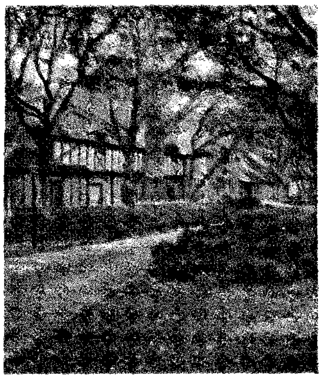



1


3

2

# Karastan colors the big country...in bold carpets that enhance the design surprise of a traditional English Tudor home in Texas. Vivid color and lush texture as exhilarating as the big country itself. Karastan . . . for distinctive carpets and rugs that create beauty in any setting!



1 *The living room adopts its tawny hues from Karastan's classic* Chinese Oriental *design rug. Skein-dyed in imported worsted wools. 8.8 x 12 $695.* If hand-carved $950.**

2 *A deep field of* Andiameau *Antron nylon broadloom. Kara-loc woven in a subtle self-tone design. Shown in Emerald—one of 23 skein-dyed tones. $19.95* sq. yd.*

3 *Shimmering Lotus White* Fortuneau. *A shaggy plush designed with two types of nylon yarn for a fascinating texture. Available in 19 colorations. $13.95 sq. yd.* *Slightly higher in the West.

Karastan®
AMERICA'S FINEST POWER-LOOMED RUG

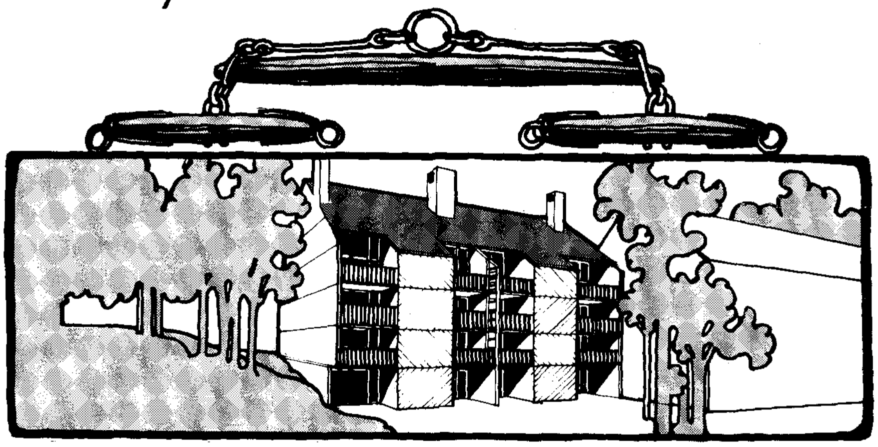
Send $1.00 for "Oriental Rug Handbook" and "Karastan/House & Garden Color Guide", Dept. NY, Karastan Rug Mills/A Fieldcrest Company, 919 Third Ave./New York, N.Y. 10022 for example, carcinogenic effects or liver damage with long-term use. There have not even been good chronic-effect *animal* studies with heroin. Heroin is probably—but we don't know—physically less damaging than alcohol. Given that reservation, my feeling is that if someone needs heroin enough to become addicted, then he probably ought to be able to get it. It may sound strange coming from a psychiatrist, but I don't see this entirely as a matter of treating illness. I guess my answer is yes, we do need heroin maintenance—in addition to methadone, and for some people, anyway. At least until we come up with something better, and by that I mean something better for pleasure and the relief of anxiety and all the rest of it."

Probably no English doctor—or none I've met—would go so far. The English doctors see every day the real nature of heroin, as no American physician can—its benefits and drawbacks, whether in general medical use or in the management of addiction. Even those who prefer to prescribe heroin for addicts will say, as Dr. Mitcheson did in London last month, "My personal feeling is that heroin is far too powerful a drug ever to leave to normal social controls. I'm perfectly able to accept the idea that to a heroin addict heroin is such a rewarding drug that he is prepared to ruin every aspect of his life to get it."

What everybody knows about the British and heroin is that they supply it on prescription to heroin addicts. The common knowledge obscures the fact that, in the nearly six years since the clinics opened, their aims have changed. The doctors have quietly refused to remain mere agents of social control. Though they acknowledge that there are addicts whose addiction can only be supported, the clinic staffs have gradually come to have a commitment to the eventual integration of the addict into the community, and to the gradual diminution of doses. In this fundamental respect, the English approach to heroin maintenance is the reverse of the surrender that many Americans take it to be.

In 1971, after a decline the year before, the total number of addicts of all kinds of narcotics who were known to the Home Office rose again, for the entire year cumulatively, to twenty-seven hundred and sixty-nine. Still, this was lower than the figure for the peak year, 1969. As before, there is a second index figure, for the last day of the year. On December 31, 1971, fifteen hundred and fifty-five narcotics addicts were known, also an increase; at the

Why settle for just a condominium when you could live in a Whiffletree



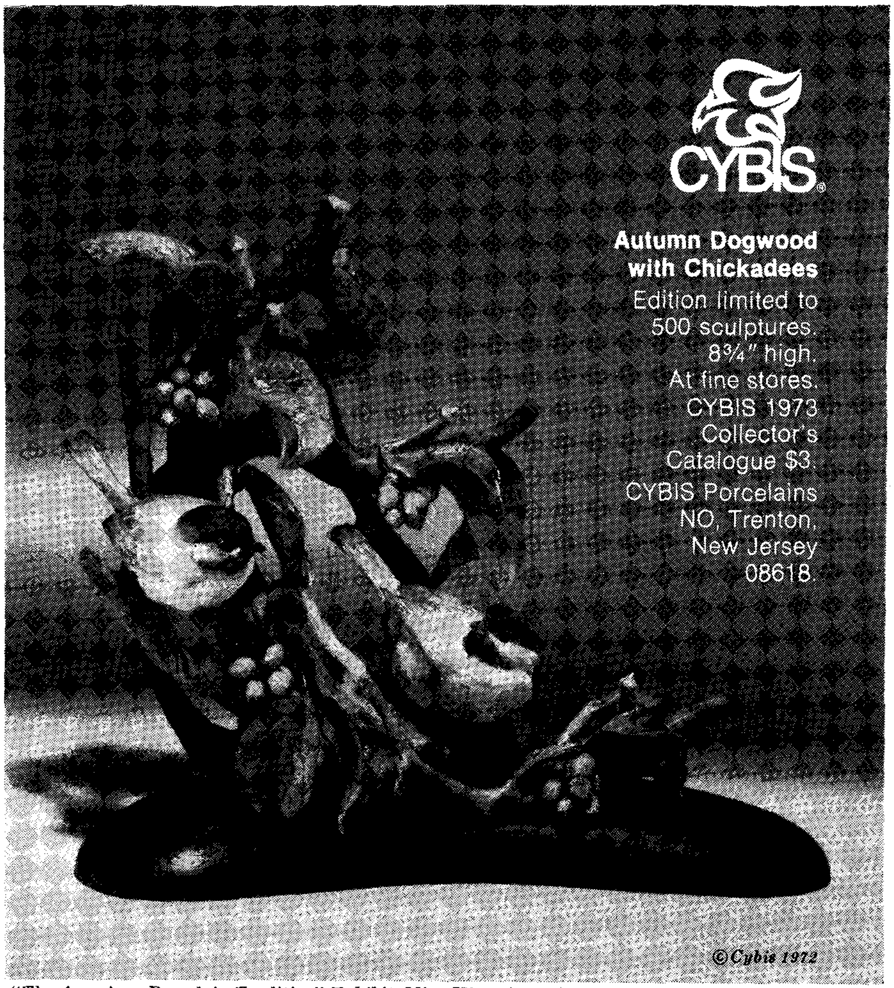
Whiffletree owners are in for good living all year round at a very special place—Killington. Just a half-mile from the ski lifts. A mere chip shot from the proposed golf course. Listen to the peepers welcome Spring. Hike through the Fall foliage. All with spectacular views of the surrounding Killington Basin. Every season is an active, quiet, busy, peaceful one for you and your family.

Whiffletree is one of the few condominium communities that offers units with one bedroom, as well as two, three and four bedrooms. Prices start at $33,000, and that's completely furnished in your choice of four different styles. *Completely*—from furniture, appliances, carpeting and drapes to corkscrews and clothes hangers.

Write to Bob McAdoo for a full description. Or call him and arrange a visit to see one of the units at 802/422-3333. You could be in your own Whiffletree in time to ski Killington on Thanksgiving weekend. Land purchase information also available.

This advertisement shall not constitute an offer to sell or a solicitation of an offer to buy in New York or in any other State in which such offers or solicitations would be unlawful, nor shall there be any offers, solicitations, or sales to or from residents of New York or of any other State if such offers, solicitations or sales would be unlawful.

WHIFFLETREE
Department 660H at Killington
Killington, Vermont 05751



CYBIS

**Autumn Dogwood with Chickadees**
Edition limited to 500 sculptures.
8¾" high.
At fine stores.
CYBIS 1973 Collector's Catalogue $3.
CYBIS Porcelains
NO, Trenton,
New Jersey
08618.

© Cybis 1972

*"The American Porcelain Tradition" Exhibit, Miss. Historical Museum, Jackson, Miss. Sept. 15-Oct. 14.*

end of 1972, this figure stood at sixteen hundred and nineteen. The total number addicted to heroin or methadone or both remained fairly steady for three years—twenty-four hundred and eighty throughout 1969, twenty-two hundred and thirty-three in 1970, twenty-three hundred and seventy-six in 1971—but on December 31, 1971, there were believed to be thirteen hundred and sixteen addicts of those two alternative drugs, which was the highest figure yet. In 1971, for the first time since the clinics opened, the number addicted to heroin alone also rose, though only from four hundred and thirteen to four hundred and forty-nine—less than nine per cent. A breakdown of the figures for 1972 has not yet been released, but they will show further slight increases—probably less than five per cent—in what is now an essentially stable situation.

Does the British approach work? The British themselves have a wary confidence that it does. "Nonetheless, I think my overriding concern would be to avoid answering that question," Griffith Edwards said at the end of the lunch we had at the Addiction Research Unit. "One would be quite foolish to invest all one's pride and all one's cleverness in defense of one particular medicine—or system. The numbers game. How precise must the data be for intelligent policymaking? And what *is* 'the size of the problem'—simply its numerical dimensions, or the dimensions of the anxiety it generates? My impression is that the anxiety about narcotics here is surprisingly low. Just about right, in fact."

Just about right. In the course of a conversation I had at yet another English drug-dependence clinic, a doctor said something in passing that seemed so natural that it was an hour later, as I was boarding a train in the London Underground, that I woke to what he had said, and to what an overturning of my American expectations it represented. The doctor had told me, "We have made it possible in this city for the addict to live without fear."

—HORACE FREELAND JUDSON

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

The convention center attached to the hotel would seat 700 persons, and would accommodate 600 for dining.

"We have a concern for ecology," said Baughman, explaining that a fountain lit by colored lights would be built in the lagoon, and parking eventually would be covered.—*Sarasota Herald-Tribune.*

One of those delicate Florida ecosystems.

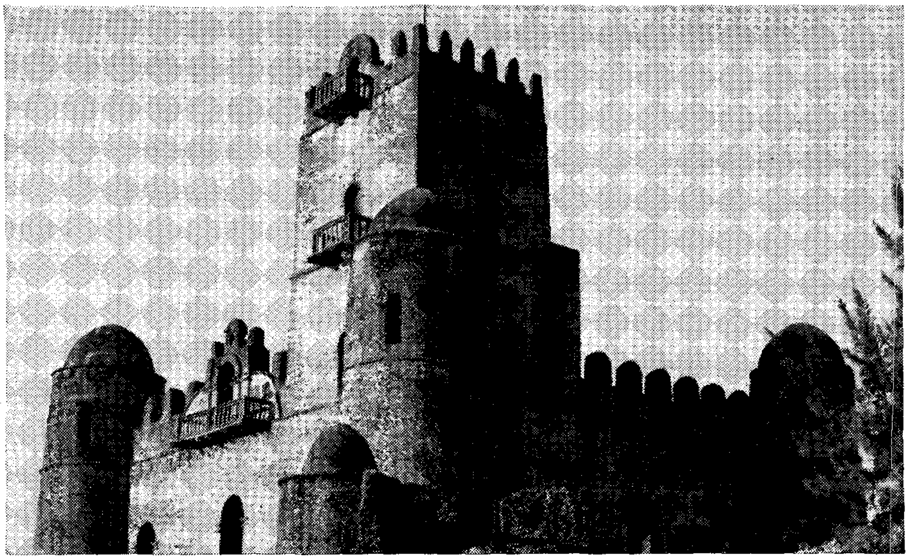
**Ethiopia is not the Africa you expect.**

It's the only country in Africa with 30 centuries of recorded history. See churches almost 2,000 years old. Explore a 7th century Arabian Nights city. Visit 17th century castles. Call your travel agent or mail the coupon for information about the Hidden Empire.

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES 200 E. 42nd Street, Dept. K-6
New York, N.Y. 10017 Tel. (212) 867-0095

Name
Address
City State Zip

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
The key to the Hidden Empire



**The Fabulous Icelandic Sweater Hand-Crafted for Men and Women**

The hardy Arctic sheep and the ingenious Icelandic craftsman have combined to create a fabulous array of uniquely beautiful bulky sweaters. Stronger, more resilient and fleecier than ordinary wool, Arctic wool results in a homespun yarn of unusual strength, fineness and natural water repellency. Naturally colored–no dyes are used–these hand-crafted sweaters display original geometric designs. One-of-a-kind. For lightweight warmth and incredible natural beauty, order yours today. Please specify for each sweater ordered: Women's sizes –S, M, L; Men's sizes–S, M, L, XL. Style: Crewneck or cardigan. Predominant color: White, black, vicuna brown or light grey. Shipped postpaid: Crewneck $59 Cardigan $63. Send check or money order now and also receive our 12 page color catalog of beautiful Icelandic creations.

LANDAU, 114 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, N.J. 08540

LANDAU PRINCETON, N.J.

**Country Inns & Back Roads**

**Glorious Fall Foliage**

3.50 ppd. Crackling fires, patchwork quilts, snug beds, hearty food, history, nature-each of the 114 inns a new adventure. At bookstores, or order directly. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

Berkshire Traveller Press
Box 673, STOCKBRIDGE, MA. 01262

vermont condominium

RENTAL "TRY OUT" PROGRAM

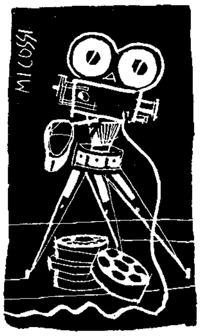
Perhaps you've contemplated buying a Vermont condominium but are hesitating because of the many unknowns. Now you can rent a fully furnished, elegant townhouse engineered by Deck House and get the answers before making a commitment. These rentals are available by the week, month or season. And if you subsequently purchase, up to two weeks rent will be refunded.

For details contact our primary sales agent, Manchester Country Properties (or your own broker) Box 205, Manchester Center, Vermont 05255 or phone (802) 362 - 2102.

MURRAY HILL AT MANCHESTER
Box 300N, Manchester Depot, Vermont 05256 802-362-3407
*This is not an offer in states where one cannot be made.*

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *After Innocence*



THE Watergate hearings have overshadowed the movies this summer, yet the corruption that Watergate has come to stand for can be seen as the culmination of what American movies have been saying for almost a decade. The movies of the thirties said that things would get better. The post-Second World War movies said that villainy would be punished and goodness would triumph; the decencies would be respected. But movies don't say that anymore; the Vietnamization of American movies is nearly complete. Today, movies say that the system is corrupt, that the whole thing stinks, and they've been saying this steadily since the mid-sixties. The Vietnam war has barely been mentioned on the screen, but you could feel it in "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Bullitt" and "Joe," in "Easy Rider" and "Midnight Cowboy" and "The Last Picture Show," in "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and "The Candidate" and "Carnal Knowledge" and "The French Connection" and "The Godfather." It was in good movies and bad, flops and hits, especially hits—in the convictionless atmosphere, the absence of shared values, the brutalities taken for granted, the glorification of loser-heroes. It was in the harshness of the attitudes, the abrasiveness that made you wince—until, after years of it, maybe you stopped wincing. It had become normal.

In earlier action and adventure films, strength—what the strapping American hero was physically and what he embodied as the representative of the most powerful nation on earth—had to triumph. The American in those movies was the natural leader of men; he had to show the natives of any other country how to defend themselves. Even little Alan Ladd used to show them how to fight. Of course, it was a fantasy world, but this set of fantasies must have satisfied something deep down in the audience; it didn't come out of nowhere. Now the American man of action has become the enemy of all men—a man out for his own good only, and, very likely, a psychotic racist. In recent films, if a character spoke of principles or ideals the odds were he would turn out to be a ruthless killer, or at least a con artist; the heroes didn't believe in anything and didn't pretend they did. American history was raked over and the myths of the Old West were turned upside down; massacre scenes, indicting our past as well as our present, left us with nothing. Just jokes and horror. Whatever the period—in "Little Big Man" or "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" or "The Wild Bunch"—you could be sure nobody was going to amount to much. The air wasn't right for achievement.

In action pictures, there was no virtuous side to identify with and nobody you really felt very good about cheering for. Both sides were unprincipled; only their styles were different, and it was a matter of preferring the less gross and despicable characters to the total monsters. In cops-and-robbers movies, the cops were likely to be no better than the crooks; sometimes they'd be worse crooks. The freshest, most contemporary element in the current movie "Cops and Robbers" is that the cops commit a robbery to get away from the hell and hopelessness of trying to keep law and order. There was a cycle of movies about drugs, and, of all those addicts sinking down and down, was there one who got himself together? In some of the most popular films, the heroes were helpless losers, self-destructive, or drifters, mysteriously defeated. Defeated just in the nature of things. Sometimes, as in "Five Easy Pieces," the hero was so defeated he was morally superior. There were few happy endings; when a comedy such as "The Owl and the Pussycat" or "Made for Each Other" wound up with a matched pair, the characters were so knocked out that if they didn't want each other who would? It wasn't exactly as if they'd taken first place in a contest; it was more like the last stand of bedraggled survivors. And it was emotionally satisfying just because it wasn't the sort of upbeat finish that you'd have to put down as a Hollywood ending.

Though it was exhilarating to see the old mock innocence cleared away, a depressive uncertainty has settled over the movies. They're seldom enjoyable at a simple level, and that may be one of the reasons older people no longer go; they watch TV shows, which are mostly reprocessed versions of old movies—the same old plots, characters, and techniques, endlessly recombined. The enjoyment has been squeezed out, but not the reassuring simplicity. Almost three-fourths (seventy-three per cent) of the movie audience is under twenty-nine; it's an audience of people who grew up with TV and began going out to theatres when they became restless and started dating. Chances are that when they have children of their own they'll be back with the box. But while they're going out to the movies they want something different, and this demand—in the decade of Vietnam—has created a fertile chaos, an opportunity for artists as well as for the bums who pile on the meat-cleaver brawls, and for those proud of not giving a damn. Maybe the effects of the years of guilt can be seen in the press's inability to be disgusted by the witless, desiccated "The Last of Sheila," with its pinched little dregs of chic, its yearning for Weimar. Often even the fairy-tale films are indecisive and not quite satisfying, as if the writers and directors were afraid of showing any feeling. If "Paper Moon" had been made in an earlier decade, the con man (Ryan O'Neal) would have embraced the child (Tatum O'Neal) at the end and maybe he'd have told her he was her father (whether he was or not), and the audience would have had some emotional release. The way Peter Bogdanovich did it, it's pleasant while you're watching, but you're waiting for something that never comes; it's finally a little flat and unfulfilled. But if the story had been carried to the classic tearful father-daughter embrace, mightn't the audience—or, at least, part of it—have been turned off by the unabashed sweetness? By the hope for a better future? (In movies now, people don't talk about the future; they don't make plans; they don't expect much.) Possibly the very flatness makes it easier for audiences to accept the movie.

American movies didn't "grow up;" they did a flipover from their prolonged age of innocence to this age of corruption. When Vietnam finished off the American hero as righter of wrongs, the movie industry embraced corruption greedily; formula movies could be energized by infusions of brutality, cynicism, and Naked Apism, which could all be explained by Vietnam and called realism. Moviemakers could celebrate violence and pretend, even to themselves, that they were doing the public a service. Even though some writers and directors have probably been conscientious in their attempts to shock the audience by exposing the evils of the past, the effect has not been like that of Costa-Gavras's "State of

GORDON
OF PHILADELPHIA

At DUNHAM'S, Waterville, Maine;
HALL-BROWN, Knoxville, Tenn.;
THE CARRIAGE SHOP, Omaha;
O'NEY'S, Towson, Md.;
AL BASKIN, Joliet, Ill.;
or for the store nearest you,
write Gordon Sales Associates,
1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

**GORDON MAKES THE DIFFERENCE**
...with a look of country elegance...
played down to play you up for fall.
The Dorset tweed tie shirt jacket of
70% virgin wool-30% nylon, about
$40.00. The Dorset check pants, 70%
wool-30% nylon, about $34.00.
Both in sizes 6-18.
Activair adds the plus . . . a ribknit
turtleneck of 100% acrylic. Sizes
S-M-L; about $18.00.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Siege," which is literally an SOS, and makes one want to find out what's going on and do something about it. And not like the effects of "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," which outraged people, or Fred Wiseman's "Titicut Follies" and "High School," which shook things up and led to reforms. Outrage isn't the aim of our most violent films; outrage isn't expected. When movie after movie tells audiences that they should be against themselves, it's hardly surprising that people go out of the theatres drained, numbly convinced that, with so much savagery and cruelty everywhere, nothing can be done. The movies have shown us the injustice of American actions throughout our history, and if we have always been rotten, the effect is not to make us feel we have the power to change but, rather, to rub our noses in it and make us accept it. In this climate, Watergate seems the most natural thing that could happen. If one were to believe recent movies, it was never any different in this country: Vietnam and Watergate are not merely where we got to but where we always were. The acceptance of corruption and the sentimentalization of defeat—that's the prevailing atmosphere in American movies, and producers, writers, and directors now make their choices in terms of a set of defeatist conventions.

WHEN Tom Wolfe wrote about stock-car racing in *Esquire* in March, 1965 ("The Last American Hero Is Junior Johnson. *Yes!*"), he tried to evoke the physical sensations of this motor-age sport, with its rural speed-demon kings. Wolfe used the youth culture for excitement just as the movies did. Movies hit us in more ways than we can ever quite add up, and that's the kind of experience that Tom Wolfe tried to convey in prose. He described the sensations without attempting to add them up or theorize about them, and, because he had a remarkable gift for hyperactive, evocative writing, the effect was an impassioned turn-on. And, because in this article and others he didn't make his obeisances to the higherness of the traditional arts, he ran into the sort of disapproval that movies get. It was a compliment, of course—recognition from the enemy, because he had set up a great polemical target: the genteel, condescending press, which had ignored the new sports or treated them marginally. When Wolfe reprinted the racing article, which became the largest section of "The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby," he shortened the title to "The Last American Hero," and that's the name of the film based on it.

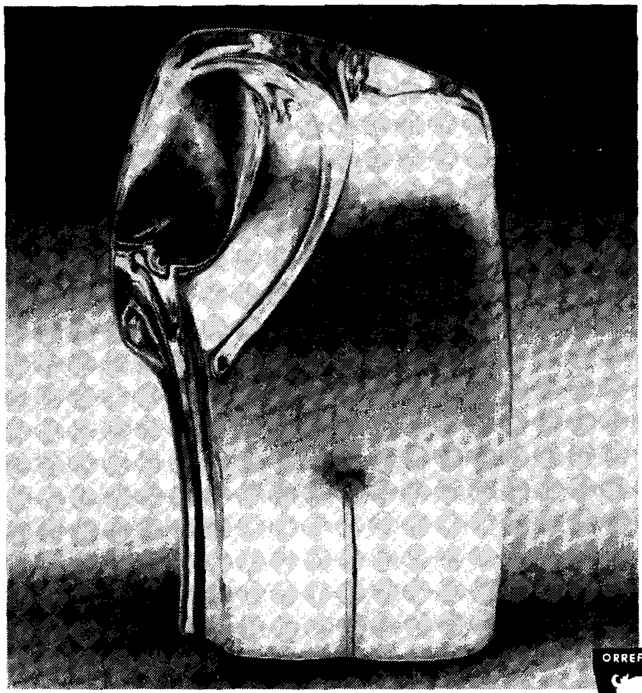
As journalism, Wolfe's charged-up pieces had the impact of an explorer's excited report on new terrain. But the youth culture that he brought into star journalism was already in the movies (just as the movies were in it). That culture was partly created by the movies, and his surfers and rockers and racers had been the lifeblood of the Grade B pop-genre films of the fifties. The car and the movie came along together, and chases, usually involving cars, have been surefire for so long that there was a time when the chase used to be called "pure movie;" there's barely a male star who hasn't served his days as a racer. The first demolition derby wasn't held until 1961, but moviemakers had always known about people's loving to see cars bashed. Demolition scenes were the primeval laugh-getters of silent pictures, and smashed cars and planes still get the biggest laughs in a new primeval picture like "Live and Let Die." (Geoffrey Holder's leering wickedness as the impresario of the revels in the picture is kiddie camp.)

In the introduction to his book, Wolfe recorded the discovery that a builder of baroque custom cars he talked with "had been living like the *complete artist* for years," and went on, "He had starved, suffered—the whole thing—so he could sit inside a garage and create these cars which more than 99 per cent of the American people would consider ridiculous, vulgar and lower-class-awful beyond comment almost." That's a strange overestimate of the number of people with good taste arrayed against the car builder; racing pictures were made for audiences to whom such a man had been an artist all along. So when you make a movie out of Tom Wolfe's reports on the world outside the class biases of Eastern-establishment prudery, you're taking the material back where it came from, and there's no occasion for whoops of revelation. The movie of "The Last American Hero" isn't startling, the way Wolfe's pieces were; but, with a script that uses Wolfe as the source for most of the story elements, Lamont Johnson, who directed, has done the Southern racing scene and the character of the people caught up in it better, perhaps, than they've ever been done before. The movie has everything *but* originality.

The title (which is a tired one anyway) no longer means what it did for Tom Wolfe. The Junior Johnson that Wolfe wrote about beat the system and won on his own terms; that was what made him a hero and a legend. Driving whatever he could stick together, he won out over the cars sponsored and specially built by the motor industry. He won even when his own car couldn't go as fast, by tricks such as catching free rides—by tailgating and being sucked along by the vacuum of the faster cars. A Southern country boy who became a hot-rod genius by running his father's moonshine whiskey in the middle of the night, he beat the big pros by ingenuity, skill, and blind impudence, and he beat them over and over—seven times, even though he was out for a couple of seasons when he was sent to federal prison for helping his daddy with some of the heavy labor at the still. (The agents were gunning for him, because he'd made them look ridiculous on the back roads years before.) That's the stuff of legend, all right. By the time Junior Johnson made his peace with Detroit and started to drive the factory-built racing cars, he was too much of a hero to be judged a sellout. He had already proved himself and then some, so it was all right for him to settle down, like a man of sense.

But between the publication of the Wolfe article and the making of the movie there was Vietnam. The hero of the movie—called Junior Jackson—starts out by cheating to win a demolition derby, and when he moves on to racing he can't make it with his own car. He wins his first big race *after* he starts driving as a hired hand for a big-money man, Colt (Ed Lauter). Even the steady girl the real Junior had gone with since high school, and later married, is replaced by a track follower (Valerie Perrine), who floats along with the winners. So there's sex without romance, sex without a future. The movie also avoids the easy possibilities for sympathy; it doesn't make Junior's path as hard as it was. He doesn't go to prison in the movie—it's his father who is busted as a result of Junior's bravado at the wheel. Colt, rather like George C. Scott in "The Hustler," suggests a personification of the power of money, rather than just a representative of Detroit. Colt is almost lascivious about winning, and his winning is evil (but we never learn what winning gets him, or what it did for the diabolical Scott character). In "The Last American Hero," corruption seems to be inescapable: if you want to win, you learn to take orders even from people whose idea of winning you don't understand. And at the end Junior Jackson is

ELEPHANT
(*Elefanten Kristall Orrefors*)



ORREFORS SWEDEN

**Habitat: Sweden. Found in limited numbers in No. America. One of six species captured in crystal by Olle Alberius for a new Orrefors collection. Each an original work of art. 5¾" tall, $120. For literature and names of stores nearest you which carry Orrefors crystal, write: Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market St., Phila., Pa. 19106.**

Orrefors

Classic in the making
Metropolitan 317-2
Imported from San Francisco

Metropolitan Furniture Corporation
950 Linden Avenue
S. San Francisco, Ca. 94080

Showrooms in Philadelphia, Dallas, Atlanta, Boston, Miami, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, and Washington, D.C.

M Metropolitan

Alan Paine

**Wadham Pure Cashmere**
Luxurious pullover classic from England.
Fully fashioned with saddle
shoulder. In exclusive colours created
by Alan Paine. About $50.

For store names, write:
Frank L. Savage Inc. 17 East 37 St. New York 10016

YOUR FIRST TASTE OF THE ORIENT IS FREE.

Cathay Pacific Airways
Discovery Tours of the Orient

But very valuable. Cathay Pacific's free tour book gives you a look at the most colorful people and places in the Far East. All kinds of tours, from the airline of the Orient for 27 years. All kinds of experiences you could miss without this book.

Yes, give me a free taste of the Orient.
Name
Address
City State Zip
My travel agent is
Cathay Pacific Airways – Dept. NYC-10/1/73
291 Geary St., San Francisco, CA 94102
CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS
*The airline to fly in the Orient after you fly to the Orient.*

growing up—which is to say, learning the price of success in the real world. He is forced to sacrifice his friendships and his principles. The film says that to win you give up everything you care about except winning. It tells the story not of a man who fights for his independence but of a man who is smart enough not to sell himself too cheap.

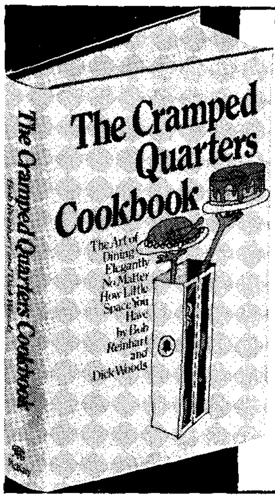
Who would believe the actual story of Junior Johnson now—how hard it really was for him, and that he made it? This version will seem far more honest to movie audiences, because the new conventions are that you can't win and that everybody's a sellout. Even the absence of romance makes the movie more convincing—tougher, cool. And since Junior, played by Jeff Bridges, has a visible capacity for tenderness, the absence of romance is cruelly felt by the audience. By turning Junior Johnson's story around, the director, Lamont Johnson (and his writer, William Roberts, with a sizable, though uncredited, assist from William Kerby, who wrote the best scenes), has been able to make a hip, modern movie. It is, ironically, the most honest and gifted and tough-minded people in Hollywood who are fighting for defeat. The picture has total fidelity to its own scrupulous, hard-edged vision: the hero pays a price. It costs Junior Jackson something to win races; you can see that in Jeff Bridges' face.

Lamont Johnson doesn't exploit the backwoods people for the folksy touches that can make urban audiences laugh; he perceives the values in Junior Jackson's family life—in his affection for his mother (Geraldine Fitzgerald) and his vacuously grinning brother (Gary Busey), and, especially, in his bond to his father (Art Lund, in a towering performance). The picture was shot in Virginia and the Carolinas, using footage from actual races and derbies, and the crowds and details, the excited Southern faces at the stock-car tracks—everything feels right. Lamont Johnson has the feel for the South that John Boorman (who is English) couldn't get in "Deliverance." Boorman is such an aestheticizing director—alienated, inhuman, yet the more gripping for the distance he keeps—that "Deliverance" held audiences by its mannered, ghastly-lovely cumulative power. It had the formality of a nightmare. (There was a hush in the theatre when it was over.) "Deliverance" demonstrated that a movie can be effective even if you are always aware of the actors' acting and don't really believe in a single character, down to the bit players (except maybe James Dickey as the sheriff). But there is a special elation about a

Shop the Boston Museum by Mail

Just send 50c for your copy of the Boston Museum Gift Catalogue. This unique catalogue includes an outstanding selection of reproductions of jewelry, sculpture and silver, Shaker furniture, greeting cards, crewel designs, needlepoint, and many other original items available only through the Museum.

So send immediately for your Boston Museum Gift Catalogue. 50c. Sales Desk D. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass. 02115.


The Cramped Quarters Cookbook
The Art of Dining Elegantly No Matter How Little Space You Have
by Bob Reinhart and Dick Woods

THE TINIEST KITCHEN IN TOWN has room for Bob Reinhart and Dick Woods' THE CRAMPED QUARTERS COOKBOOK—tested techniques for entertaining often and impressively with zero kitchen and dining space. Great menus, easy preparation, minimum mess! $6.95 at bookstores, or from David McKay Co., 750 Third Ave., New York 10017

Wooden Floor Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10022

More than a restaurant...
Swiss Chalet
San Juan, Puerto Rico
Cocktails, Luncheon, Dinner, Dancing

movie when the casting and the acting and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. Paul Mazursky can get Los Angeles ("Alex in Wonderland," "Blume in Love") but can't get Venice ("Blume in Love"). Lamont Johnson's feeling for the milieu here amounts to an unusual sensibility: a gift for bringing all the elements of film together so that the people breathe right for where they live. He isn't an original—not in the way that, say, Mazursky, manic poet of middle-class quirk, is. (Has there ever been another self-satirist like Mazursky—humanly understanding and utterly freaked out?) But Lamont Johnson's work is attentive and satisfying. He's a far better movie man than many of the more original talents, and this film, if one sees the version he made, has everything going for it. (Twentieth Century-Fox tampered with the film, cutting a couple of the best scenes and then opening it in the South as an action racing picture. Since it isn't, it bombed out. And then the Fox executives decided it was a dog that wouldn't go in the big cities, because they knew that sophisticated people don't go to racing pictures. It opened in New York for a week in the summer as a "Showcase" presentation—that is to say, it got a second run without a first run—and its failure was the movie company's self-fulfilling prophecy. Though the reviews were excellent, they came out too late to attract an audience; Fox hadn't bothered with advance press screenings for a racing picture. But this movie transcends its genre; "The Last American Hero," which is coming back next week, isn't just about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool, and in terms of presenting the background of a sports hero it goes far beyond anything in "Downhill Racer." If "The Last American Hero" finds a fraction of its rightful audience now, perhaps someone in the head office at Fox could do the sane, decent thing and restore the cuts?)

Sometimes, just on his own, Jeff Bridges is enough to make a picture worth seeing, and he's never before been used so fully, or in a way so integral to a film's conception. Only twenty-two when this picture was shot, he may be the most natural and least self-conscious screen actor who ever lived; physically, it's as if he had spent his life in the occupation of each character. He's the most American—the loosest—of all the young actors, unencumbered by stage diction and the stiff, emasculated poses of most juveniles. If he has a profile, we're not aware of it. He probably

**Fruit-of-the-Month Club®** from 'way out in Oregon

Christmas Royal Riviera® Pears
January Apples
February Grapefruit
March Royal Oranges
April Pineapple
May Preserves
June Canned Fruit
July Kiwi Berries
August Nectarines
September Peaches
October Grapes
November Spanish Melons

*A dozen dazzling gifts – all year*

You never SAW 'em so big or TASTED 'em so good. Only 1 person in 1000 ever gets such impressive, exciting gifts. You'll get thanks and praise all year from the lucky folks you name.

EASY TO ORDER: Send list of names plus check or money order. (No C.O.D.'s) Tell us how to sign greetings. Everything's beautifully packaged.

Send your orders to: ®

Harry and David®
Box 503-B Medford, Oregon 97501

© 1973, Harry and David

**3-BOX CLUB**: Order Gift No. 111 . . .$19.95 delivered
Surprise 'em with gorgeous Gift Boxes for Christmas, January and February!

**8-BOX CLUB**: Order Gift No. 151 . . .$49.95 delivered
Delight 'em to pieces, again 'n again — Christmas, Jan., Feb., May, Aug., Sept., Oct., and November!

**12-BOX CLUB**: Order Gift No. 201 . . $74.95 delivered
A Gift Box every month, all year around!

**WE GUARANTEE COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK**

WANT OUR FREE CATALOG? IT'S DELICIOUS! See more of our farm fresh Christmas Gifts and Fruit-of-the-Month Clubs in honest-to-gosh full color. Just send off the coupon right away.

PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG TO:
Harry and David®
Box 503-B Medford, Oregon 97501

Name ________
Street ________
City ________ State ______ Zip ______

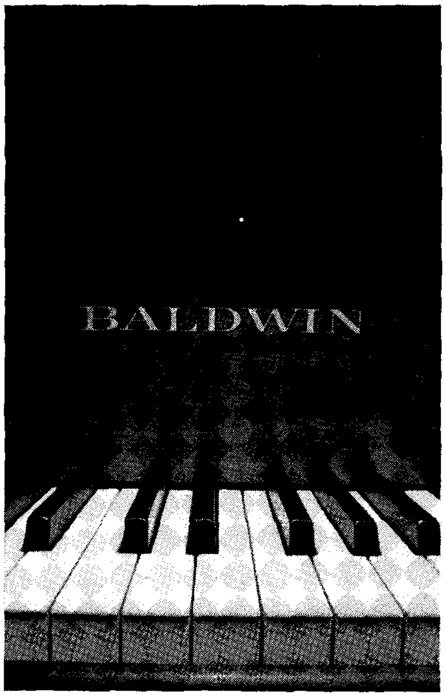
***Johnny Appleseed's Reversible Wraparound***

Twice as much for your money! This pretty corduroy wraparound skirt is reversible for twice the wear, twice the versatility. Ties in front, braid trim, ample wrap. Chocolate brown on one side; camel the other. Midwale cotton corduroy. Sizes S, M, L, XL. $22.00 ppd.

*Free catalog on request*

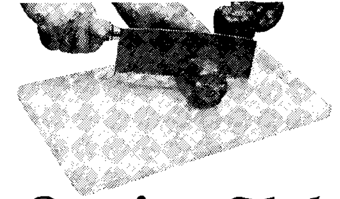
Johnny Appleseed's
53 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
*Zip Code Required!*

**JAMAICA—TREASURE BEACH:** Beautiful commodious new villa on bluff overlooking sea, elegantly furnished, 50 foot covered patio. Three bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, large swimming pool, excellent beaches on serene untouristy south shore. $400.00 weekly. Rental includes housekeeper, excellent cook.
**Felice Manzelli**
552 Riverside Dr., NYC 10027
**AC 2-2981**



Whittemore and Lowe's Accompanist

BETTER THAN A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK!



Cutting Slab by Joyce Chen

Now there's something *better* to cut on than wood. Joyce Chen, popular TV Chinese cooking expert, offers the *finest* unbreakable, solid polyethylene cutting slab. Ideal for cutting meats and vegetables—even for rolling dough!

**WILL NOT CHIP, SPLINTER, OR CRACK**
**NON-TOXIC NO ODORS**
**DISHWASHER SAFE**

Sizes:
Party (10"x7") $5.00
Medium (16"x9") $8.00
Pastry (20"x16") $18.00
(add $1.00 for postage and handling)

THOUSANDS IN USE—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

**JOYCE CHEN**
**GOURMET PRODUCTS, INC.**
500 Memorial Drive, DEPT NY
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Tiny Camera . . . But Wow!

Long famous for undercover work, the new MINOX is a gem of precision engineering. Featherlight at 2¾ oz., it stands 3¹⁵⁄₁₆" short, is ⅝" wafer thin and is but 1⅛" wide.

It's the one camera you'll never leave at home. So tiny, it goes everywhere, in pocket or purse, ready for candid shots outdoors, indoors . . . all the time.

Its needle-sharp lens focuses at any distance down to 8 inches. All shutter speeds to 1/1000 second. Flash synchronization. Built-in exposure control. Drop-in film cassettes. Complete system of accessories.

MINOX® BL

*Try it at fine camera counters.*

MINOX USA
P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
A DIVISION OF Berkey Photo Inc.

can't do the outrageous explosive scenes that Robert De Niro brings off in "Mean Streets" (to be reviewed next week) or the giddy-charming romantic clowning that De Niro did in the otherwise forgettable "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight," but De Niro—a real winner—is best when he's coming on and showing off. Jeff Bridges just moves into a role and lives in it—so deep in it that the little things seem to come straight from the character's soul. His brother Beau shares this infallible instinct, but Beau's effects don't seem to come from as far down; Beau Bridges has a lighter presence, an easier smile. Jeff Bridges' Junior Jackson is a cocky Huck Finn in the age of Detroit: impulsive, dogged, and self-sufficient; sure enough of himself to show his rank, shrewd enough to know where he's outranked. In a monologue scene (possibly suggested by Godard's "Masculine Feminine"), Junior, away from home for a race and feeling sentimental, uses a make-your-own-record machine to tell his family he's thinking of them and loves them; then, realizing he's beyond this kind of kid stuff, he throws the record away. The quality of Bridges' acting in this scene enlarges the meaning of the movie, yet he doesn't seem to be using anything more than a few shrugs and half-smothered words.

"THE LAST AMERICAN HERO" never goes soft, and maybe that's why the picture felt so realistic to me; it wasn't until I reread the Wolfe piece that I realized what a turnaround it was. But we believe the worst now—maybe *only* the worst. When we see a picture from the age of happy endings, the conventions may stick out as antiquated and ludicrous (and often they did when the picture was new), but the conventions that flow from the acceptance of corruption are insidiously believable, because they seem smart, while the older ones seem dumb. We will never know the extent of the damage movies are doing to us, but movie art, it appears, thrives on moral chaos. When the country is paralyzed, the popular culture may tell us why. After innocence, winners become losers. Movies are probably inuring us to corruption; the sellout is the hero-survivor for our times. —PAULINE KAEL

•

On to a showing of early Picasso erotic lithographs and more sherry at the Pucker Safrai Gallery on Newbury Street. More "Hello Martins" and more Slobodkin bendings over the hands of women. "Vous et charmant ce soir." Slobodkin being Continental.—*Boston Globe.*

He's so Continental it hurts.

*It's Carroll Reed for...*

. . . **Gemütlichkeit!** That's the feeling you get wearing a duffle coat by Lodenfrey of Austria. ⅞ length, with toggle and rope closures.

**Ladie's** has attached hood, is 80% wool/20% nylon with colorful print lining. Medium blue, kelly green or bright red. Sizes: 6-18, $69.00 Ppd. **Men's** has removable drawstring hood, is wool/linen/nylon blend. Camel or slate blue with plaid lining. Sizes: 38-46, $61.00 Ppd.

**Write for our frost-free catalog. Right?**

**Carroll Reed**
(Mail Order), Inc.
BOX 599, NORTH CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03860
SHOPS: CAMPTON, N.H., SIMSBURY & WESTPORT, CT.
WE ACCEPT BANK AMERICARD, MASTER CHARGE AND AMERICAN EXPRESS

**"Deadly accurate and fun to read. Learn while you laugh."**—TEMPLE FIELDING

speaking you english?

**A Lighthearted Guide to World Travel**
**by Kenneth R. Morgan**

"The first travel book I have read that is both informative and fun.... It does for travel what Dr. Reuben has done for sex."
—RICHARD ARMOUR
$6.95

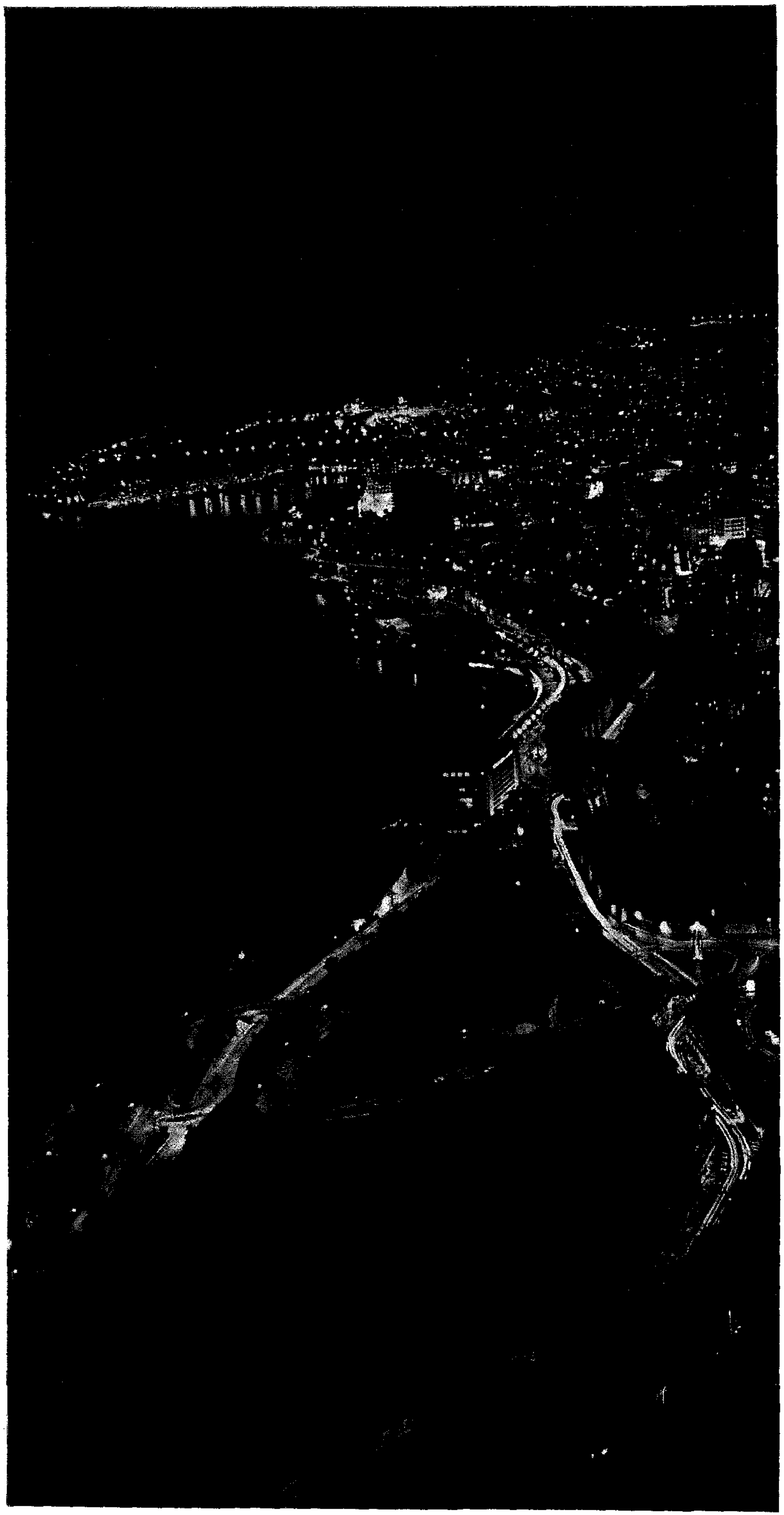
*William Morrow*

For Rent French St. Martin

Designer's contemporary 3 bedroom, 3 bath house on Long Bay—a mile of breathtaking Caribbean beach. Fully applianced. Prize-winning furnishings. Maid. April thru Nov.: $400 weekly, $1400 monthly; Dec. thru March: $650 weekly, $2500 monthly. For details, photos, write W. Nichols, Marigot, St. Martin, F.W.I., or call 212-564-2082.

*Giordano*
*Northern Italian Cuisine*
*Credit Cards • Open 7 Days*
*409 West 39th Street, N.Y.C.*
*WI7-3883-4 • WI7-9811*

# Only Monte Carlo is Monte Carlo. Only V.O. is V.O.



There is only one Monte Carlo. By sunlight or moonlight, the brightest jewel in the glittering necklace of pleasure spots that grace the Riviera. Halfway between Nice and San Remo, it nestles at the foot of the southern Alps, facing the gentle Mediterranean.

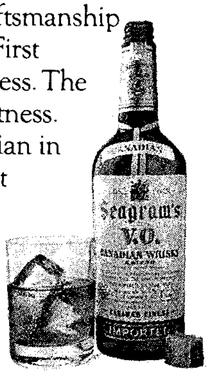
At any given time, in any season, the world's greatest fleet of expensive yachts will be anchored in its crystal waters. And in the great hotels, the nightclubs, and along the white sand beaches, the world's greatest collection of wealthy fun-lovers will be doing what they do the best—celebrating.

Princes and Lords, producers and starlets, financiers and poets—they gather for the Monte Carlo Rally in January and for the Grand Prix Automobile de Monaco in June. By day they worship the sun, and by night they light up the huge casinos with roulette and Chemin de fer.

And through it all, only Monte Carlo is Monte Carlo. The heart of the Riviera. A way of life. A one-of-a-kind creation.

Like Monte Carlo, Seagram's V.O. is also one-of-a-kind; a creation suited to sophisticated tastes. Generation after generation V.O. has stood alone, as a whisky uncompromising in quality, with a tradition of craftsmanship that has made it The First Canadian in smoothness. The First Canadian in lightness. And The First Canadian in popularity throughout the world.

Only Monte Carlo is Monte Carlo. Only V.O. is V.O. All the others come after.



Seagram's V.O.
The First Canadian.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

# The New Yorker Subscription Order Form
# SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RATES

**$15.00** for the first one-year subscription (your own or gift)

**$10.00** for each additional one-year gift subscription

(ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00 per year; other foreign $4.00.)

Your Name ____________________

____________________
Street

____________________
City State Zip

☐ Start a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

## Please Enter The Following Christmas Gift Subscriptions:

To ____________________

____________________
Street

____________________
City State Zip

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ____________________

____________________
Street

____________________
City State Zip

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ____________________

____________________
Street

____________________
City State Zip

Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

Please bill my: ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard
☐ American Express

Acct. No. ____________________

Your signature ____________________

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

4 39 3

# THE RACE TRACK

## *Grass Clippers*

RACING luck is an unpredictable thing. It comes and it goes, and it never stays long. Take Calumet Farm, for one. There was a time when its color-bearers just couldn't do anything wrong. Nowadays, they seldom do anything right. At Belmont Park last Saturday, the stable's Gleaming, one of the better runners on the grass, was favorite for the Manhattan Handicap, at a mile and three furlongs over the Widener turf course, although he was carrying 126 pounds and giving plenty of weight to the twelve other starters. Whether it was that or just racing luck, he never got going, and wound up eleventh. Meanwhile, Pincay, on Chance Hill Farm's London Company, was picking his way through the pack to win by a couple of lengths from Big Spruce, with Triangular less than a length away. London Company, a three-year-old by Tom Rolfe out of Bolero's A-Go-Go, has done most of his racing on the grass this season, and not badly, winning six of his thirteen starts. It was another big afternoon for Pincay, who rode the last four winners. It wasn't a big day for Belmont Park; there were only 27,223 spectators in the stand. Still, that's 2,972 more than the Mets had at Shea Stadium.

No one who watched the Matron Stakes at Belmont earlier in the week was left in any doubt that Talking Picture was the best of the nine two-year-old fillies in the sixty-seventh running of the fixture. Before the race, Johnny Campo, who trains her for Elmendorf, made no secret of the fact that she wasn't as fit as she should be. Besides, she runs down behind, which is to say, her heels scrape the ground when she's going all out, and that doesn't help. Nevertheless, she was good enough to come up with a great rush through the stretch and win by a head from Dancealot, with Raisela and Nancy G. necks apart behind. The time for the seven furlongs was 1:23⅕—two-fifths of a second faster than La Prevoyante's time in the Matron last year. It was Talking Picture's fourth successive victory. Which reminds me that this is not a vintage year for two-year-old colts. Certainly none, on his present form, is heir apparent to Secretariat. In fact, not one hereabouts has a record approaching Talking Picture's. Gusty O'Shay hadn't won a stakes race until the Hopeful at Saratoga, in which the favored Az Igazi, winner of the Special and the Sanford, wasn't among the first three. Nor had Wedge Shot won anything before the Futurity. Tisab, hero of the Sapling at Monmouth, ran far behind Determined King in the Kindergarten Stakes at Liberty Bell, in which Determined King made his first score after finishing second in five tries, and Calumet's Raise a Cup and Who Duzzit haven't run to stable expectations. And I don't think any stable is saving something for next year.

SECRETARIAT did his first gallop on the grass in fine style at Belmont Park the other morning. Though the footing was soft, he breezed the quarter mile in 0:25, and the half in 0:48⅗, easing up at the end of five furlongs in 1:00⅘, which is faster than a lot of horses run on a hard dirt track. Turcotte, who rode him, said, "He loved it. His action was beautiful." Critical horse-watchers agreed, and, needless to say, Mrs. John Tweedy, his owner, and Lucien Laurin, his trainer, were pleased. Riva Ridge took a second longer to go the half mile that morning. He has never liked turf. Present plans for Secretariat are the Woodward Stakes at a mile and a quarter at Belmont on the twenty-ninth or the Man o' War, also at Belmont but at a mile and a half on the grass, on October 8th. After that, either the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct on October 27th or the Canadian International Championship at Woodbine the next day. Mrs. Tweedy could toss a coin.

ONE morning last week, the Eastern New York Thoroughbred Breeders Association had its annual yearling show in the paddock at Belmont Park. Twelve colts and nine fillies, who made more noise than Cougar II when he wants his dinner, were led past the judge—Jim Maloney, who trained the horses of William Haggin Perry for years. The Tom Wallers, who have Tanrackin Farm at Bedford Hills, carried off both blue ribbons—Mrs. Waller with a bay filly by Egotistical out of Good As Gold, a daughter of Heliopolis, and he with a chestnut colt by Happy Nasrullah out of Tipolu.

AND Colonel Martingale is off to see Allez France and Dahlia meet in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp.

—AUDAX MINOR

**PEPPERIDGE FARM**
**Mail Order Company**

**Hams and Bacon**
**prepared in the early American time-consuming way**

**Old-fashioned smoked hams**

Our hefty hams are generously drenched in molasses for weeks, then slow smoked over hickory logs. Next we bake them fully, glazing all the way. Ready to serve, just heat for an hour in the oven. A magnificent gourmet experience, an unforgettable gift.

**Real country-cured bacon**

We take three weeks to cure and hickory-smoke our lean bacon. The taste is smokier, heartier, absolute perfection.

**Pepperidge Farm remembers how ham and bacon should taste.**

**Ham:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 5 to 5½ lbs. | $18.75 |
| 10 to 11 lbs. | $36.65 |

**Bacon Bag No. 1:**

2 lbs. country-cured bacon $6.75

**Bacon Bag No. 2:**

1 lb. country-cured bacon and
1 lb. Canadian bacon $8.90

Send check, money order, or MasterCharge or BankAmericard number to:

**PEPPERIDGE FARM MAIL ORDER CO. INC.**
Dept. NY-1, Box 7000, Norwalk,
Conn. 06856.

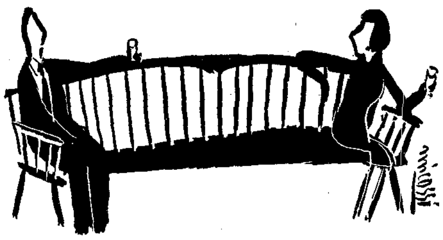
Send for free catalogue of all Pepperidge Farm delicacies, available only by mail.

# REFLECTIONS

## THE PRESIDENCY AND THE PRESS

"OF the sensibility of the President to the calumnies against his Administration with which the press abounded, and of their new direction against him personally, his correspondence furnishes but few evidences," Chief Justice John Marshall wrote in his biography of George Washington. One piece of evidence was a letter to a friend, which the President wrote during the summer of his fifth year in office, complaining that the calumnies were "diabolical" and were motivated by a desire "to impede the measures of [the] government generally but more especially to destroy the confidence which it is necessary the people should place (until they have unequivocal proof of demerit) in their public servants." Although Washington felt, as he wrote in the same letter, that the "arrows of malevolence" aimed at him were "outrages on common decency," he apparently made no public complaint about them. Nor did he see how they could be stopped by official action, because, he continued, "it is difficult to prescribe bounds to their effect." Washington's successor, John Adams, was not hampered by the same circumspect regard for the democratic proprieties, and he let his Federalist supporters in Congress push through the Sedition Act of 1798, which had the effect of making published criticism by the opposition a federal crime, punishable by imprisonment. Public resentment against this law was a cause of Adams' forced retirement from the Presidency after a single term, and Thomas Jefferson's strong opposition to the law, which was deliberately allowed to expire in 1801, was a cause of his election to succeed Adams. Despite Jefferson's service to the principle of a free press, few of its members were inhibited by gratitude to him, and halfway through his first term he wrote to a correspondent in France, "Our newspapers, for the most part, present only the caricatures of disaffected minds. Indeed, the abuses of the freedom of the press here have been carried to a length never before known or borne by any civilized nation." Even so, he was content to trust that the people's common sense would prescribe bounds to the effect of the press, and a year and a half later, in a letter to a friend in Virginia, he remarked on the vindication of his attitude over the intervening months: "The firmness with which the people have withstood the late abuses of the press, the discernment they have manifested between truth and falsehood, show that they may safely be trusted to hear everything true and false, and to form a correct judgment between them." Though the press made virulent and scurrilous attacks on Jefferson's conduct as President and on his morals as a man, he retained his conviction that the press's contribution to democracy was essential to its survival and must not be tampered with, whatever the provocation. Seven years after he left the White House, he wrote, "Where the press is free, and every man able to read, all is safe."

Each "strong" President since that time has also been vigorously criticized and viciously maligned by the press. Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln were portrayed by contemporary newspapers as backwoods yokels, clever schemers, and evil tyrants. Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson suffered widespread attacks both on their policies and on their characters. Franklin Roosevelt was subjected to an unparalleled ten-year campaign of abuse and vilification by a great majority of the nation's newspapers and magazines. Harry Truman was held up to ridicule and contempt by the press through most of his time in the White House. John Kennedy felt that he was dealt with unfairly by the press—mainly by some of the leading metropolitan newspapers in the East and by the news magazines. And Lyndon Johnson believed that the entire press was so nostalgic for Kennedy and so dominated by snobbish Easterners that it was incapable of appreciating his own accomplishments, or even of treating him decently. All these Presidents resented the attacks on them, despised the press for willfully distorting the truth as they saw it, and felt that the press often had grievously harmful effects on the nation. Still, they knew that nothing could be done to prescribe bounds to the press, because its freedom was guaranteed by the Constitution in order to give the people some independent means of learning what their government was doing, and because it would be impossible to assert what was fair and what was unfair without asserting a dictatorial power over the press.



Probably no other President has been as widely supported by the press and has then as bitterly and publicly criticized that institution as Richard Nixon. In 1960, Nixon was endorsed over Kennedy by seventy-eight per cent of the country's newspapers that took a position on the election; in 1968, Nixon got eighty per cent of whatever editorial support was expressed; and in 1972 he got ninety-three per cent. (Like Kennedy, Nixon has probably meant to criticize certain powerful Eastern newspapers that he feels have not been sympathetic to him, but, unlike Kennedy, he has publicly and repeatedly attacked "the press" and "the media," without naming the newspapers and columnists and network commentators he feels have been unfair, and so has left the impression in the public mind that the press as a whole cannot be trusted.) And President Nixon was also treated with uncommon charity by the press after he took office. This country's reporters observe the odd tradition of providing a new President with a "honeymoon"—that is, leaving him largely free of press criticism for a few months after he is inaugurated, regardless of the damage done to the people's right and need to know what the government is up to. Ordinarily, the journalistic honeymoon is three or four months long, but President Nixon's honeymoon in 1969 ran for nearly nine months. As a result, very little was said by the press about some of the most important actions that the Nixon Administration took during the period—actions that showed the course it would follow. Among these were the Administration's payoff for the success of the Southern strategy used in the campaign, and the consequent sharp reversal of the government's efforts to help black people help themselves; the Administration's covert attempts to undermine some of the basic safeguards against official oppression of the people and usurpation of their rights; and the Administration's resort to deceit in carrying out its un-Constitutional war policy in Vietnam.

Rising public opposition to the war brought the initial acts of government repression—first, the prosecution of the radical leaders of the anti-war movement who had been the victims of the police riot at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago the year before, and then the coördinated effort to intimidate the press into silence as soon as it belatedly began speaking out. The nationwide protest against the war held in mid-October of 1969—the Vietnam Moratorium—was a huge success in terms of the number of people who participated. Although the First Amendment to the Constitution guarantees citizens the right to assemble and "petition the Government for a redress of grievances," Vice-President Agnew, some days after all those citizens asserted this right, attacked them in a public address as "merchants of hate" and "parasites of passion," and said that the nation could "afford to separate them from our society—with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples from a barrel." From a man in such a high post, this statement could mean only that if citizens did not voluntarily stop criticizing the Administration, it might stop them, either by official sanctions or by vigilante action. Agnew's threat and a constant flow of warnings from the Administration—delivered through the press—that violence was inevitable at another large anti-war demonstration, to be held in Washington a month later, were obviously part of a calculated attempt to frighten people out of going to the nation's capital to exercise their rights of free assembly and free speech in petitioning the government for redress of their grievance against the war. This attempt failed; in Washington, at least ten times as many people attended the second demonstration—almost all of them peaceably. However, the principal aim of the anti-war movement was to increase the numbers of participants in future protests against the war by showing potential demonstrators around the country how many of their fellow-citizens were already willing to make their views known, and, as matters developed, that aim was defeated by the Administration. A day and a half before the November demonstration, Agnew made another speech, this time attacking the television networks, which he said were controlled by an "unelected élite." The suggestion was that that part of the press should be controlled by elected public officials, and while this was, of course, deeply undemocratic, it was nowhere near as undemocratic or as alarming as his statement that "it is time that the networks were made more responsive to the views of the nation and more responsible to the people they serve." Shortly after-

THE CLOISTER'S GOLF SPECTACULAR
Sea Island
Now marvelous Marshside joins Seaside, Plantation and Retreat Nines for 36 unforgettable holes. Enjoy unlimited play plus The Cloister's world-renowned pleasures, tennis, all meals. 4 days, 3 nights $102 person double to Feb. 1. The Cloister Hotel, Sea Island, Ga. 31561. Out-state call toll-free 800-841-3223. Georgia, 912-638-3611.

The Death of Lorca
IAN GIBSON

The book which establishes the guilt for one of the great crimes of the Spanish Civil War. Winner of the International Press Prize, 1972 Nice Book Fair.

"Lovers of poetry, lovers of truth, lovers of Spain should all read this . . . "CYRIL CONNOLLY.

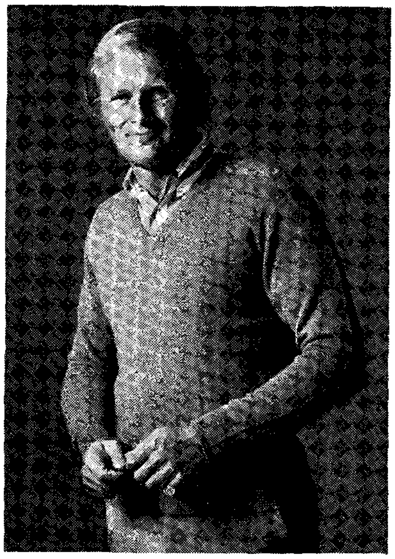
"This book, on one level, is a marvelous piece of detective work; on another it is a profound examination of the corruption of Spain by Fascism."
—STEPHEN SPENDER, *The New York Times Book Review*

$10.00 A Howard Greenfeld Book

**J. PHILIP O'HARA** 20 E. Huron, Chicago 60611

**ANTIQUE and EXEMPLARY CARPETS**
PERSIAN - CAUCASIAN - TURKISH
Doris Leslie Blau
KILIMS - DHARRIES
Antique and Exemplary Textiles
**15 East 57th Street, N. Y. • 759-3715**

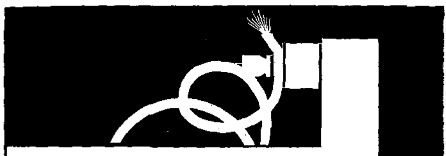
**Outstanding Forest Hideaway**
Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.



**BRAEMAR**

Style 2001
A doubleweight Lambswool v-neck pullover for that great Traditional look. Available in White, Navy, Tartan Green, Regal Red, Cork, Yellow, Blue Frost, Bramble, Iced Caramel, Lomond Blue and other colours.
Sizes 38–46. About $23.*

Braemer Knitwear, 24 West 40th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10018 *Slightly higher in the West



PLEASE PASS THE GUILT
A NERO WOLFE NOVEL
REX STOUT
The master of mystery and his master detective in the first Nero Wolfe escapade in four years.
$5.95 VIKING

Imported wine & domestic verse

have a lot in common. The finest wines are European. Much of the finest poetry written today is American. SHAMAN offers the best in new American verse. First issue brings you 61 poems by 39 poets. And costs less than even one bottle of your favorite imported wine.

Shaman A MAGAZINE OF POETRY
47 Fletcher St., Kennebunk, Maine 04043

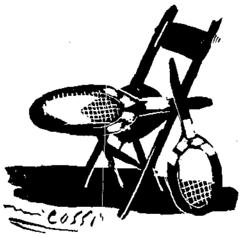
Enclosed is _____ $1.25 for 1 issue
_____ $2.00 for 2 issues

Name __________
Address __________
__________ Zip Code __________

ward, Herb Klein, speaking as the Administration's Director of Communications, told some reporters who were interviewing him that if newsmen didn't control themselves the government would have to step in. There were howls of outrage from the press about these threats of official censorship, yet the threats worked. All three of the national television networks broadcast Agnew's speech live, but a day and a half later, when close to half a million people gathered in Washington—the largest collection of citizens ever to gather there—C.B.S. and A.B.C. didn't even have live cameras on hand to record the event, and N.B.C. presented only five minutes of live coverage. Although the Administration had been unable to stop hundreds of thousands of citizens from expressing their views, it had, by virtually suppressing television coverage and thereby eliminating the television reports that most Americans rely on for information, rendered the citizens' demonstration almost as ineffective as if it had not taken place.

By the start of the 1972 Presidential campaign, a very large part of the press had been silenced by covert and overt threats from the Administration—chiefly by Agnew's attacks and by the Justice Department's prosecution of reporters who refused to act as government agents and informers by revealing their confidential sources to prosecutors, judges, and juries. During the campaign, the nation's press said almost nothing about Mr. Nixon's first-term record, and concentrated instead on Senator McGovern's hapless conduct. And after the Watergate break-in only fourteen of the twenty-two hundred members of the Washington press corps made an effort to investigate and report it to any adequate extent, even though it was obviously one of the greatest political scandals in the history of the Republic. James Reston wrote, "The main charge against the press in general, though not against the few newspapers that exposed the deceptions of Vietnam and Watergate, is not that the press was too aggressive but that it was too timid or lenient or lazy."

It was recently reported that the President now believes the press is "out to get him." Considering the overwhelming failure of the press as a whole to tell the public what has been going on in Washington, it is difficult to comprehend the reasons for Mr. Nixon's complaint. In his last couple of press conferences, he implied that he understood reporters' current preoccupation with the Watergate case, but he made it clear at the same time that he resented and regretted it. Because the events of Watergate have eaten away at the roots of our political system, political reporters who did *not* dwell on it would be acting as scandalously in a journalistic sense as the President's aides and associates have acted in a political sense. What, then, does the President actually object to? Part of the answer may be found in an exchange that took place during a recent Washington press conference. When Mr. Nixon was asked by a television correspondent if he considered the reported loss of public confidence in his leadership a problem, he replied that it was a problem, and went on, "It's rather difficult to have the President of the United States . . . by innuendo, by leak, by, frankly, leers and sneers of commentators—which is their perfect right—attacked in every way without having some of that confidence being worn away." That is, the public doubt about the President's ability and honesty has not been raised by the proved and confessed crimes committed in his name and on his authority or by his failure, even now, to answer the vital questions about what has happened; rather, the doubt has been created by the press as it has attempted to inform the people about the way their government has acted, and may still be acting. As for innuendo, Mr. Nixon's campaign for the Presidency and much of what he has done as President have been based largely on innuendo. For example, the Southern strategy and the slogan "law and order" were racism by innuendo; his appeal to the "silent majority" for support on the war made the point by innuendo that his detractors were somehow unpatriotic; his creation of the busing issue rested on the suggestion by innuendo that white children would suffer irreparable harm if they came into contact with black children; his attacks on Congress and the courts were claims by innuendo that the separation-of-powers doctrine applied only to the Executive; and his repeated aspersions against the press have suggested by innuendo that an essential American institution is engaged in a conspiracy to destroy him. As for the matter of leaks to the press, Mr. Nixon, like other Presidents, has used leaks for his own purposes; his objection to leaks applies only when others use his own methods

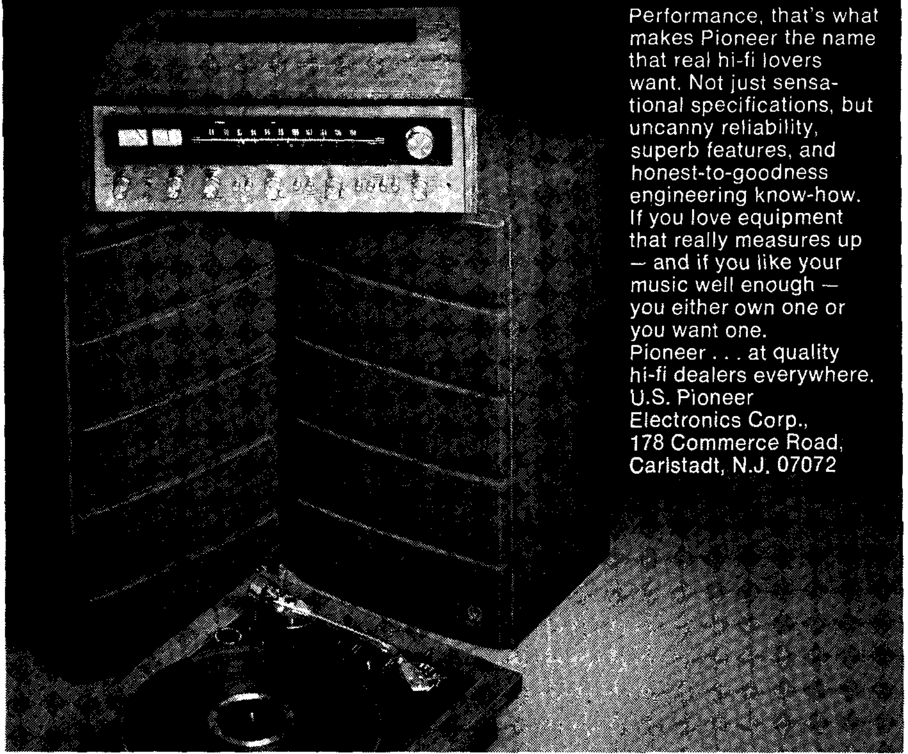


against him. For instance, in August he angrily condemned leaks to the press about the possible indictment of Vice-President Agnew, but a couple of weeks later he did nothing to stop or repudiate White House leaks to the effect that Agnew was about to resign. Moreover, in the Watergate case most of what has been leaked, from the outset, has merely made public some information that the Administration had suppressed and the people had every right to possess. Finally, Mr. Nixon's contention that he has suffered a loss of public confidence because of the "leers and sneers of commentators" on television raises the question: Who are those commentators? His charge appears to be wholly without basis, for the leading commentators have been overly, even culpably, cautious in their observations on the President; in fact, since Agnew attacked them in 1969 there hasn't been so much as an arched eyebrow in the lot.

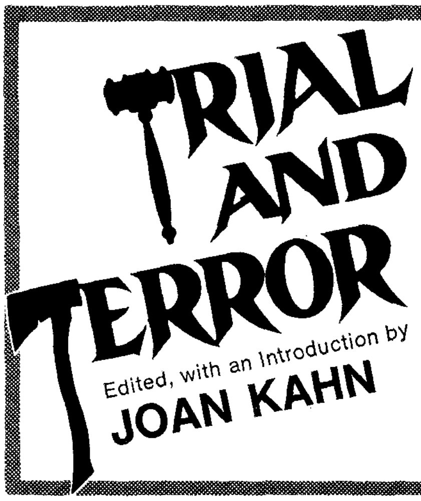
In his press conference, Mr. Nixon went on to describe the way in which public confidence in him might one day be restored—by his "not allowing his own confidence to be destroyed," by his taking "foreign-policy initiative," by his making progress "on the domestic front," and, most important, by the public's watching "what the President does." Action, not words, would bring back the people's confidence, he suggested, and he concluded, "What the President says will not restore it. And what *you* ladies and gentlemen say will certainly not restore it." Again, the innuendo was that the press—not Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, Stans, Dean, Magruder, Liddy, McCord, Hunt, Kalmbach, Ulasewicz, Strachan, Colson, Krogh, or Young, and, above all, not the President—was responsible for the current condition of the Presidency. Ultimately, Mr. Nixon's denial of responsibility means that he still refuses to recognize that the national goals he envisions cannot be attained until the Watergate issue—*his* creation, whatever the press has done—is fully resolved. Nor, of course, does the President recognize that it cannot be fully resolved until he stops attacking those in the press and in Congress who are trying to find out and clean up what happened, so that it won't happen again, and starts helping them.

IT is widely believed that Mr. Nixon came to detest the press because of the way it treated him in his 1960 race for the Presidency and in his 1962 race for the governorship of California. But in "The Making of the President

PIONEER®
If you've heard it, you either own one, or you want one.



Performance, that's what makes Pioneer the name that real hi-fi lovers want. Not just sensational specifications, but uncanny reliability, superb features, and honest-to-goodness engineering know-how. If you love equipment that really measures up — and if you like your music well enough — you either own one or you want one.
Pioneer . . . at quality hi-fi dealers everywhere.
U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 178 Commerce Road, Carlstadt, N.J. 07072
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada: S.H. Parker Co., Ont.


TRIAL AND TERROR
Edited, with an Introduction by
JOAN KAHN

"Joan Kahn has done it again. Truly a treasury to treasure."
—LOUIS UNTERMEYER

From Sartre to Kafka, from Sayers to Hammett, ". . . 25 marvelous tales of crimes true and imaginary, deftly blending fact and fiction. The range is enormous . . . a fine treat." —*Publishers Weekly.* A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate. A Midnight Anthology of Suspense. $8.95
HMCo

"What it is like to be a performing jazz artist—yesterday and today. . . . Here is the black musician in a new light."—*Publishers Weekly.*

"This collaboration between a New Orleans-reared and widely traveled musician and a sociologist and former musician is the freshest and most instructive addition in years to the literature of jazz." —*Playboy.*

BOURBON STREET BLACK
The New Orleans Black Jazzman
Jack V. Buerkle and Danny Barker
Illustrated, $7.95
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Bean's Outdoor Sporting Specialties

Loafer Jacket

Medium weight virgin wool, with a firm finish. Three patch pockets. Unpadded shoulders, quarter lined and leather buttons. Three beautiful Houndstooth Checks: Black and White. Muted Green. Brown and Rust. Sizes: Small, Medium, Medium-Large, Large, Extra Large and Extra-Extra Large. Regular length only. Price, $25.00 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship ______ Loafer Jackets @ $25.00 postpaid

Size__________ Pattern__________

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____________________

Zip ____________________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
357 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

"Lunch at the (Boston) Ritz is the opening episode of a climactic day...A delicate interplay of past and present that is a pure delight."
—N.Y. Times Book Review

Elizabeth Savage
The Last Night at the Ritz

$6.95 LITTLE, BROWN

New from the author of I'VE GOT TO TALK TO SOMEBODY, GOD and TWO FROM GALILEE

MARJORIE HOLMES
You and I and Yesterday

Warm memories of the author's childhood and the *good* in the *Good Old Days*. "Those who indulge a longing for the simple past will love this reminiscence."
—*Publishers Weekly*

$4.95

WILLIAM MORROW

1960" Theodore H. White says Mr. Nixon was convinced long before his 1960 nomination that the press was conspiring against him. Perhaps he resented the press for labelling as McCarthyesque his tactics as a candidate for the House, as a representative, as a senator, and as Vice-President. While his resentment over that news coverage may not be justified, it is understandable; he has always wanted the right to use with impunity any tactics he chose. Historically, there was little reason for him to fear opposition from the press when he ran for the Presidency; *in nearly half the Presidential elections* in which the press has played an active part, the candidates who were most widely opposed by it won. When President Franklin Roosevelt chafed under the vicious attacks of a particular newspaper, the veteran journalist William Allen White told him, "Forget it. That is the way they make their money and that is the way they want to run their paper. It cannot hurt you, and it gives them some comfort." Similarly, today's press cannot hurt Mr. Nixon by manifestations of bias or dislike—without some damaging facts to back them up—for as President he has far greater access to the public mind and far greater effect on it than the press has, and he has immeasurably more power than all the reporters, publishers, broadcasters, and network executives in the country put together. What is more, he must know it.

Since President Nixon's Administration constantly did things in secret that would have been unacceptable to the public if they had been done in the open, there was always a danger that the press might discover and reveal what was going on. That is, the press was potentially Mr. Nixon's enemy—far more than the courts or Congress, because only the press could dig out and tell the story (whatever help reporters might get from the courts or Congress) in a way that would arouse the people to demand an accounting. And since the news coverage of Mr. Nixon's pre-Presidential career had shown him that he was not widely trusted by newsmen, the threat they posed must have seemed to him at times very close to being actual enmity. Then, when the Watergate disclosures actually carried out the threat, the enemy was suddenly at the White House door. Finally, since the Administration has volunteered very little information about what it did that was unethical or illegal, the press is bound to wonder if there is more to be uncovered and revealed. The possibility that more unsavory conduct

Seagers English Gin. Until now you had to travel 2500 miles to drink it.

No longer must you go to England to enjoy England's finest gin. After 171 years, Seager's is here.

SEAGERS ENGLISH GIN • 94.4 PROOF © 1973 IMPORTED BY DREYFUS ASHBY & CO., N.Y., N.Y.

J. B. PRIESTLEY
THE ENGLISH

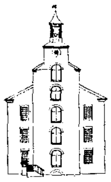
The famed author probes the English temperament from the Middle Ages on.
"This will delight the American Anglophile."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

A STUDIO BOOK
140 illustrations,
40 in color
$17.95

VIKING

FOUNDATION GRANTS

What should you and your organization know about a foundation before you write an application for funds? What will a foundation look for in your proposal? Request free information from The Foundation Center, a nonprofit educational corporation and publisher of *The Foundation Directory*. Write The Foundation Center, Department M, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

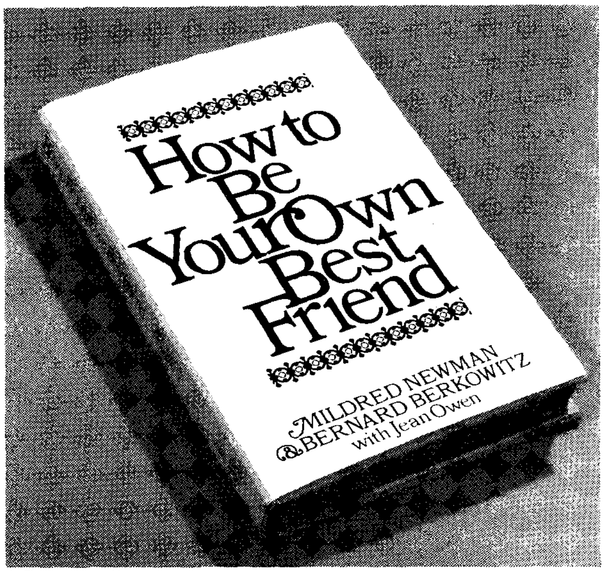


*Museum gifts inspired by the Brandywine tradition and the Hagley Museum. Send 25¢ for a full color brochure to the: Hagley Museum Store, Greenville, Delaware 19807.*

will be brought out makes the press a continuing threat to and a continuing enemy of the President. It is sometimes claimed that anyone who achieves such a lofty position is bound to end up seeing himself not just as the people's representative but as their embodiment, and to consider any attack on him an attack on them. Certainly President Nixon has often conveyed the impression that he feels this way. But the press is equally bound to view itself as the protector of the people's interests, and so, ultimately, to identify itself with the people, too. That leaves the President and the press at loggerheads, which is exactly where they should be. Ideally, the press provides the check that keeps the branches of the government in the kind of balance they cannot maintain alone—the unique and irreplaceable check of public scrutiny.

ASIDE from Mr. Nixon's efforts to reduce world tensions and to establish some measure of arms control, almost everything that he has done or tried to do as President has reflected the deepest desire of the country's most reactionary elements: to reverse forty years of government efforts to create a more equitable society, and substitute a more authoritarian system. The anti-democratic forces—as distinguished from the country's political moderates, both Republican and Democratic—that President Nixon has come to align himself with and, finally, to represent have long detested the press, partly because by their lights it expresses more detestable viewpoints than acceptable ones, and partly because the ultimate aims of these forces are so radical that an overwhelming majority of the public would be bound to reject them out of hand if they were widely publicized and widely understood. It is inevitable that in a democracy anti-democratic forces prefer to work in darkness. A free press is their natural enemy, because sooner or later, one way or another, it may tell people what is going on. Such things as the multiple crimes of Watergate, the secret bombing of Cambodia, the President's lying to the people about that bombing, the Pentagon's lying to Congress about it, and the Administration's efforts to dismiss criticism of these events as attempts to "get" the President illustrate both the anti-democratic philosophy in action at the highest level and its inability to withstand public scrutiny. Although the anti-democratic forces have achieved one of their most cherished goals—control of the White House—they cannot abuse that control as long as the press is even half

"The best seller that is changing lives everywhere"*


How to Be Your Own Best Friend
Mildred Newman & Bernard Berkowitz
with Jean Owen

*Cosmopolitan
160,000 copies in print
$4.95. RANDOM HOUSE

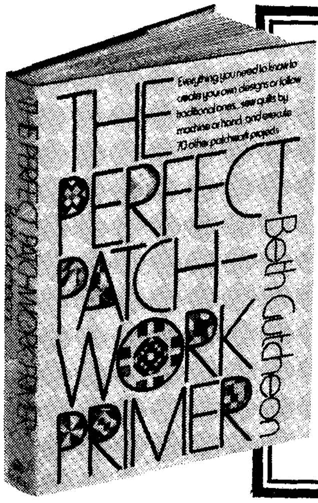
"The most compelling work of its kind since *Nicholas and Alexandra.*"
—ROBERT KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times*

MAXIMILIAN AND CARLOTA
by GENE SMITH
Author of *When the Cheering Stopped*

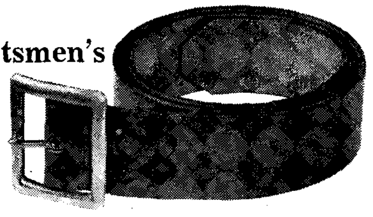
"A marvel. Flies along at the pace of a suspense-thriller." —BRUCE BLIVEN, JR. "Gossipy history, urbane, informed. Who can resist?" —*Kirkus Reviews*

40 illus. $8.95

MORROW



Get the only book on
**PATCHWORK QUILTING**
that tells you everything you need to know *to create your own designs* or follow traditional ones . . . sew quilts by machine or hand . . . and execute 70 other ingenious patchwork projects. Over 200 patterns and plans. Illustrated with hundreds of step-by-step drawings. Title: THE PERFECT PATCHWORK PRIMER by Beth Gutcheon. $9.95 at bookstores or from David McKay Company, 750 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017



Bean's Outdoor Sporting Specialties

Sportsmen's Belt

Hand made and so durable it is guaranteed for a lifetime. Steerhide leather treated with neat's-foot oil for suppleness and a rich finish. Solid brass buckle. Popular 1½" width. Suitable for casual wear as well as for heavy woods pants. Color: Dark Brown with Brass buckle. Men's sizes 30 to 42. Price, $5.50 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship________Sportsmen's Belt @ $5.50 postpaid.

Size ________

Name________________

Address________________

Zip________________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
904 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

Dashing Trio

IN FINE WALE COTTON CORDUROY.

Chalk one up for superb shirtwaist styling in three most - wanted lengths . . . in three glorious Fall colors . . . wine, leather brown and lapis blue. Expertly tailored with beautifully clean finished seams, the neatly topstitched edges and precise patch pockets. They're easy wear, easy care in machine washable corduroy. Sparked with rustic real pearl buttons. Sizes 6-18.

Shirt Jacket $26.95
Dress Length $34.95
Robe Length $39.95
All postpaid
Write for catalog.

J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-101
Stockbridge Road
Great Barrington
Mass. 01230

Jasper's HOLIDAY Award Winner featuring
•Veal Lemonata Doré
•Fettuccine a l'Alfredo
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

awake and as long as it's free. Accordingly, it is no surprise that freedom of the press is today under the most severe attack since John Adams' Administration.

THE current attack on the press did not begin with Mr. Nixon. In fact, reactionary elements have been trying to undermine the press—and particularly the public's confidence in it—for at least fifteen years. This effort seems to have begun during the late nineteen-fifties, as some Southern whites began to realize how they looked to citizens elsewhere in the nation when jeering crowds of adults tried to stop a few black children from entering a white public school in Little Rock; when blacks engaging in sit-ins and freedom rides were brutally beaten and then dragged off to jail to be beaten some more; when a demented mob of twenty-five hundred whites gathered at the University of Mississippi to prevent James Meredith from defiling its white halls; when Safety Commissioner Eugene (Bull) Connor turned fire hoses and police dogs on the thousands of followers of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., as they tried to desegregate Birmingham; when mounted Alabama troopers rode into throngs of unresisting black men, women, and children and clubbed hundreds to the ground during a voter-registration drive in Selma. Northern outrage over these episodes led to Southern anger that was finally turned against those who told the nation what was happening down South, and reporters and cameramen were stoned, beaten, and driven out of town after town and city after city. Though such episodes were later reënacted in the North, the players there were mostly ordinary citizens, and they were not, as in the Southern outbursts, led or abetted by officials who were supposed to obey and enforce the law.

Racism has always been a dominant feature of the reactionary movement in the United States; for instance, the coalition between reactionary Southern Democrats and reactionary Northern Republicans, which has had a strong influence on Congress for so many years, has been held together in part by racist bonds. But racism did not dominate either major political party in modern times until 1964, when Barry Goldwater took over the Republican Party. At its Presidential nominating Convention in San Francisco that year, there were two themes that drove the delegates wild with approval—racism and anti-Communism. (To a large extent, the anti-Communist fervor was also racist, because it was directed mainly at yellow Communists in Southeast Asia.) The two greatest ovations of the Convention took place when Mississippi voted unanimously for Goldwater and when he delivered the astonishingly despotic statement "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice." There was a third ovation when former President Dwight Eisenhower brought the assemblage roaring to its feet as he belabored what he called "the sensation-seeking colyumnists." The press had at last become a full-fledged enemy—not because it was liberal (as the reactionary forces claimed) and not because it was biassed and vicious (as it certainly was at times) but because it reported facts as it saw them and interpreted them in a manner that was at variance with the view that reactionaries had of them. Since the mid-sixties, the war against the press has had the same character and the same purpose as the wars against the Warren Court, the civil-rights movement, the anti-war movement, busing, social-welfare programs, and the democratic spirit in general. Still, none of these other wars can bring victory for the people who wish to cast aside our Constitution and radically change our two-hundred-year-old system of government unless they first succeed in turning the public against the press. That alone could create a public mood in which government control of the press would be acceptable in this country. The current furor over whether Agnew's resignation is necessary because he has been irreparably—and unjustly—damaged by press speculation may be the latest step in the attempt to turn the public against the press.

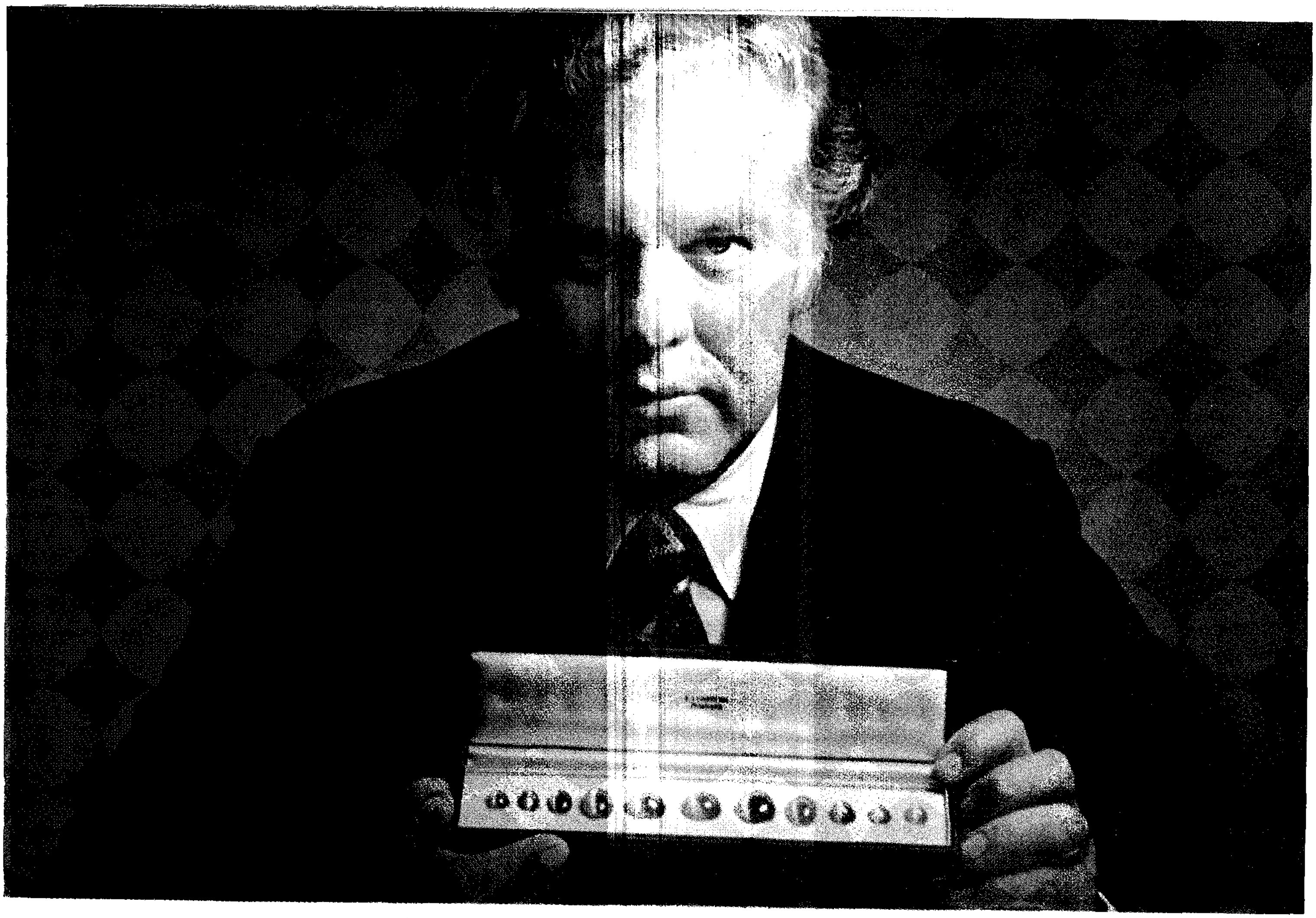
If the right of the press to speak freely ends, so will every person's right to speak, for freedom of the press is essentially freedom of speech in print. And if these freedoms are lost, the people will have no way to learn what their government is doing—except from its self-serving reports to them through an official "press"—and no way to object to its doing as it pleases. That fundamental change in our political system would make "the consent of the governed" a mockery and representative government an illusion, and before long American democracy would vanish.

—RICHARD HARRIS

•

Oriental belly dancing is good for the soil as well as the body.—*Fairfield-Southport (Conn.) Carriage Trader.*

We have a girl atop the compost pile.



## "At one million two hundred thousand dollars," says Mr. Cooper, "these amazing chrysoberyl cat's-eyes could make you forget that Dow ever met Jones."

The fortune of fine gems is on the rise. And Douglas Cooper, the Philadelphia jeweler, is particularly bullish on chrysoberyl cat's-eyes and alexandrites.

He's also particularly choosy about them.

And now, Mr. Cooper has accomplished perhaps the greatest tour de force in his distinguished career as a purveyor of rare jewels. He has found (and he can't tell you where) eleven of the most exquisite, perfectly-matched and chatoyant chrysoberyl cat's-eyes ever to see the light of day.

We believe they are the finest collection in the world.

A gemologist will tell you that the chances of matching eleven of the more unusual sea-green cat's-eyes are almost on a par with passing a camel through the eye of a needle.

No doubt then, that from an aesthetic point of view, the Cooper cat's-eyes have it all over cotton futures, hog bellies and stock certificates.

But here's what makes Mr. Cooper think potentially they're worth a lot more. Early this year, during the six months that saw the Dow Jones trip all over itself, Mr. Cooper saw his chrysoberyl alexandrites, a sister-stone to the cat's-eyes, appreciate hundreds of percents.

If our cat's-eyes are beginning to sound like IBM at 4⅜, and you, or you and a few of your friends, would like to learn more about them, just give Mr. Cooper a call at (215) 568-6336. He'll be out to see you in a flash. Even if you live in Japan.

(Japan, incidentally, is one of Mr. Cooper's favorite countries. And judging from recent sales of rare gems, the possibility of his appearing there is a distinct likelihood.)

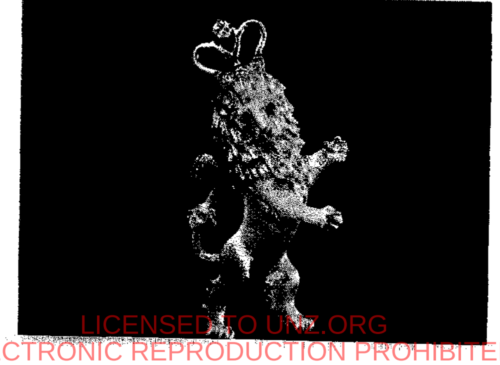
If you would rather not own the lion's share of our cat's eyes, perhaps you would like to settle for the little lion instead. Especially one designed by Diene (Mrs. Douglas Cooper).

Here's himself ramping, as rampant lions are sometimes wont to do. Shown actual size, as a brooch in 18 karat gold, ruby-eyed and diamond-freckled, $360.

Mail address: 1406 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19110. Add 6% for Pennsylvania delivery.

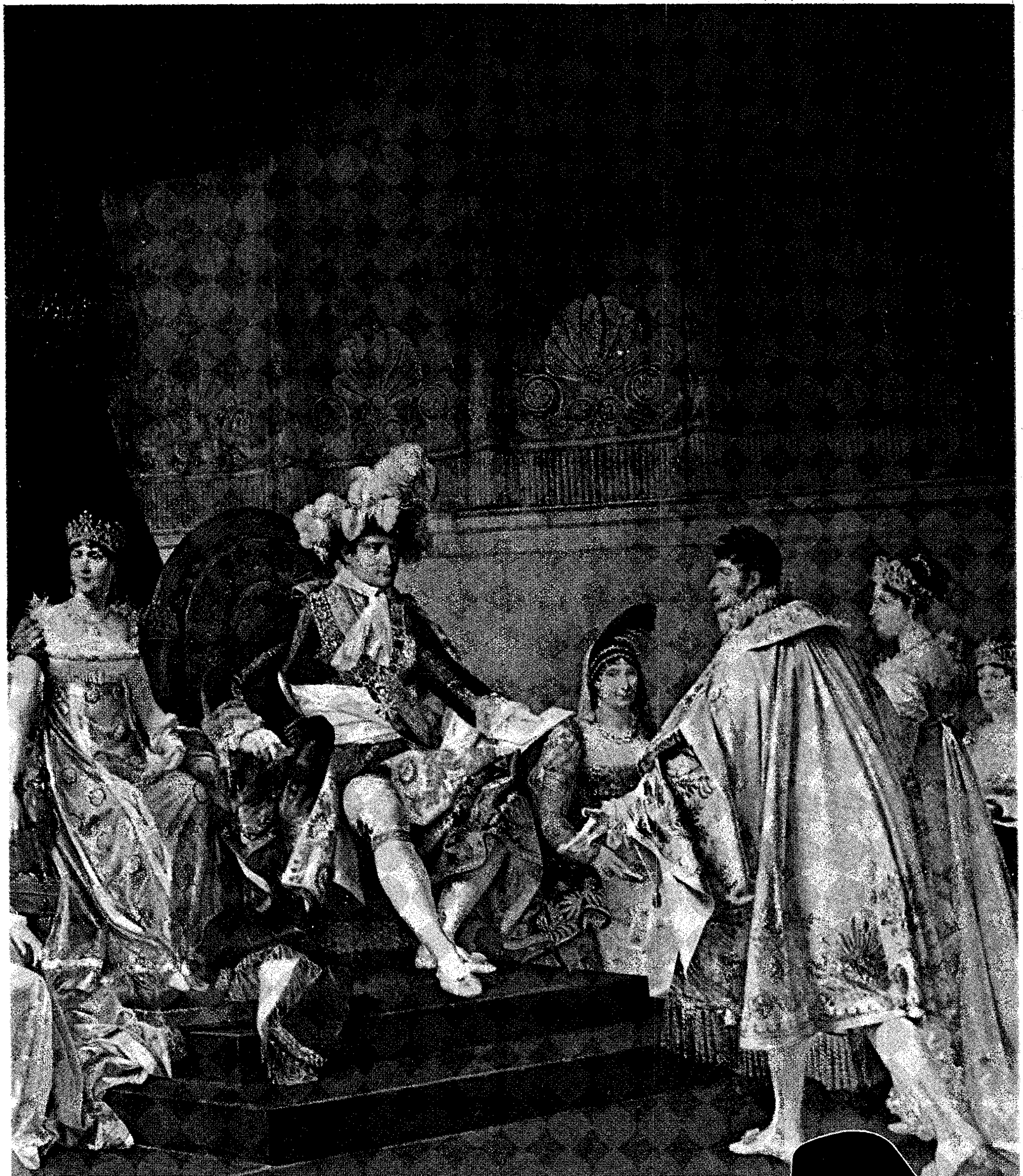
**F·J·COOPER INC.**

jewelers by birth . . . since 1883
1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
2 Orange St. at Union, Montego Bay, Jamaica
F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England



Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y., N. Y., 80 PROOF, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.



*Mariage du Prince Jérome Bonaparte.* Detail from the painting by Jean-Baptiste Regnault (1754-1829). On August 22, 1807, the marriage contract between Napoleon's youngest brother and Catherine of Württemberg was signed in the presence of the Emperor and Empress and dignitaries from both courts. The religious ceremony took place the following day in the Palace of the Tuileries.

THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON
COURVOISIER
COGNAC